Title	Sacred Harp
Edition and Date:	1844 1ed
Author:	B F White & E J King
Reference:	

Scanned for / Held By:	Library of Congress
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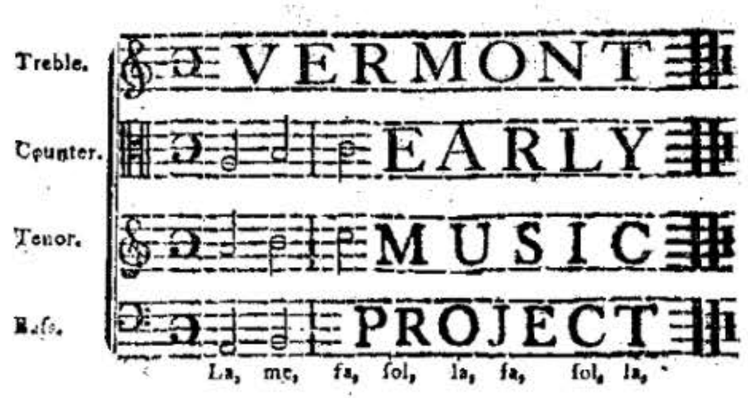

THE

Sacred Harp,

A COLLECTION OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ODES, AND ANTHEMS;

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

TOGETHER WITH

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Suited to most Metres,

AND WELL ADAPTED TO CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SINGING SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES.

WITH PLAIN RULES FOR LEARNERS.

BY B. F. WHITE & E. J. KING.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY T. K. & P. G. COLLINS,
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PREFACE TO THE SACRED HARP.

MANY efforts have been made to please the public with a collection of Sacred Music; and none but those who make the effort, know how difficult it is to accomplish this task. The Compiler of this work has spared no labour or pains in trying to accomplish this desirable object, having taught music for the last twenty years, and being necessarily thrown among churches of various denominations, and all the time observing their wants in that of a variety of church music, has in this work endeavoured to supply that deficiency which heretofore existed, by placing all the church music within his reach, in one book. That such a compilation is needed, no person of piety, observation, and taste, will deny. While the churches may be supplied from this work, others have not been forgotten or neglected; a great variety will be found suited to singing-schools, private societies, and family circles; in fact, the Sacred Harp is designed for all classes who sing, or desire to sing. The Compiler has not aimed at greatness or self-aggrandizement, but has desired, in his humble position, to benefit the public in general: and therefore has set out this work in a plain, easy, and familiar style; and having passed the meridian of life, and entirely withdrawn from the business of teaching, is disposed to leave this work as a specimen of his taste, and recommend it to a generous public, praying God that it may answer in full the purposes intended.

B. F. WHITE.

Hamilton, Harris Co., Georgia. April, 1844.

N. B. The Harp is a selection from the most eminent authors now extant; together with nearly one hundred pieces never before published, all of which have been harmonized and arranged under our immediate inspection, expressly for this work.

B. F. WHITE & E. J. KING.

INTRODUCTION.

A Singing-school, to learn and practise Sacred Music, should be a solemn place—a place of prayer: for it is as solemn a business to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn the word of God. A singing-school should be of the same character as a Sabbath-school or a Bible class; it is, in part, of the same class of schools, and should be conducted with the same solemnities. We think it as much the duty of those who have the ability, to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn his word; and no parents or guardians, therefore, should consider their religious education, nor that of their children, complete, without a knowledge of sacred music; nor think they are at liberty to sit silent in the sanctuary, to sing or not, as they please. The gift of a talent to sing, implies an obligation to improve it, and not to offer unto the Lord the halt and lame, but to cultivate the voice that they may sing to edification, and not to be an annoyance to every one near them. Sacred music, when sung in a proper style, will generally produce a religious effect in a greater or less degree. We have had the pleasure of seeing, at public rehearsals of sacred music, very deep and strong religious impressions made, not only upon the singers, but upon the congregation: and when such words as

"The Lord is in this place,
We see his smiling face;
Trembling we now adore him;
Humbly we bow before him"—

were sung, it seemed that every one present felt their power, and felt something of the majesty of Jehovah. We have known, moreover, very extensive and general revivals of religion commence, and make their first appearance, in singing-schools. But who ever knew such blessings follow when secular music was practised in the school, or when the object of public rehearsal was display? We think it is time the Christian public were awake to their duty on this subject.

OF MUSIC IN GENERAL.

Music consists of a succession of pleasing sounds, with reference to a peculiar internal sense implanted in us by the Great Author of nature. Considered as a science, it teaches us the just disposition of sounds; and as an art, it enables us to express them with facility and advantage. The tones of music differ from sounds in general, because they vary from each other by fixed intervals, and are measured by certain proportions of time. There is, indeed, in good speaking, a regularity to be observed, which has some resemblance to this art; and to the orator we frequently use the epithet, musical; but the inflections of the voice in speech are more variable, and slide as it were by insensible degrees, and cannot easily be limited to rule; whereas the gradations of musical sounds are exactly ascertained, and are brought to an uniform standard.

Music naturally divides itself into Melody and Harmony. Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the succession of single sounds. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds at the same time. Modulation consists in rightly disposing and connecting either the melody of a single part, or the harmony of various parts. The two primary and essential qualities of musical sounds are, relative acuteness or gravity, and proportionate duration. The first property is their relative acuteness or gravity. Bodies of unequal size, length, or tension, emit sounds differing in this respect, and are said to be grave or acute. Human voices differ in this respect, viz., a man's voice is more grave than a woman's; and when the voice moves from a grave to an acute sound, it is said to ascend. Some musicians term it high or low, sharp or flat, grave or acute: any of those terms imply the necessary distinction.

The next property is time, or proportional continuance; and here, without varying the acuteness or gravity of a tone, a difference of movement alone may constitute an imperfect species of music, such for example is the drum, where the tones are only diversified by the celerity with which they succeed each other. The principal distinction, then, of musical sounds, are time and tune; and to the happy combination of these two qualities, is chiefly to be ascribed the pleasing and endless variety of musical art.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

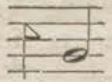
SCALE OF NOTES.

1. Q. How many marks of sound, or kinds of notes are there used in music?

A. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver.

The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to another.

One Semibreve is equal in time to

Two  Minims,

Four Crotchets,

Eight Quavers,

Sixteen Semiquavers,

Thirty-two Demi-semi-quavers.

Q. Explain the preceding scale.

A. The semibreve is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all the others.

The minim is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crotchet is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver is but half the length of the crotchet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

The semiquaver is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

The demisemiquaver is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

Note.—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

Q. What are rests.

A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as takes to sound the notes they represent, except the semibreve rest, which is called the bar rest, always filling the bar, let the mood of time be what it may.

THE RESTS.

Q. Explain the rests.

A. The semibreve, or bar rest, is a black square underneath the third line.
The minim rest is the same mark above the third line.
The crotchet rest is something like an inverted figure seven.
The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven.
The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.
The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.
The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.
The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.
The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

A dot set to the right hand of a rest, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:

2. MOODS OF TIME.

Q. How many moods of time are there used in this work?

A. Seven; three of common, two of triple, and two of compound. The original first mood of common time and the third of triple have been dispensed with, they being but little used in the present day.

3. The first mood of common time is known by a figure 2 over a figure 2, having a semibreve for a measure note, or its equivalent in every measure; sung in the time of 3 seconds to the measure, 2 beats with the hand, one down and the other up.

COMMON TIME.

The second mood is known by a figure 4 over a figure 4, having the same measure note; sung in the time of 2½ seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

The third mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, having a minim for a measure note; sung in the time of 1½ seconds to the measure, and beaten as the other two moods.

TRIPLE TIME.

4. The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, having a pointed semibreve for a measure note, equal to three minims, &c.; sung in 3 seconds to the measure, three beats with the hand, 2 down and 1 up.

The second mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 4, having a pointed minim for a measure note, equal to 3 crotchets, 6 quavers, &c.; sung in two seconds of time to the measure, three beats, 2 down and 1 up.

COMPOUND TIME.

5. The first mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 4, having a pointed semibreve for a measure note; sung in the time of 2½ seconds to the measure, two beats with the hand, one down and the other up.

The second mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 8, having a pointed minim for a measure note; sung in the time of 1½ seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

Q. What do the figures over the measure, and the letters *d* and *u* under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

A. The figures show how many beats there are in each measure, and the letter *d* shows when the hand must go down, and the *u* when up.

Q. What *general* rule is there for beating time?

A. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each measure, in all moods of time.

OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

6. *Q.* Why are the first three moods called common time moods?

A. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c.

Q. Why are the next two called triple moods?

A. Because they are measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c

Q. Why are the remaining two called compound moods?

A. Because they are compounded of common and triple time; of common time as the measure is divided equal; of triple time as each half of the measure is threefold, having three crotchets, three quavers, or their proportion to each beat.

OF ACCENT.

MARKS OF ACCENT. +, full accent. !, half accent.

7. Accent is a stress of voice or emphasis on one part of a sentence, strain, or measure, more than another. In the two first moods of common time, the full accent is placed on the first part, and half accent on the third part of each measure. (*N. B.* Each measure admits of a division into four parts.) In the third mood of common time the measure is generally divided into two parts, and the accent is on the first part; if divided into four parts, it may be accented as the two first moods.

Triple time is divided into three parts to each measure, and the accent is on the first and third parts.

Compound time is divided into six parts, and the accent is on the first and fourth parts. In all cases of accents, the first in the measure is full, and the second, partial. The figures which are used to express the time of the several moods, are to be used single; the under figures are aliquot parts of the semibreve, and the upper figures showing the number of such parts in a measure, to wit: $\frac{2}{2}$ means two minims in a measure; $\frac{4}{4}$ means four crotchets in a measure; $\frac{2}{4}$, two crotchets, &c. In a word, the under figure shows into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper figure shows the number of such parts in a measure; and so of all the movements of time that may be expressed by figures.

OF MUSIC.

8. *Q.* What is music?

A. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

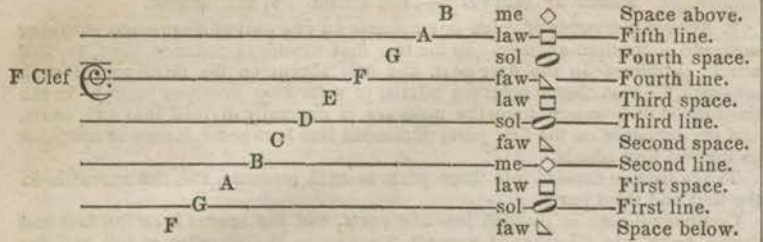
Q. On what is music written?

A. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music. When eight letters are used, the first is repeated.

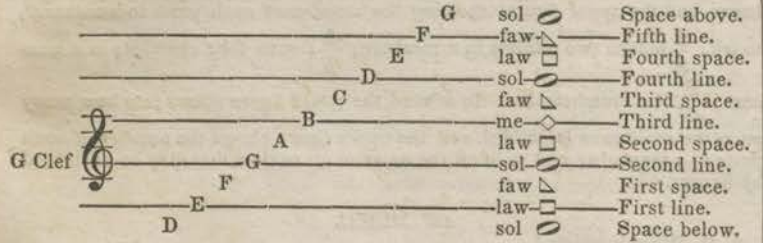
Q. How many parts are there used in vocal music?

A. Commonly only four, viz.: Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble; and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.

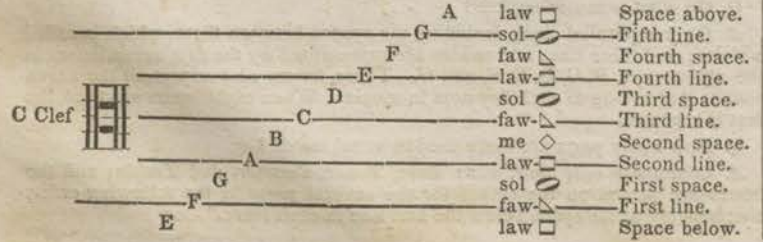
BASS STAVE NATURAL.



TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.



COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.



You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the preceding staves that F is named faw, G sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

9. *Q.* How many notes are there used in music; what are their names, and how are they made?

A. All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.: the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the following example.

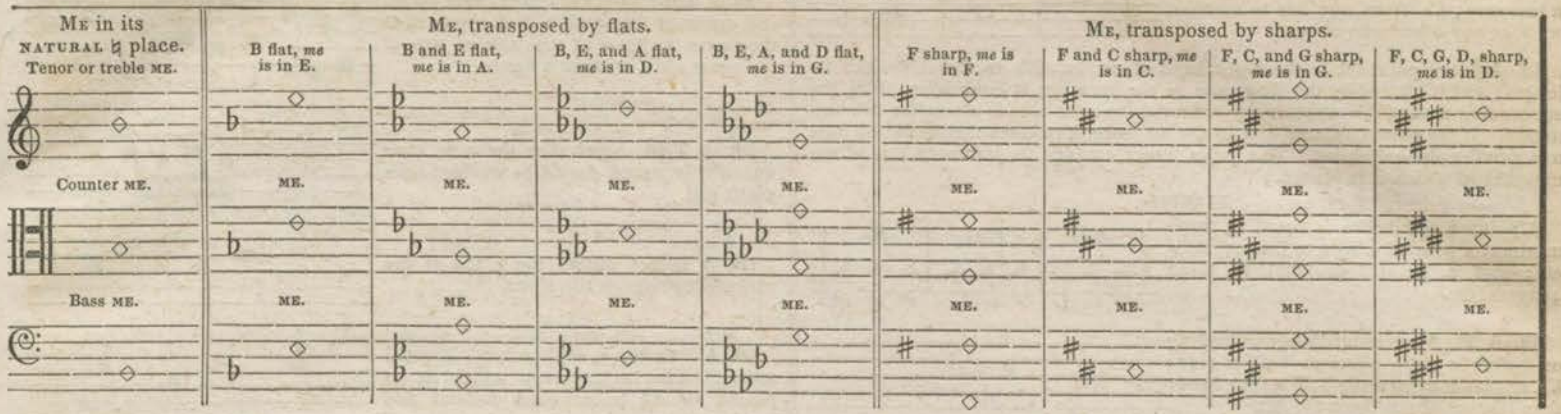
Q. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

A. By first finding the *me*, for *me* is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice;) and those below the *me*, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice;) after which *me* will come again. Either way, see the following example.

This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the *me* in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B.

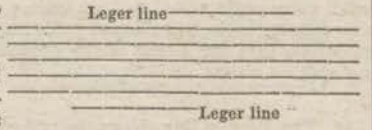
But if B be flat, ♭, *me* is on ..... E
B ♭ and E ♭, it is on ..... A
B ♭, E ♭, and A ♭, it is on ..... D
B ♭, E ♭, A ♭, and D ♭, it is on ..... G
If F be sharp, ♯, *me* is on ..... F
F ♯ and C ♯, it is on C
F ♯, C ♯, and G ♯, it is on ..... G
F ♯, C ♯, G ♯, and D ♯, it is on ..... D

As in the following example, viz.:


Mi in its NATURAL ♮ place.
Tenor or treble MI.
Counter MI.
Bass MI.
Mi, transposed by flats.
B flat, mi is in E.
B and E flat, mi is in A.
B, E, and A flat, mi is in D.
B, E, A, and D flat, mi is in G.
Mi, transposed by sharps.
F sharp, mi is in F.
F and C sharp, mi is in C.
F, C, and G sharp, mi is in G.
F, C, G, D, sharp, mi is in D.
MI.

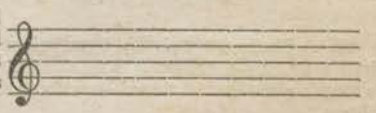
CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

10. A Stave or staff is five parallel lines, on which notes and other musical characters are written.

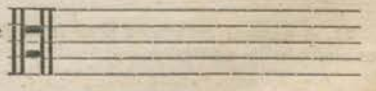


11. Leger lines are short lines added to the common stave or staff, so as to embrace such notes as may transcend its boundary.

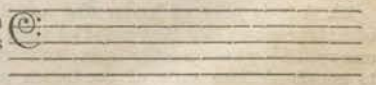
12. A Brace is drawn across the first end of a tune, showing that all the parts enclosed are to be sung together; and the order of those parts is as follows: the lowest is Bass; next above, Tenor; and, if but three parts, the third is Treble; but if the Counter is added, the fourth part is Treble, and the third, Counter.



13. The G Clef stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.



14. The C Clef stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.



15. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music.

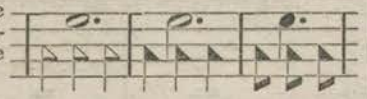
16. A single bar is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts, according to the mood of time and measure note.

17. A measure note is a note that fills a measure; *i. e.* from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.

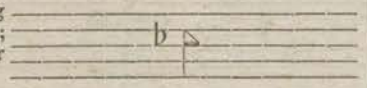
18. A dot or point set to the right hand of a note, adds to that note half its length; and if placed by the first note in the measure, it diminishes from the succeeding part of the measure, by reducing the next note to a smaller denomination. If the point is placed last in the measure, it reduces the preceding note to a smaller denomination. The point never extends its influence out of the measure in which it is placed.

EXAMPLE.

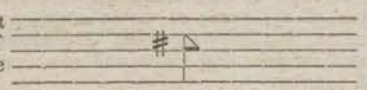
A pointed semibreve is equal to three minims; a pointed minim to three crotchets; and a pointed crotchet to three quavers, &c.



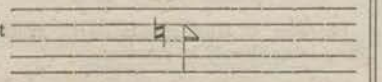
19. A Flat* set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; *i. e.* causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.



20. A Sharp set before a note, raises it half a tone; *i. e.* causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.



21. A natural restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.



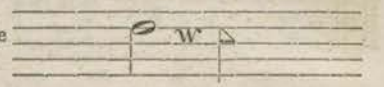
22. A Slur over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to another. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

* We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

23. A figure 3 over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind, without a figure.

24. A Trill shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.

25. A Direct shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.

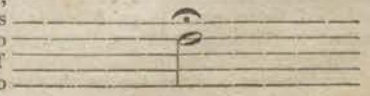


26. A Staccato is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatically.

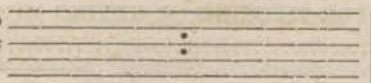
27. Appogiatura, or grace notes, are small extra notes added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.

28. The Double Bar shows the end of a strain or line of poetry, and sometimes where to repeat.

29. The Hold is without definite bounds; the note over which it is placed is always held longer than its usual sound, and is to be swelled with strength to the centre of the note, then the voice to echo off into soft tone, to the end of the note or sound.



30. A Repeat shows that the tune is to be sung twice from it to the next double bar or close.



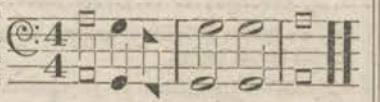
31. Figure 1, 2, or double ending, at the end of a strain, or at the end of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.

32. A Close shows the end of a tune or anthem.

33. A Prisma denotes a repetition of preceding words.

:‖:

34. Choosing notes are notes set immediately over each other on the same stave, either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice. If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper, and the other the lower notes.

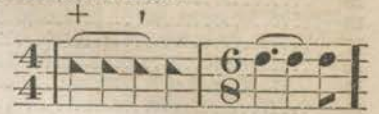


35. A Syncopation is where notes are driven out of their common order, by commencing in one measure and ending in the next, and tied across the bar with a slur, representing the same letter; but if they vary from the same letter, it comes under the denomination of a slur.

In all syncopated notes both notes are sounded, and but one called by name; (that is the first.)

36. A Couplet is where two or more notes are tied together in the same measure, embracing both accents (due to the measure) within its limits, (if there be two;) in this case all the enclosed notes are sounded, and but the first one called, viz.: if they all represent the same letter. But if they vary from the same letter, it breaks the couplet, and is denominated a slur.

Examples of Couplets.



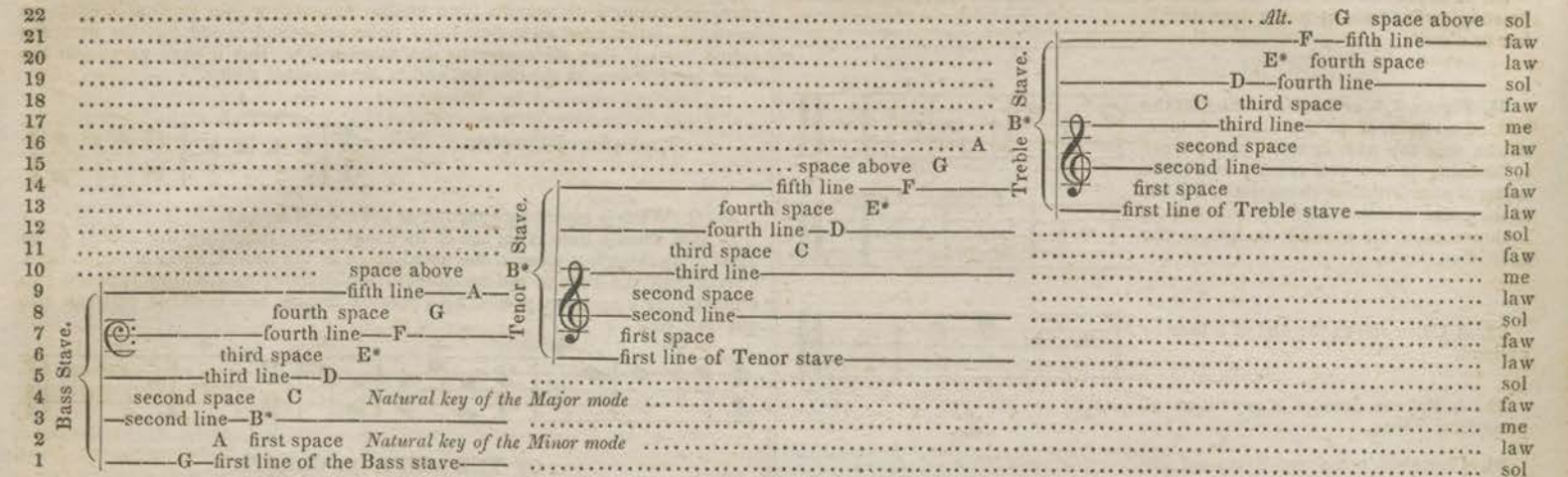
37. *Q.* What is meant by syncope or syncopeed notes?

A. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time, having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim between two crotchets, or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers, &c.

OF THE CLIFF OR CLEFTS.

38. This character derived its name from two Latin words, (Clavis signata,) signifying a sealed key, and is set at the beginning of every piece of music, and serves as a key to open the scale of characters, and fully determine their import. If this character is set high on the stave, the music runs low; while, on the contrary, if set low, the music runs high; because the letters of themselves are independent characters, and are thrown above the cliff which stands low on the stave, and below the cliff which is set high on the stave, (for instance:) the F cliff stands on the fourth line of the bass stave, and is a third from the top of that stave; and the G cliff stands on the second line of the tenor and treble stave, and is the third from the bottom of that stave; the alto or counter, occupying the precise centre between the other two; thus we see the bass assigned to the gravest of male voices, and the tenor to the highest of male voices; the treble to the most shrill female voices; the counter to the gravest of female, and boys voices; unless the counter be written on the G or F clef, and if so, take the best and most acute voices of both male and female, and perform it on the octave pitch.

THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

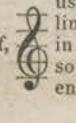

22 Alt. G space above sol
21 F—fifth line— faw
20 E* fourth space law
19 D—fourth line— sol
18 C third space faw
17 B* third line— me
16 A second space law
15 space above G second line— sol
14 fifth line—F— first space faw
13 fourth space E* first line of Treble stave— law
12 fourth line—D— sol
11 third space C faw
10 space above B* third line— me
9 fifth line—A— second space law
8 fourth space G second line— sol
7 fourth line—F— first space faw
6 third space E* first line of Tenor stave— law
5 third line—D— sol
4 second space C Natural key of the Major mode faw
3 second line—B* me
2 A first space Natural key of the Minor mode law
1 G—first line of the Bass stave— sol
Bass Stave.
Tenor Stave.
Treble Stave.

39. The above is a representation of the general scale, showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the octaves, represents; for instance: A, the minor key, occupies the 2d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the key-note, and in case the *me* is not transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th, 11th, &c. sounds of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

NOTE.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.

The above scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.

The F clef, used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the seventh sound in the general scale.

The G clef,  used on the second line in the tenor and treble, shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble as well as the tenor were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen

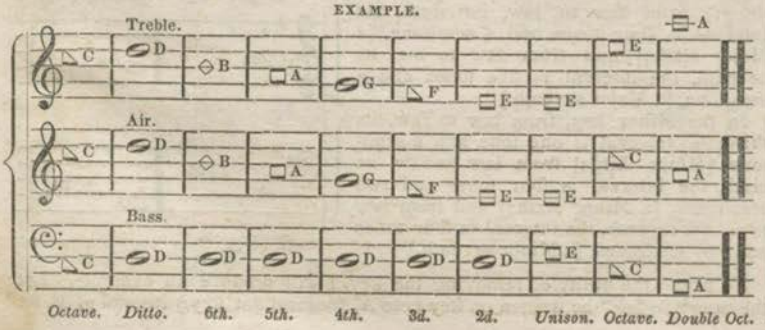
sounds; hence, the treble stave is raised only an octave above the tenor, in consequence of the female voice being naturally an octave above the male's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (*) show the natural place of the semitones.

When the C clef is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor (C), and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Two sounds equally high or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently E, on the lower line of the treble stave, is in unison with E, on the fourth space of the tenor; and E, on the third space in bass, is in unison with E, on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. ☞ See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.) ☞ See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated; and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

EXAMPLE.



Octave. Ditto. 6th. 5th. 4th. 3d. 2d. Unison. Octave. Double Oct.

In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters, thus: in counting a sixth in the preceding example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

In the preceding example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to male voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval between the bass and treble, in the first measure, would be a fifteenth, or double octave; in the third measure, the note on B, in the treble, a thirteenth above D, in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth; two octaves a fifteenth, &c., always including both the first and last note.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

40. Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concords*, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discords*, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music, viz.: *unison, third, fifth*, and *sixth;* (their eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called. If the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth; so, in effect, there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N. B. The meaning of imperfect signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfections, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed, some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth, and frequently admit it in composition.

The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them:

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
Their Octaves.	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow; they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted previously to sweet, gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet, than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

OF THE DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR KEY.

41. The diatonic scale is composed of tones and semitones. From the key to the second sound above is a tone; from the second to the third a tone; from the third to the fourth a semitone; from the fourth to the fifth a tone; from the fifth to the sixth a tone; from the sixth to the seventh a tone; and from the seventh to the eighth a semitone; observing that five whole tones and two semitones compose an octave.

OF THE MINOR KEY.

42. The minor key differs from the major because of the semitones occurring between the second and third, and fifth and sixth sounds from the key.

It is unnecessary to treat further on the subject of semitones; for they are natural to the voice, and cannot be avoided by natural performance. It should suffice to know that they do exist, and where they are.

OF DEGREES.

43. A degree is the interval from one letter to another in immediate succession. The first letter in the scale of letters is the foundation for the first degree; the second letter ends that degree, and is the beginning of the second degree; three letters will form two degrees, &c.

OF RELATIVES.

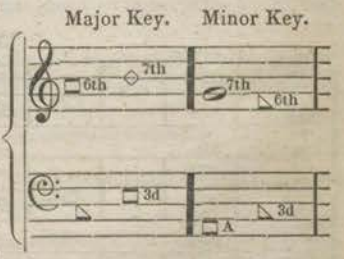
44. Whatever the key may be, whether natural or artificial, the same relatives are produced by the key; the sixth above and the third below are relative minors to the major mode; the sixth below and the third above are relative majors to the minor mode.

45. The reason why one tune is in a sharp key and another in a flat key is, that the third and sixth sounds ascending in the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals in the flat key; and sharp keyed music is generally applied to poetry that is animating, spirited, and cheerful; while flat keyed music is applied to poetry that is solemn, pensive, and melancholy.

EXAMPLE OF THE KEYS.

46. In the Major key, from faw to law, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third;] from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth;] and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third;] from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth;] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]



To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce an example. Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of E, its

proper key; and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying leger lines, few voices would be able to perform it, the treble in particular.

SUFFIELD on E, its proper key, from the repeat.

The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.

47. There are seven sounds bearing distinct names, from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic; its third, the mediant; its fourth, the subdominant; its fifth, the dominant; its sixth, the submediant; and its seventh, the leading note.

Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Subdominant. Dominant. Submediant. L. note.

Q. Why is the key note or tonic numbered one?

A. Because it is the sound most natural to the voice, and determines the principal pitch of every piece of music, and from which all other sounds in composition are reckoned; it is therefore made a station, holding the first and most important position in music. A regular bass always ends with it; hence, in giving the pitch of a piece of music, it should be sounded.

The fifth is the next important sound, and is called a dominant, from its being a perfect fifth, which cannot be varied by natural progression; and produces a sweeter sound than any other, compared with the tonic.

The third is the next important sound, and is called the mediant, from its being midway between the tonic and dominant; this, in some respects, is the most important note or sound in the scale, because it determines the major from the minor mode.

The sixth is the next important sound, and is called the submediant, it being of minor value to the common mediant or third, and is midway between the fourth and eighth sounds. This sound will run as a descending third from the octave, and is an imperfect chord with the tonic.

The fourth is the next in order, and is called a subdominant, it being a descending fifth from the octave, and will run with the eighth, sixth, and second, from the tonic, and is of minor value to the fifth from the tonic.

The second is called the supertonic, from its being next above the tonic, and will only run with the fourth and sixth sounds from the tonic.

The seventh is the leading note, leading all other notes in their order to the key. By this note the system of solmization is made consistent and convenient.

OF FLATS AND SHARPS.

48. Many inquiries have been made why B is first flatted, and F is first sharped; in answer to this inquiry, B and E are natural sharp sounds, and are first flatted; F and C are natural flat sounds, and are first sharped. In the natural scale of music, the first semitone occurs between B and C, and the next between E and F; and sharps being marks of elevation, F is first sharped for the purpose of elevating the letter F, which was formerly depressed by a semitone between E and F. The letter C is next sharped for the purpose of restoring the letter C on the same general principle; and so on through the scale of seven letters, until every letter takes its proportion of tones and semitones.

When B is flatted, it removes the semitone which existed between B and C, and makes it a whole tone, and places the semitone between E and F. Next, E is flatted for the same general purpose. It will be observed that a sharp, when inserted, operates on the upper part of a semitone degree; but a flat on the lower part of a semitone degree. Furthermore, when a sharp is set, it raises the *me* five letters, and sinks it four, and spaces the octave, as from B to F, which is five letters ascending, and four descending; and when a flat is set, it raises the *me* four letters, and sinks it five, and spaces the octave in like manner, as from B to E. Thus by counting the centre letter twice, as the beginning of each interval, five and four would make but eight.

BY SHARPS.

1. A fifth from B *me*, its natural place, will bring us to..... F
2. A fifth from F *me*, will bring us to..... C
3. A fifth from C *me*, will bring us to..... G
4. A fifth from G *me*, will bring us to..... D
5. A fifth from D *me*, will bring us to..... A
6. A fifth from A *me*, will bring us to..... E
7. A fifth from E *me*, will bring us back to..... B

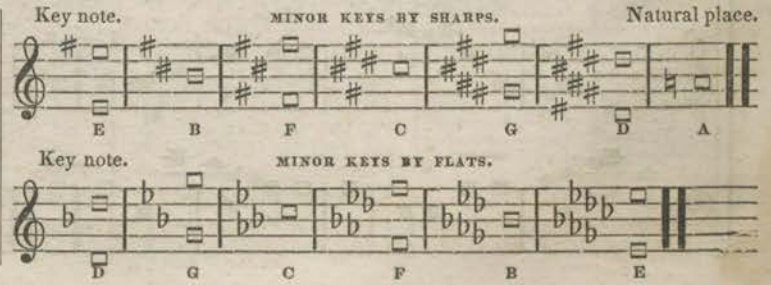
BY FLATS.

1. A fourth from B *me*, will bring us to..... E
2. A fourth from E *me*, will bring us to..... A
3. A fourth from A *me*, will bring us to..... D
4. A fourth from D *me*, will bring us to..... G
5. A fourth from G *me*, will bring us to..... C
6. A fourth from C *me*, will bring us to..... F
7. A fourth from F *me*, will bring us home to..... B

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.:

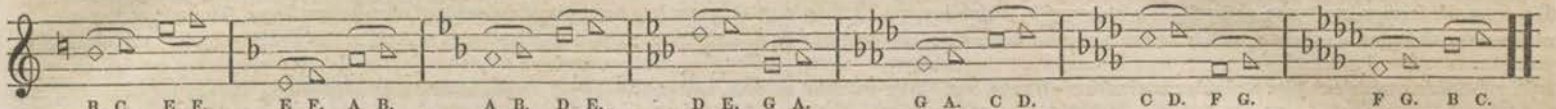
The natural place for *me* is on..... B
If B is ♭, *me* is on..... E
If B and E are ♭, *me* is on..... A
If B, E, and A are ♭, *me* is on..... D
If B, E, A, and D are ♭, *me* is on..... G
If B, E, A, D, and G are ♭, *me* is on..... C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C are ♭, *me* is on..... F
If F be ♯, *me* is on..... F
If F and C be ♯, *me* is on..... C
If F, C and G be ♯, *me* is on..... G
If F, C, G, and D be ♯, *me* is on..... D
If F, C, G, D, and A be ♯, *me* is on..... A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E be ♯, *me* is on..... E

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

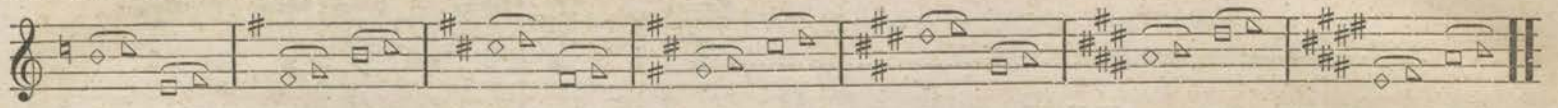


A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

Natural place of the Semitones. BY FLATS.



Natural place of the Semitones. BY SHARPS.



Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) the keys occupy every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect; and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; *i. e.* between B and C. Also with six sharps or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, *i. e.* between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposition, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

OF INTERVALS.

49. There are fourteen intervals in the scale, bearing distinct names, viz: Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.

As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave, by counting the first and last note, (which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect,) contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval.

REMOVAL OF THE KEY NOTE.

50. When we remove the key note of the major mode, the arrangement is effected by sharping its fourth, which becomes a seventh to the new key note, and a fifth from the former key note; or by flatting its seventh, which becomes a fourth to the new key note, viz., the fourth of the former key. The minor key note is removed by sharping its sixth, which becomes a second to the new key note; or by flatting its second, which becomes a sixth to the new key note.

The following table exhibits a regular succession of keys, beginning with the natural, and continued till all the letters are sharped and flatted; together with the letters that represent *faw* and *law* in every transposition of the *me* by flats and sharps. More than four of either of these characters are seldom used.

	Letters for the *me*.	Major key.	Minor key.	Letters for *faw*.		Letters for *faw*.	Letters for *law*.		Letters for *law*.
NATURAL ♮, *me* is on	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY SHARPS.									
1 sharp ♯, *me* is on	F	G	E	C	and	G	E	and	A
2 sharps ♯♯, *me* is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	B	and	F
3 sharps ♯♯♯, *me* is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
4 sharps ♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
5 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
6 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
7 sharps restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY FLATS.									
1 flat ♭, *me* is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
2 flats ♭♭, *me* is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
3 flats ♭♭♭, *me* is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
4 flats ♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
5 flats ♭♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	B	and	F
6 flats ♭♭♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	F	G	E	G	and	C	E	and	B
7 flats restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E

OF THE KEYS.

51. Q. How many keys are there in music?
A. Two; the minor or flat key, and the major or sharp key.
Q. What are the natural letters for those keys?
A. A and C; A for the minor or flat key, and C for the major or sharp key.
Q. How are they known?
A. By the last note in the bass, which is always the key note or tonic. Should it be *law*, immediately below *me*, the tune is in a flat or minor key; but if *faw*, immediately above *me*, it is in a sharp or major key; observing that the semitones are always equally distant from the key note or tonic, whether it be natural, or assumes an artificial position.

ON THE MODULATION OF THE KEY.

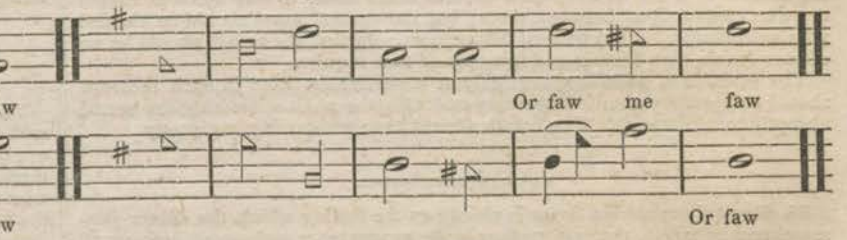
52. The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, is so frequent in regular composition, particularly in Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition of the key from one letter to another is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. But if the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the Christian Song.

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of C into G, by a sharp on F.

Key of G into D, by an additonal sharp on C.



TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of A into E, by one sharp.

Key of E into B, by an additional sharp on C.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS.

53. It is as essential to good singing as to good speaking, that some words and syllables should have more stress of voice than others; and that the same syllable should be accented in singing as in speaking. Such words and syllables are called accented or emphatic. If the poetry is properly constructed, the emphatic syllable falls on the accented part of the measure; if otherwise, the emphasis of the words must be attended to, and the accent of the music neglected.

The teacher should require some lines to be rehearsed with the proper emphasis, and then sung with the same emphasis.

TAKING BREATH.

54. The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; nor when several notes come to one syllable should there be interruptions between them; but the several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness. In fact, the breath should be no oftener drawn than fulness and firmness of tone require.

The practice of breathing regularly at a particular place in each measure should be specially guarded against; and also the habit of leaving the sound abruptly to take breath. The breath should be taken quickly, yet gently.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

55. Musical expression depends chiefly on the feeling which the singer possesses and imparts to the performance by the proper tones and correct delivery of words; hence, in singing, the teacher should select such pieces as would interest his singers, and then, by precept and example, be unwearied in his exertions to impress on them the importance of expressing the sentiment, and the great error of singing serious words in a thoughtless manner.

QUALITIES OF TONE.

56. The most essential qualities of a good tone are purity, fulness, firmness, and certainty.

Teachers should occasionally show the propriety of using correct sounds, by causing their pupils alternately to take two or more sounds which will produce discords, and then others that will produce concords; and thus exhibit the difference between them.

TO CORRECT FAULTS.

57. When a bad sound is heard from the pupil, the teacher should imitate that sound, and then contrast it with a correct sound, with the use of the appropriate organs; which will enable the pupil to see and correct the faulty sound. Teachers should, in this, be very careful to treat it in such a way as not to give umbrage, or embarrass the pupil.

RULE FOR BEATING TIME.

58. For common and compound time, confine the arm to the body, let the beat extend from the wrist forward, and perform the beat with the hand alone, straight down and straight up.

For triple time, for the first down beat, strike the edge of the hand, on the book or lap; second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.

MELODY LESSONS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

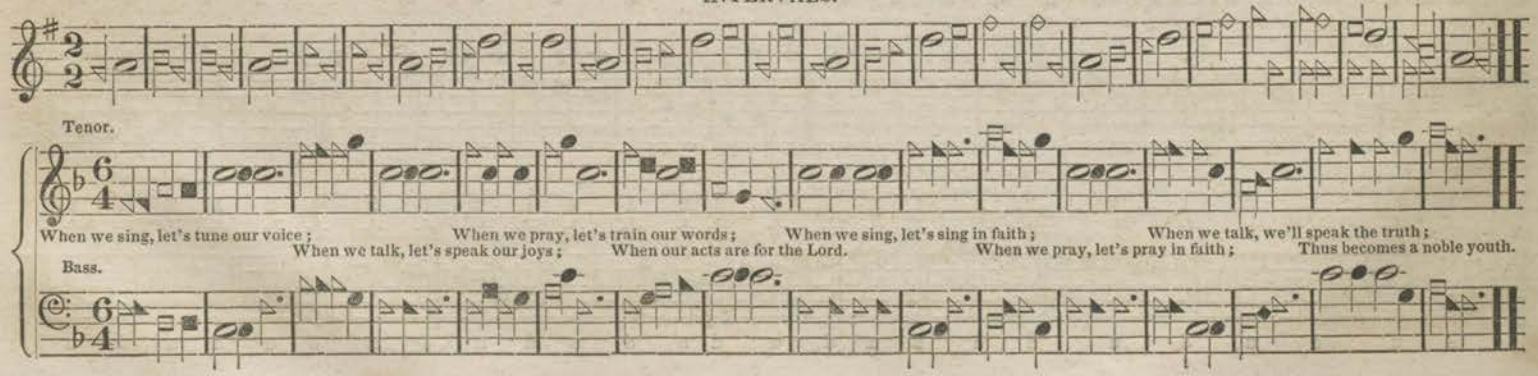
59. In performing melody lessons, the teacher should have his pupils to learn well the sound, the name, and the number of each note, from 1 to 8, so they can apply them in melody or harmony; take the eight notes, for instance, and apply them, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; the key note is numbered 1, the next 2, and so on to 8, either ascending or descending; and when you arrive at the 8th, if the piece should go beyond it, the 8th becomes 1, and is repeated as directed for the first octave.

Let your pupils take three notes, as *faw*, *sol*, *law*, or 1, 2, 3, and sound them successively, until they can sound them well; then let them alternately take 1 and 3, as *faw*, *law*, until they can sound them correctly; then let them go on to four notes, and teach well the difference between 2 and 3, and 3 and 4, for the first and second degrees are tones, and the next a semitone; (what is meant by a degree is the interval from one sound to another in immediate succession.) When you have thus trained the pupil, go on to the eighth sound, and another semitone will occur between the 7th and 8th sounds; (these occurrences are alone in the sharp key.) In performing flat keyed notes, you will observe that the semitones occur between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th sounds, and are invariably between *me* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*, find them where you may; (consequently, when represented by their natural letters, are between B and C and E and F.)

Then take other melody lessons of different orders, and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a connection of other parts; for if pupils cannot make melody, it is impossible for them to make harmony; and an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious; for bad voices and jargon will be the result.

60. See, in the following scale of notes, where the semitones are indicated by a (*) star.

INTERVALS.


Tenor.
When we sing, let's tune our voice ; When we pray, let's train our words ; When we sing, let's sing in faith ; When we talk, we'll speak the truth ;
When we talk, let's speak our joys ; When our acts are for the Lord. When we pray, let's pray in faith ; Thus becomes a noble youth.
Bass.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and a few general and friendly observations, we hope, will tend to correct these errors in practising vocal music.

2. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon the proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty, and perhaps discords, will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error of only one semitone in the pitch of one or more of the parts.

3. It is by no means necessary, to constitute good singers, that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard, it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious;) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts, because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

4. When singing in concert, the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain; and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute, the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

5. Flat-keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp-keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp-keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

6. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath, if possible.

7. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice, and gives them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too loud.

8. When notes of the tenor fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the bass soft.

9. While first learning a tune, it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded, without looking on the book.

10. Learners are apt to give the first note, where a fuge begins, nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing, (or the notes sung quicker,) and the sound of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuges should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

11. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments of vocal music, if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled, if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly, like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

12. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plainly by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words, great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced, and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs, and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz., on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music is, that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

13. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower, while one does the upper notes, and in the same proportion to any other number.

14. Your singers should not join in concert, until each class can sing their own part correctly.

15. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once; because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

16. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c., are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin the best voice.

17. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed; and continue at them until they are understood, than to run over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling, perhaps few besides the teacher know a flat-keyed tune from a sharp-keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c., requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning, unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

18. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice, and gives them a knowledge of the connection of the parts, and of harmony as well as melody.* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

19. Learners should understand the tunes well by note, before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

20. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words, will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

21. When the key is transposed, there are flats and sharps placed on the stave; and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

22. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted, is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

23. The apogiatura is placed in some tunes, which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

24. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round: so that, when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some believe soft singing is the most melodious; when, at the same time, loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

25. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

26. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

27. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers, when performing a piece of music, could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

28. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

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* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.

* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation, such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing, it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c., something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them: such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, very slow; the first mood in common time.
Allegro, lively, quick; the third mood in common time.
Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.
Air, the tenor part; the inclination of a piece of music.
Alt, high above the stave.
Alto, or *Altus*, high counter.
Appetone, between a tone and semitone.
Affettuoso, tender; affecting; mournful; plaintive.
Andante, moderate.
Bass, the lowest part of music; grave; solemn.
Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.
Bass Viol, a large, or bass fiddle.
Breve, an ancient note, **II**, equal to two semibreves.
Canticles, divine or pious poems; songs.
Chant, to sing praises.
Chord, a sound; a concord; proportional vibrations.
Chorus, all the parts together.
Clefs, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.
Comma, a small part, as 1-4th, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.
Compose, to make tunes, or set notes for music.
Concert, many singers or instruments together.
Counter, is high treble performed in a female voice.
Couplet, both accents tied together in the same measure.
Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, to return and close with the first strain.
Diagram, the gamut, or rudiments of music.
Diapason, an octave; an eighth degree.
Dissonance, discord; disagreement.
Duet, two parts only moving together.
Diminuendo, diminishing in sound; becoming louder.
Forte, or *For*, full; loud or strong.
Fuge, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.
Gamut, the scale, or rudiments of music.
Grand, full; great; complete; pleasing.
Grave, slow; solemn; mournful; most slow.
Guido, a direct.
Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.

Harmonist, a writer of harmony; a musician.
Hexameter, having six lines to a verse.
Hautboy, or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.
Inno, a hymn or song.
Intonation, giving the pitch or key of a tune.
Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.
Ionic, light and soft.
Keys, the most permanent sounds of the voice or instrument.
Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.
Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.
Lima, the difference between major and minor.
Linto, slow.
Major mode, the sharp key; the great third; high; cheerful.
Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.
Medius, is low treble performed in a man's voice.
Moods, certain proportions of time, &c.
Modulate, to regulate sounds; to sing in a pleasing manner.
Musica, the art of music; the study or science of music.
Music, a succession of pleasing sounds; one of the liberal sciences.
Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.
Octave, and eighth degree; five tones and two semitones.
Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.
Pastoral, rural; a shepherd's song; something pertaining to a shepherd.
Piano, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft; a kind of instrument.
Pentemeter, five lines to each verse.
Pitchpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.
Solo, one part alone.
Sonorous, loud and harmonious.
Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.
Syncope, cut off; disjointed; out of the usual order.
Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.
Trill, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.
Transposition, the changing the place of the key note.
Trio, a tune in three parts.
Violoncello, a tenor viol, 1-8th above a bass viol.

THE

SACRED HARP.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF PIECES USED BY WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M. Psalmist, 691st Hymn.

1 Oh for a clo-ser walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?

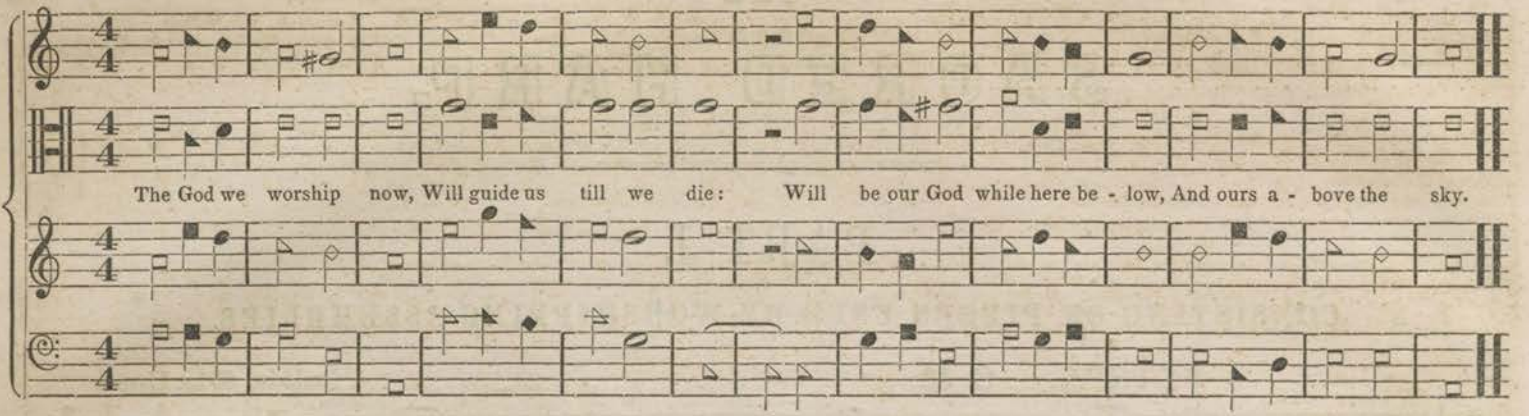
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

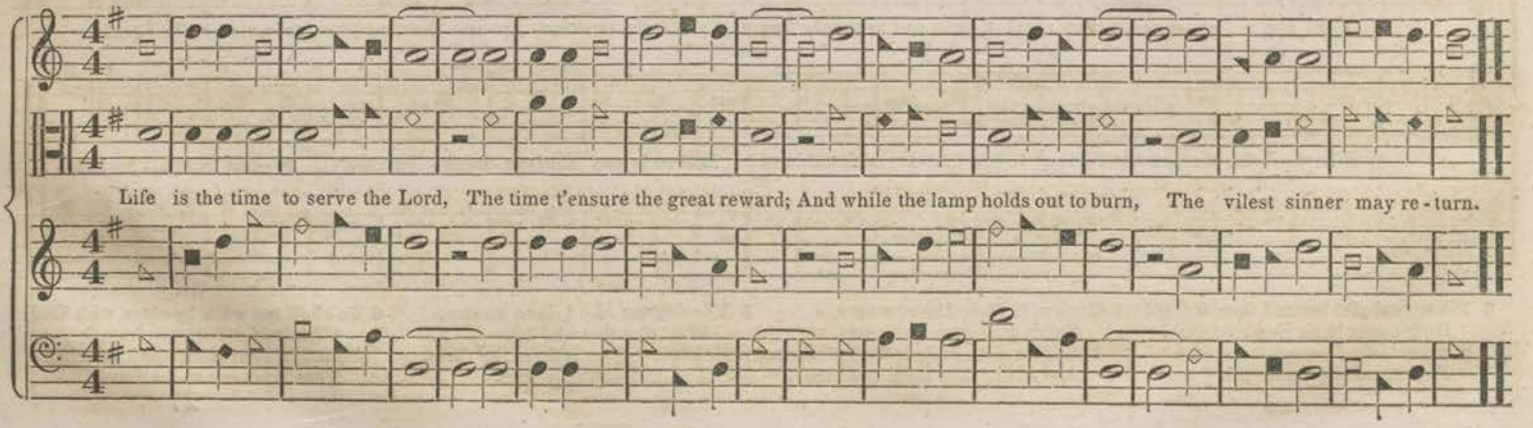
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

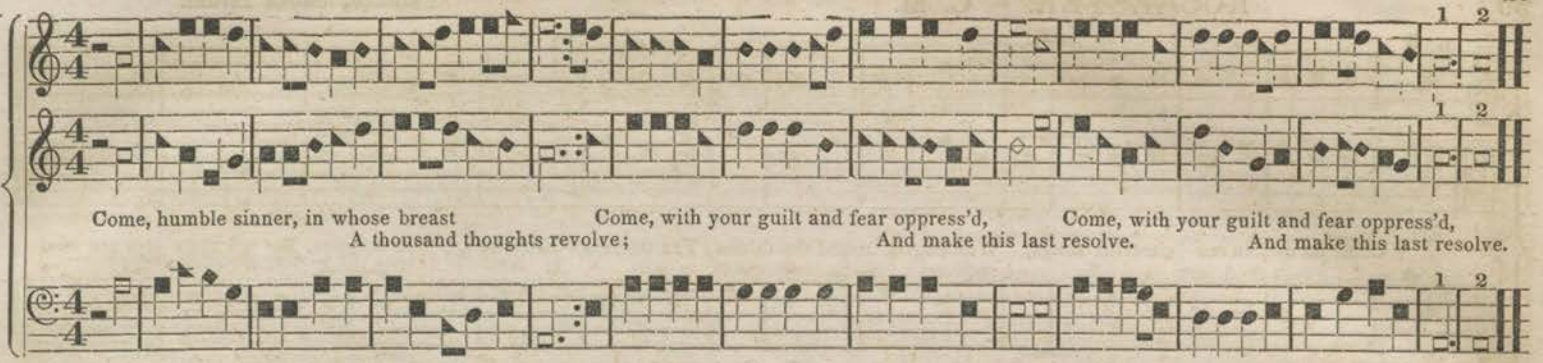
AYLESBURY. S. M.



WELLS. L. M.

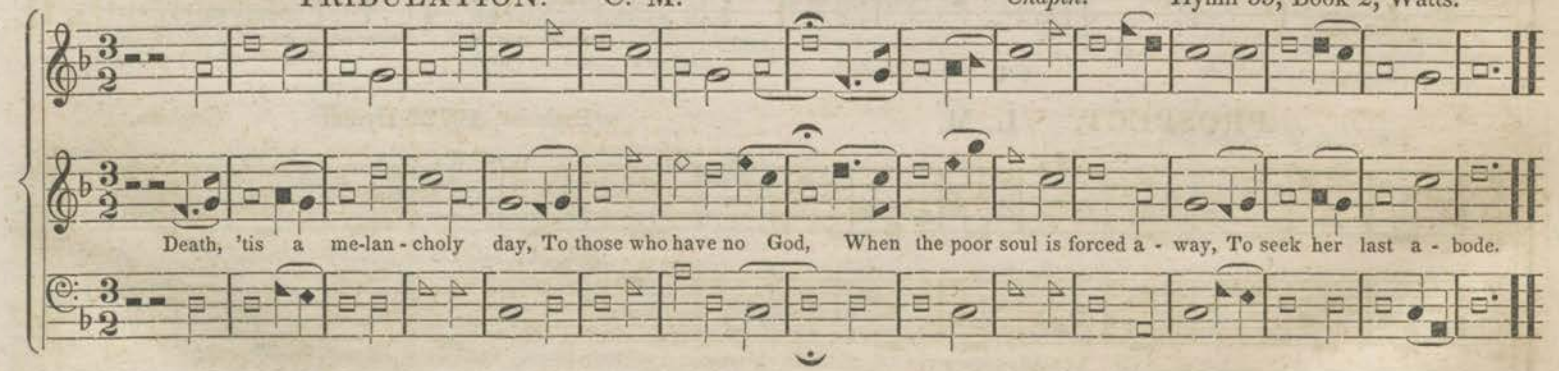

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'ensure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may re - turn.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.


Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



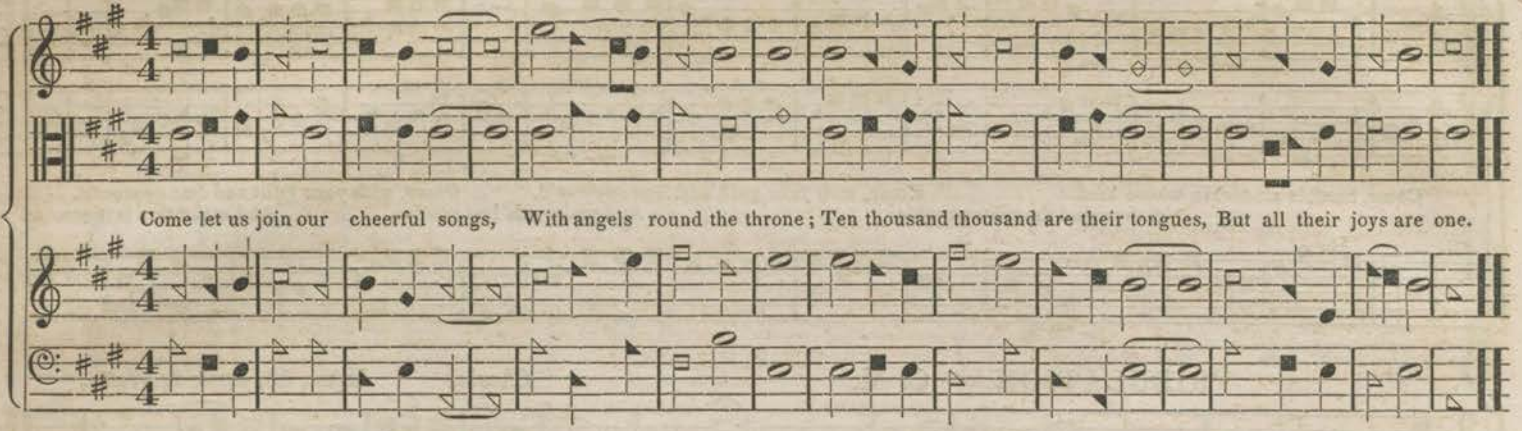
2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

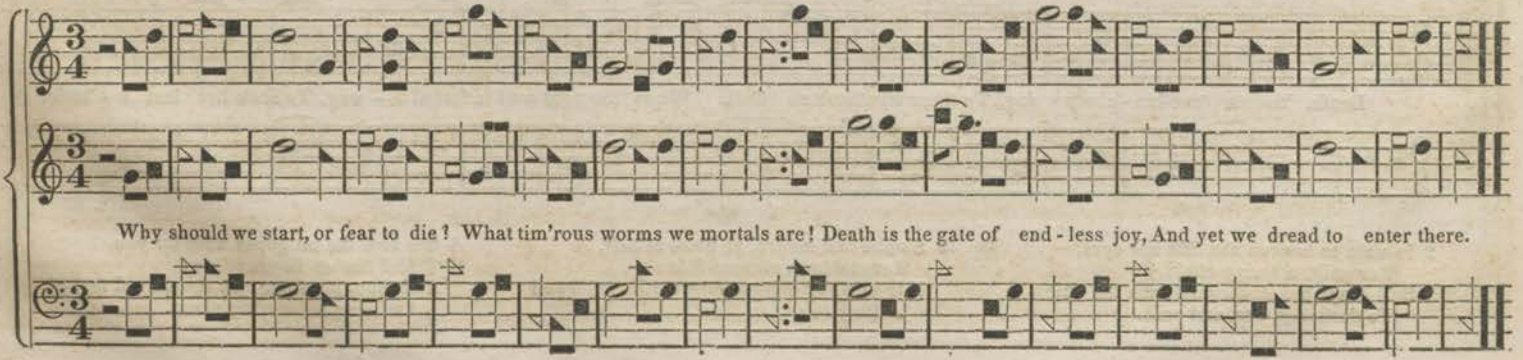
ROCHESTER. C. M.

Psalmist, 346th Hymn.


Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

PROSPECT. L. M.

Psalmist, 1072d Hymn. *Graham.*


Why should we start, or fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

1 Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2 Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bellious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

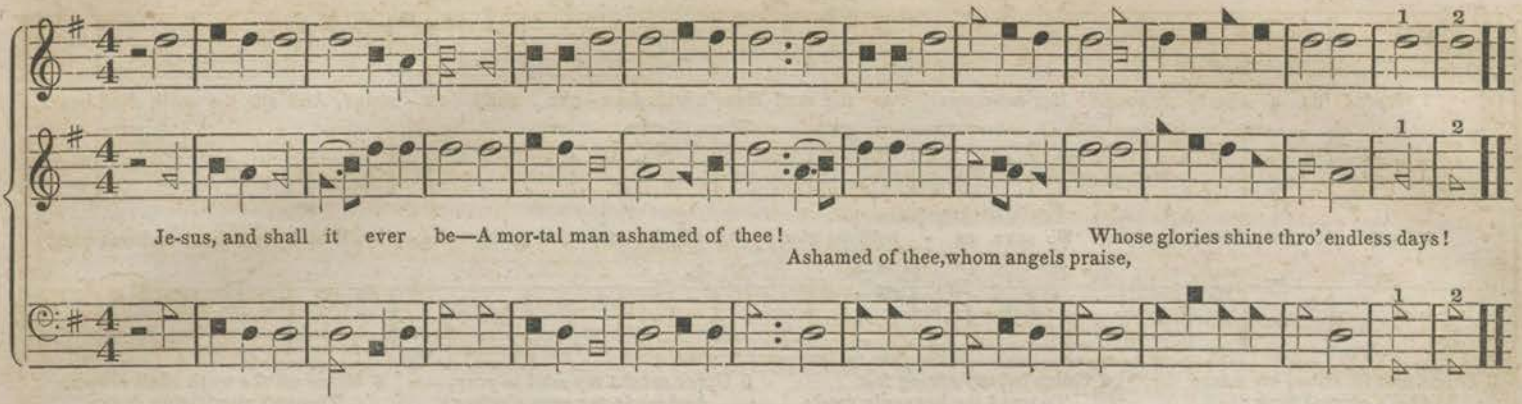
6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

WEBSTER. S. M.

Psalmist, 767th Hymn.

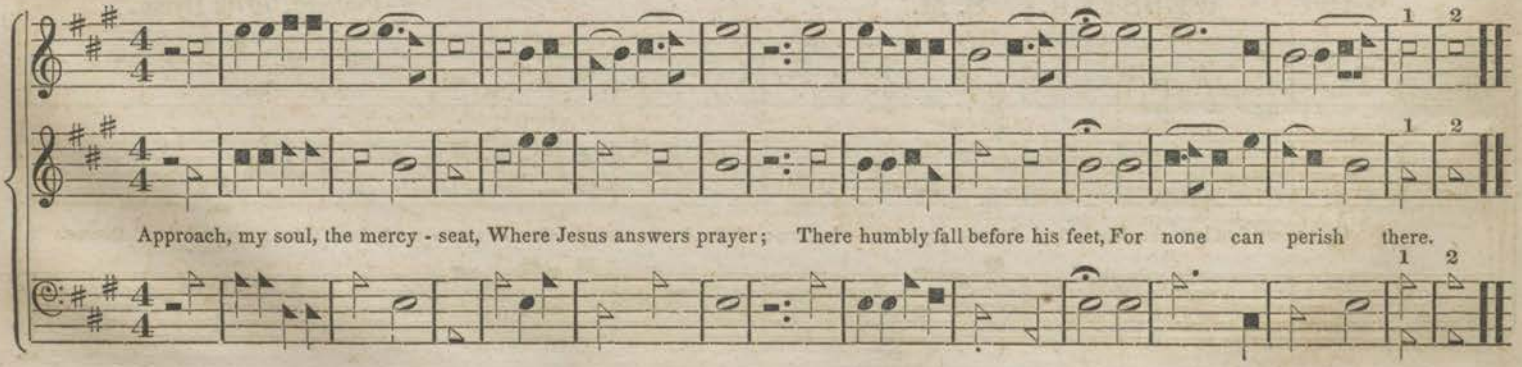
CORINTH. L. M.

Psalmist, 554th Hymn. *John Massengale.*


Je-sus, and shall it ever be—A mor-tal man ashamed of thee!
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,

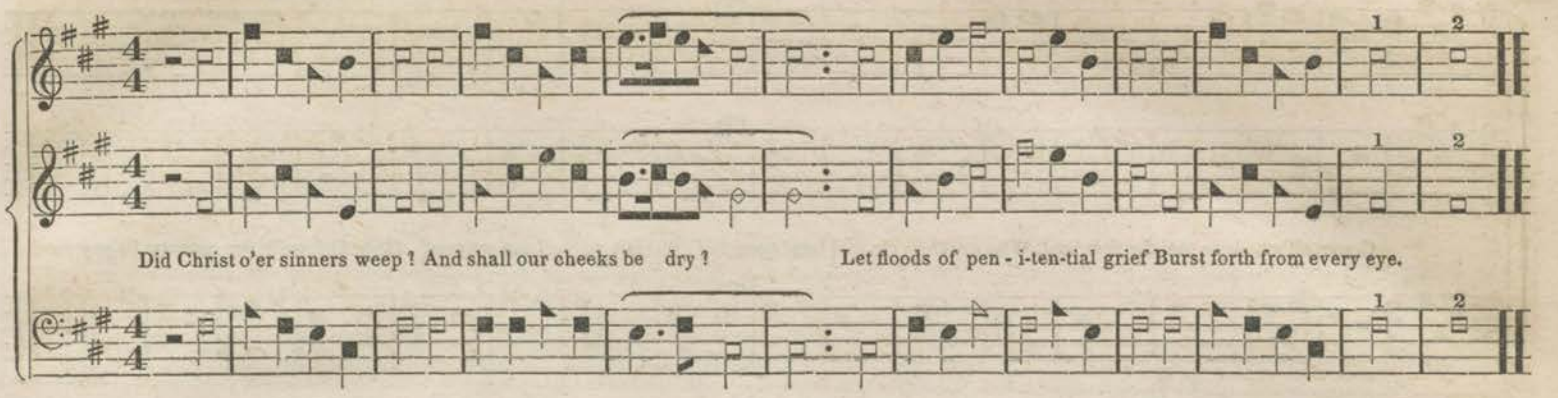
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 2.



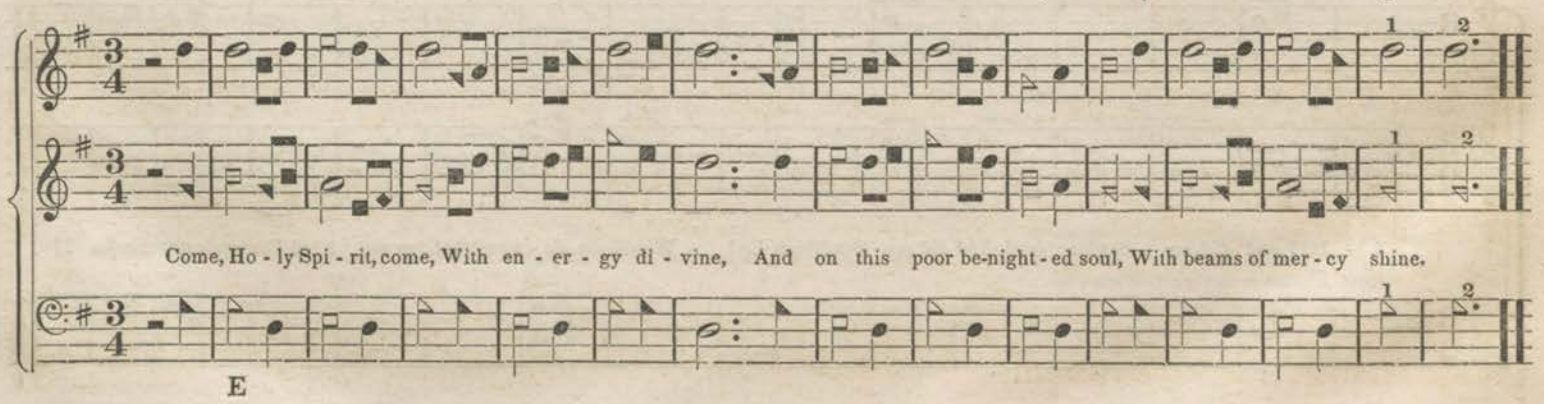
WEEPING SAVIOUR. S. M.

Psalmist, 471st Hymn. *E. J. King.*



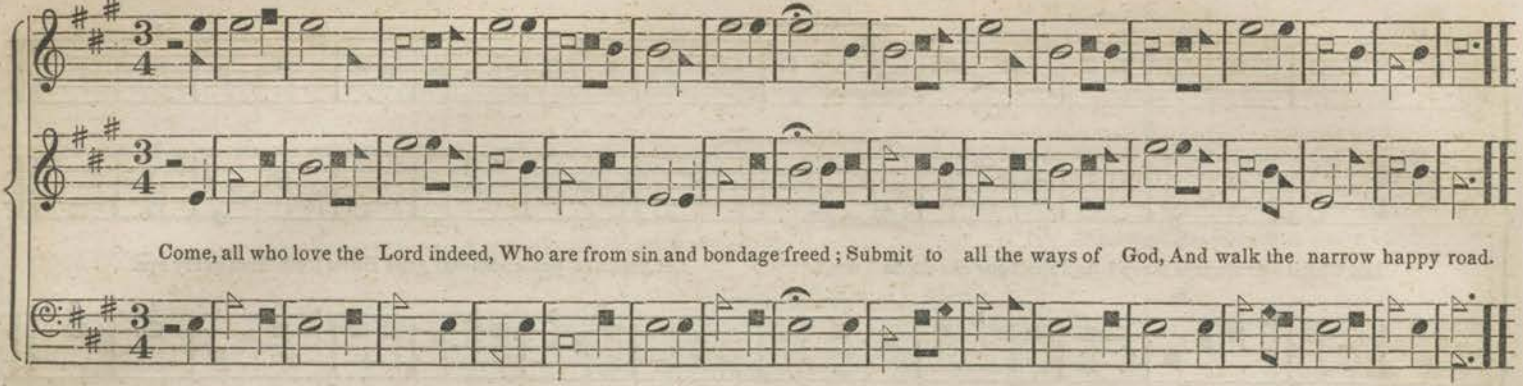
ABBEVILLE. S. M.

Psalmist, 362d Hymn. *E. J. King.*



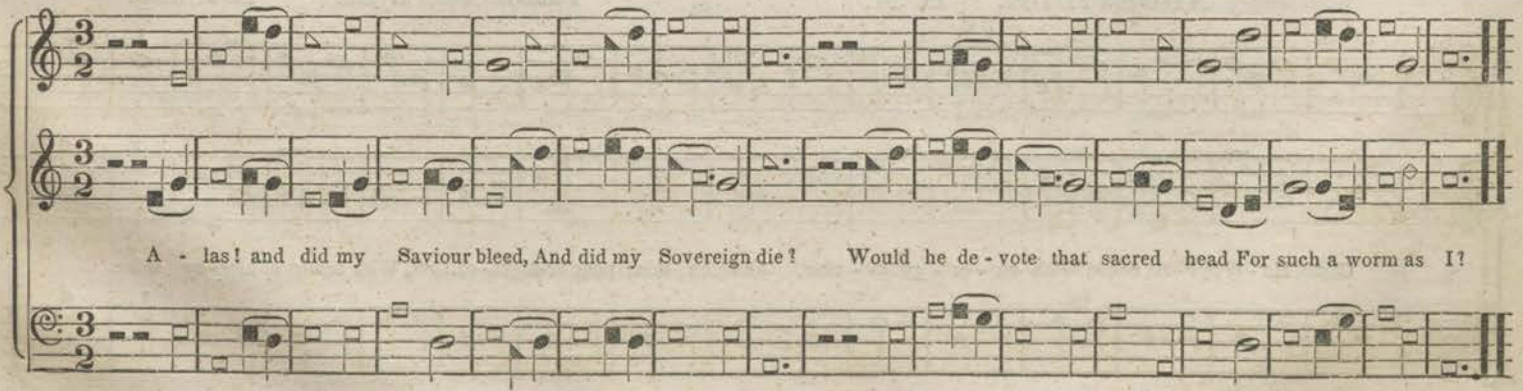
HAMILTON. L. M.

Zion Songster, p. 222. *B. F. White.*

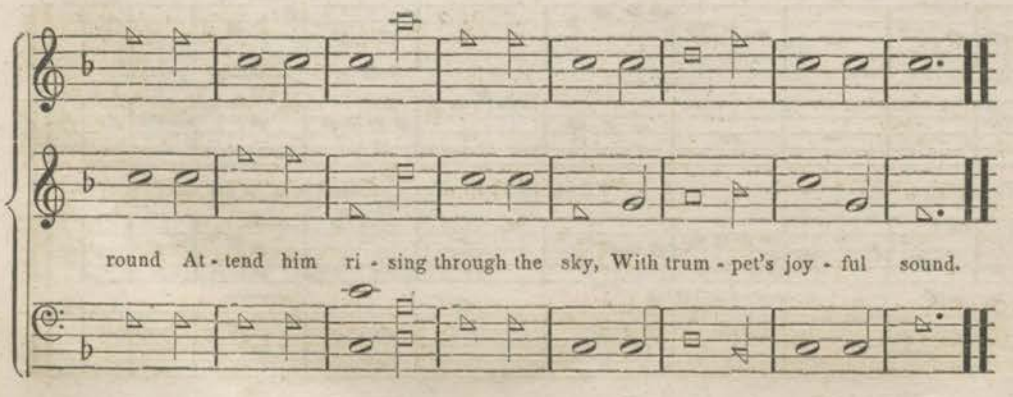

Come, all who love the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed; Submit to all the ways of God, And walk the narrow happy road.

BLEEDING SAVIOUR. C. M.

Psalmist, 472d Hymn. *Z. Chambless.*



1 O for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King!
Let eve - ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.
2 Je - sus, our God, ascends on high; His heavenly guards a-

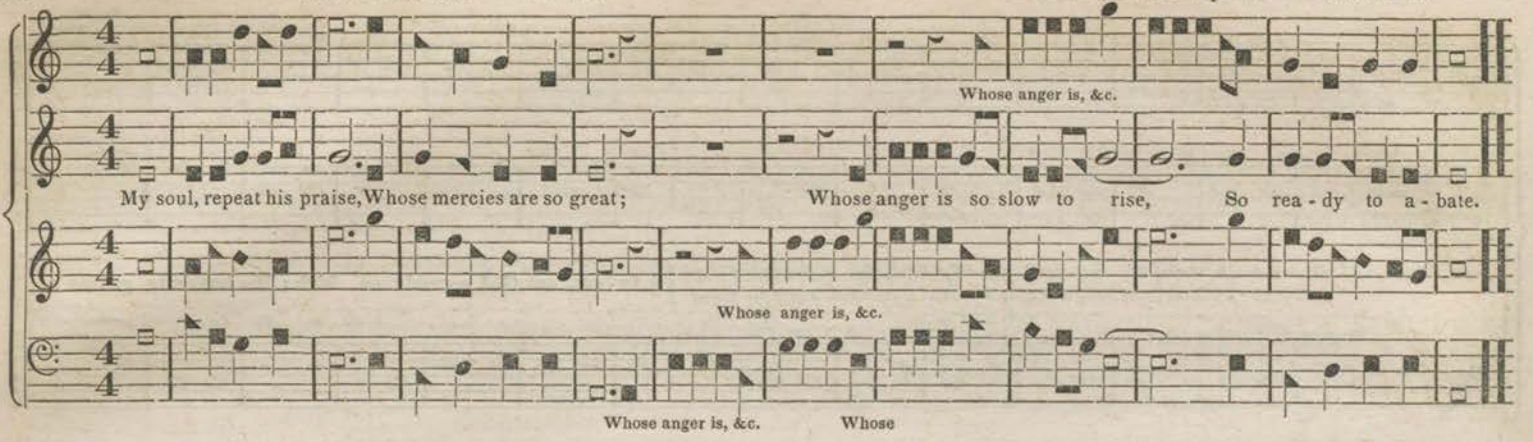


3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

AMERICA. S. M.

Psalmist, 183d Hymn. *Whitmore.*

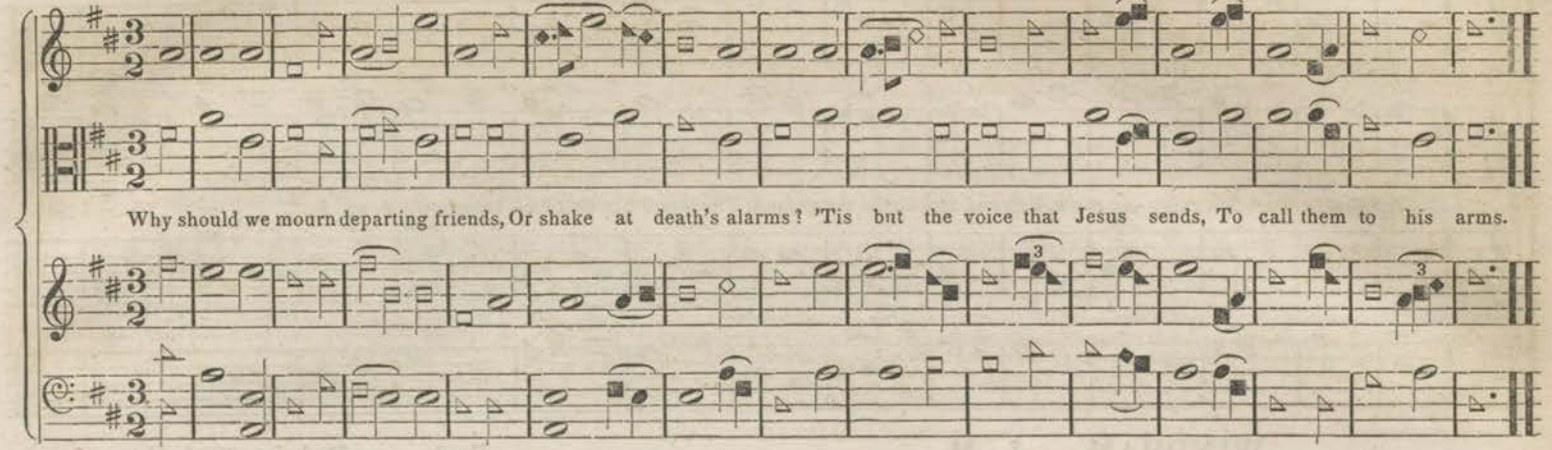

Whose anger is, &c.
My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.
Whose anger is, &c.
Whose anger is, &c. Whose

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Psalmist, 1156th Hymn. *Colton.*

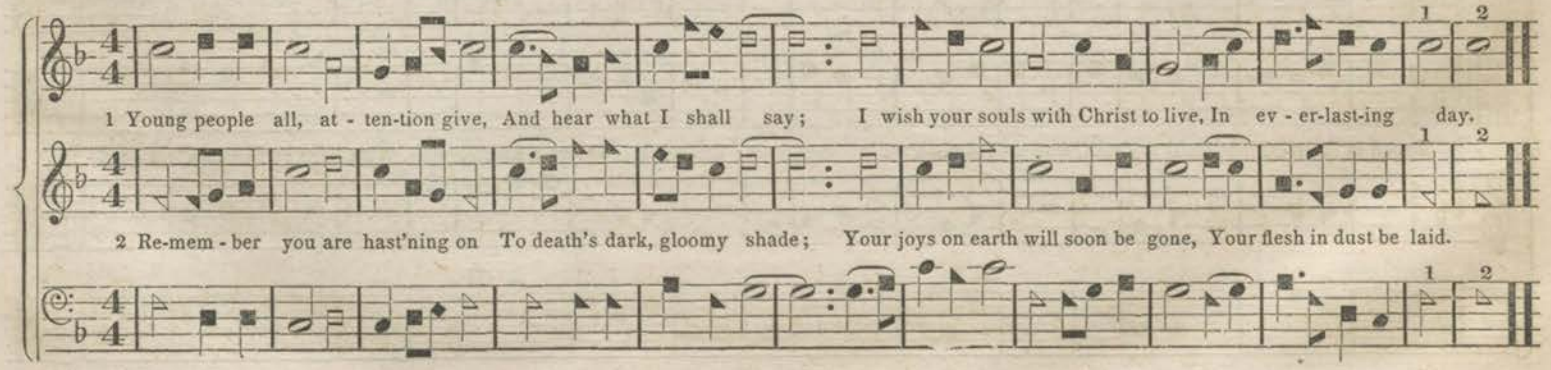
I'll bid, &c.
When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
to every fear, I'll bid
I'll bid, &c. I'll bid, &c.

CHINA. C. M.

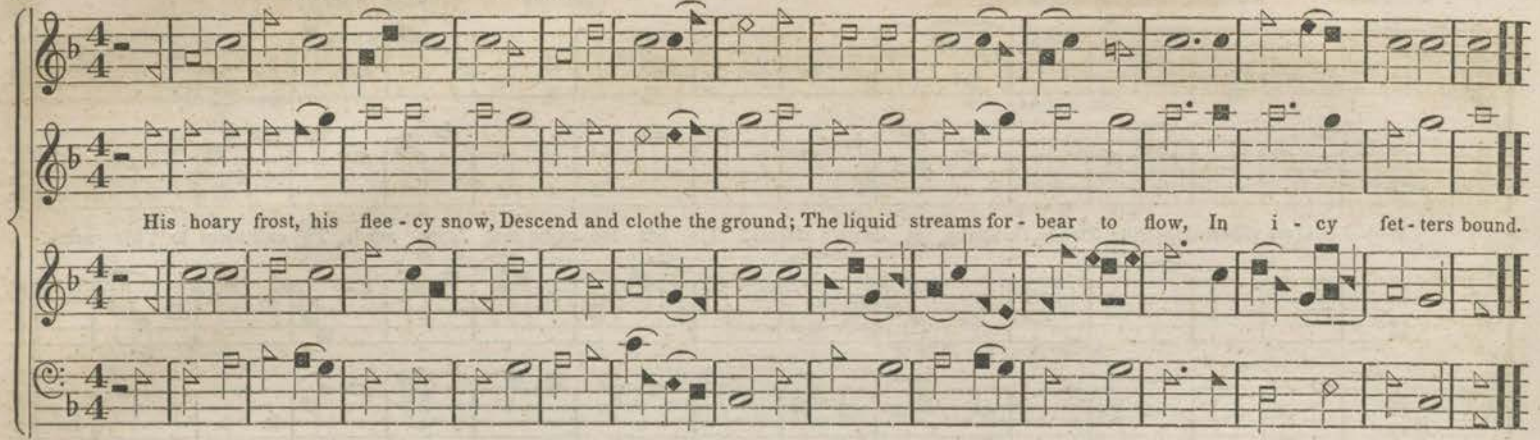

Why should we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 146. *M. C. H. Davis.*

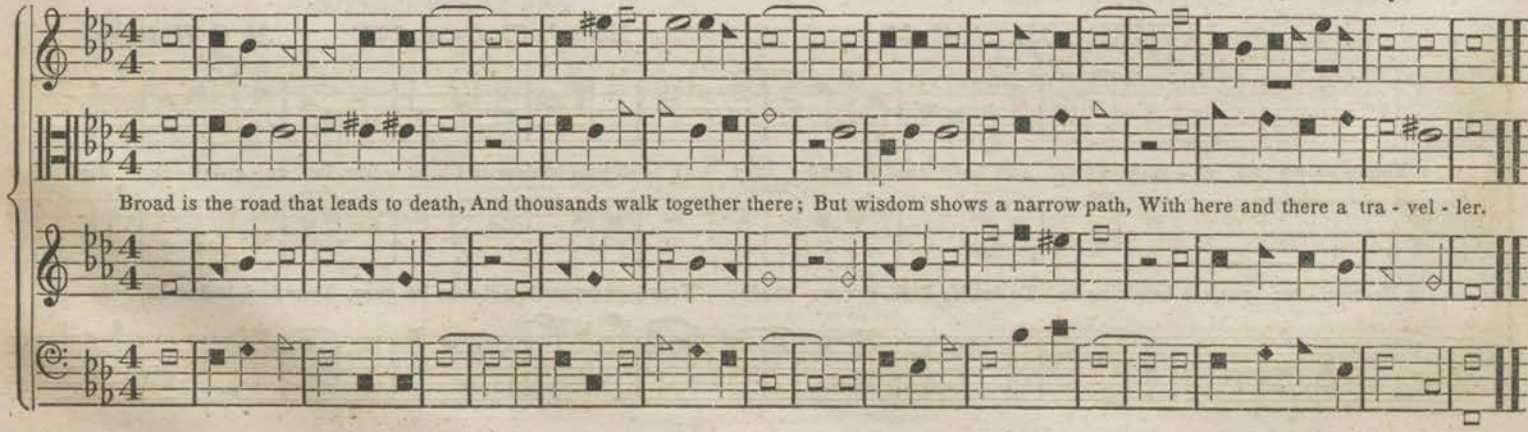

1 Young people all, at - ten-tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er-last-ing day.
2 Re-mem - ber you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

WINTER. C. M.



WINDHAM. L. M.

Read. Psalmist, 686th Hymn.


Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.

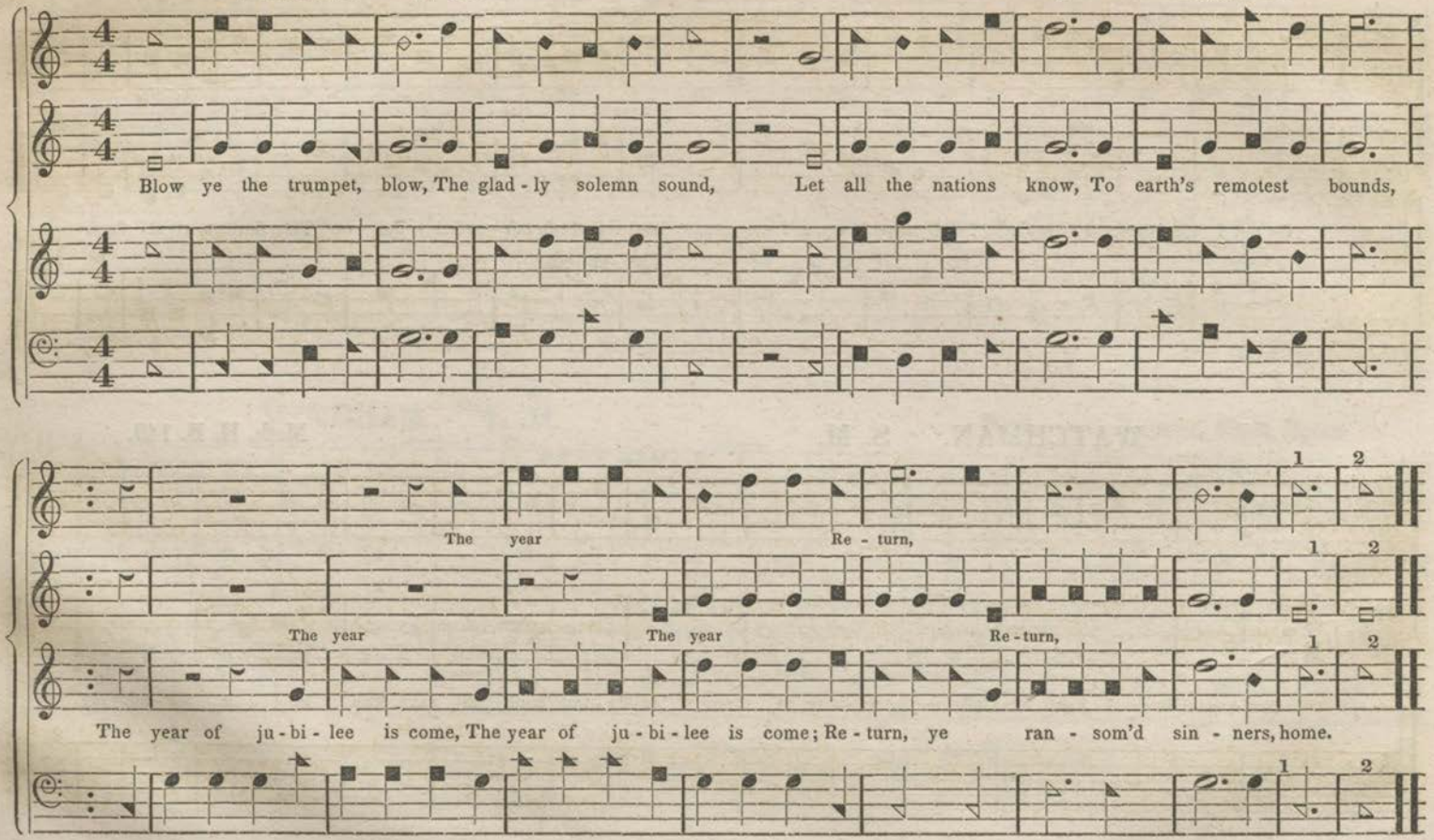
DETROIT. C. M.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

Meth. H. B. 149.

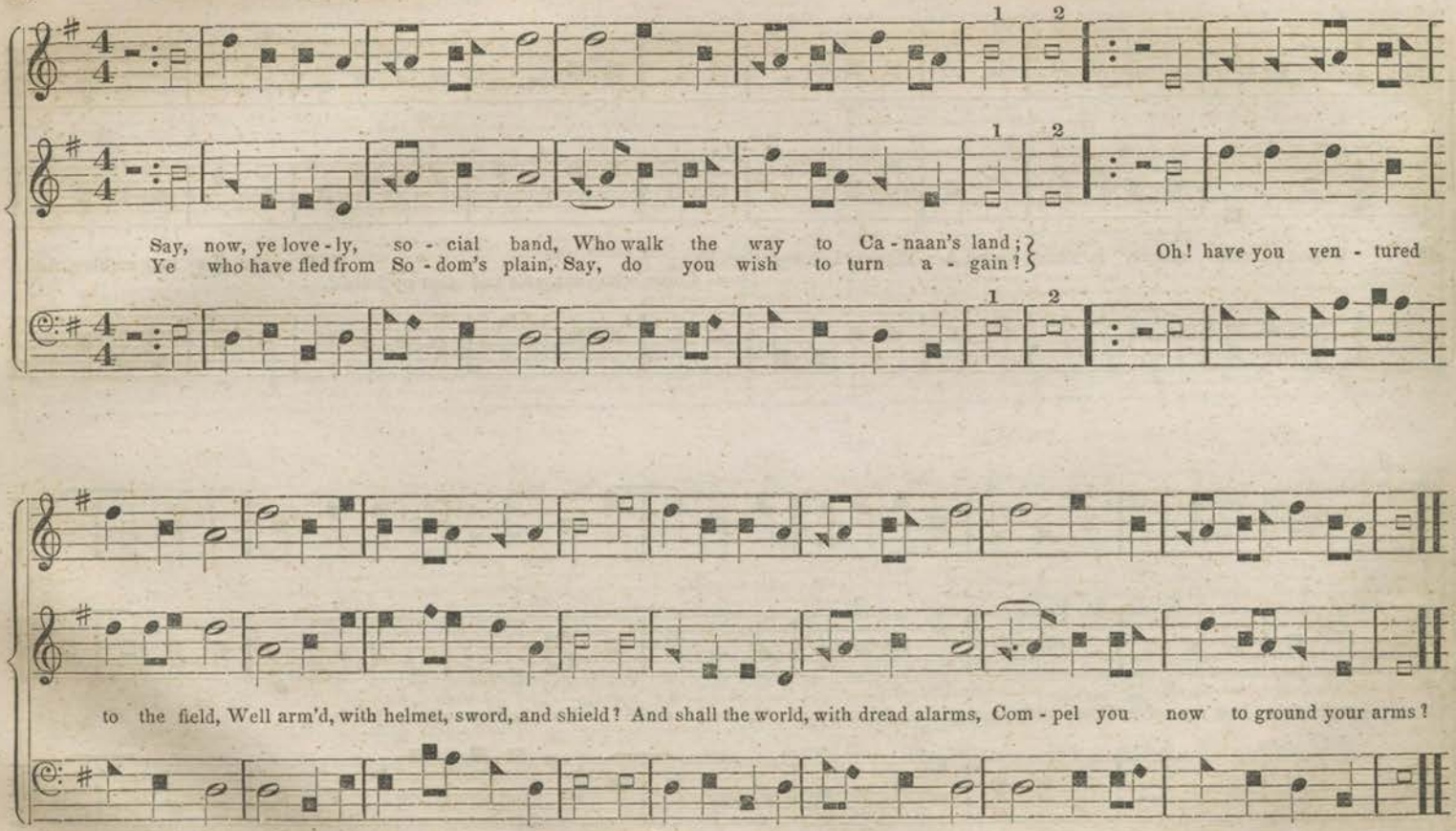
LENOX. P. M.

Edson. Baptist Harmony, p. 356.


Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds,
The year Re - turn,
The year The year Re - turn,
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.
1 2

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; And make this last resolve, And
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
make this last re - solve, Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve, :‖:

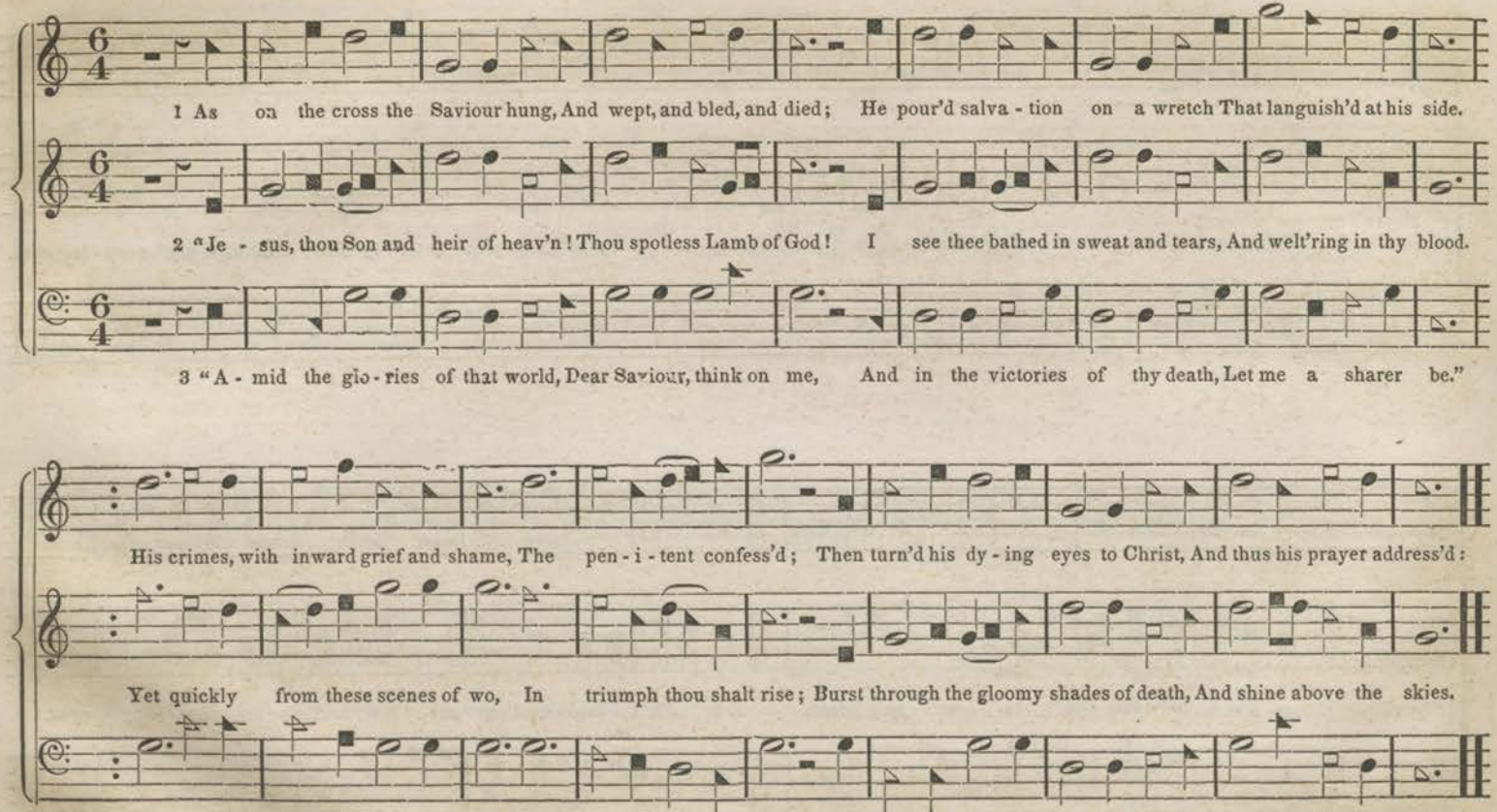
CLAMANDA. L. M. D.


Say, now, ye love - ly, so - cial band, Who walk the way to Ca - naan's land;
Ye who have fled from So - dom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn a - gain?
Oh! have you ven - tured
to the field, Well arm'd, with helmet, sword, and shield? And shall the world, with dread alarms, Com - pel you now to ground your arms?

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

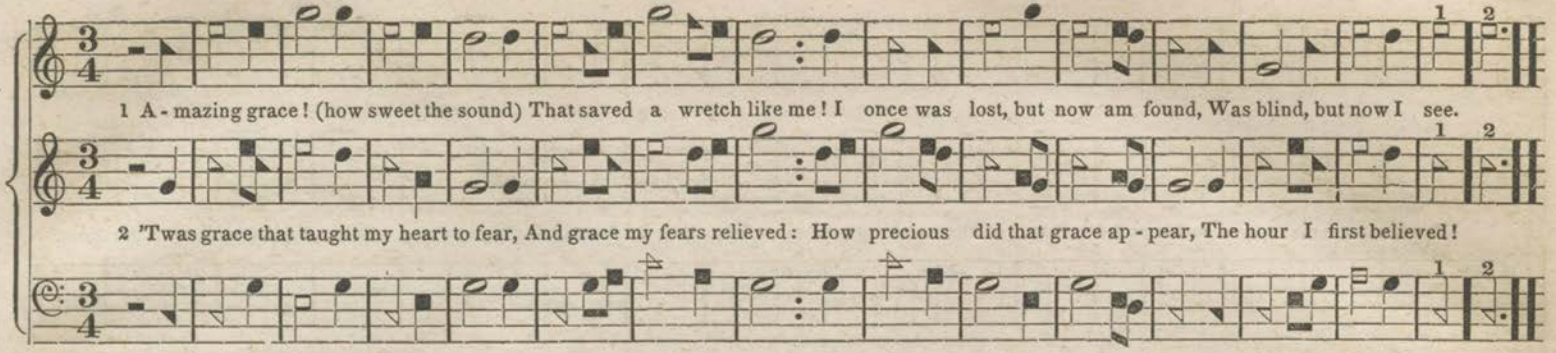
THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 31.


1 As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died; He pour'd salva - tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.
2 "Je - sus, thou Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And welt'ring in thy blood.
3 "A - mid the glo - ries of that world, Dear Saviour, think on me, And in the victories of thy death, Let me a sharer be."
His crimes, with inward grief and shame, The pen - i - tent confess'd; Then turn'd his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:
Yet quickly from these scenes of wo, In triumph thou shalt rise; Burst through the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.
His prayer the dy - ing Je - sus hears, And in - stantly re - plies,— "To-day thy part - ing soul shall be With me in Pa - ra - dise."

NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 123.


1 A - mazing grace! (how sweet the sound) That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

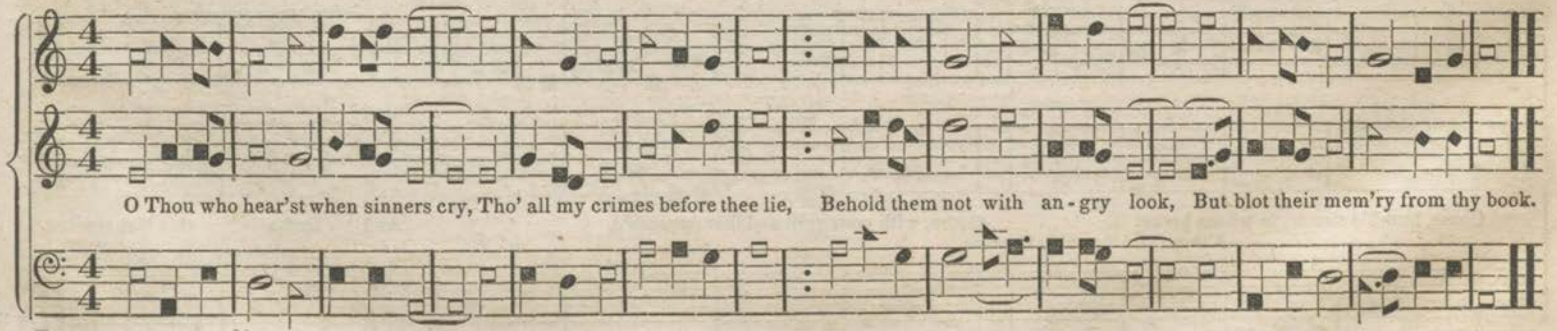
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

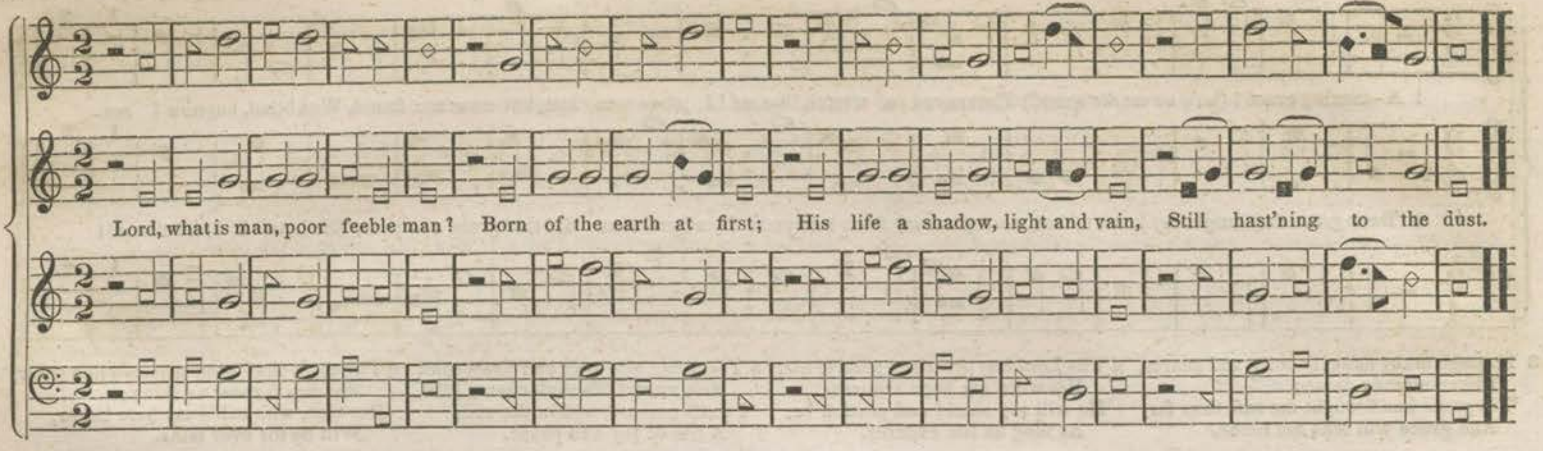
6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Psalmist, 467th Hymn. 51st Psalm, Watts.

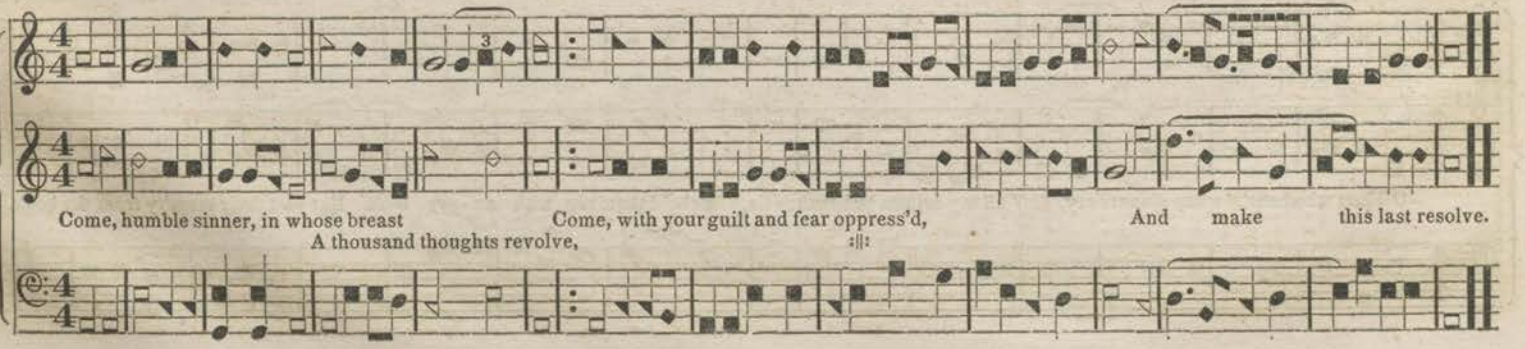

O Thou who hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

DUBLIN. C. M.



HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.


Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

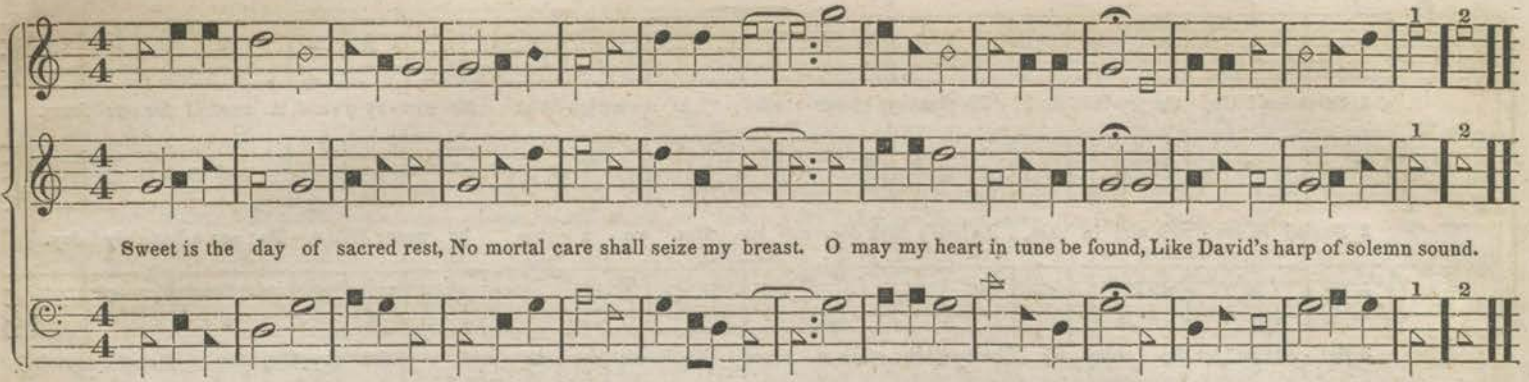
Hymn 88, B. 2, Watts. *Chapin.*

1 Salvation! Oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for eve-ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
2 Buried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a-rise by grace divine, To see a heav'nly day.
3 Sal-vation! let the echo fly The spacious earth a-round, While all the ar-mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

IDUMEA. S. M.

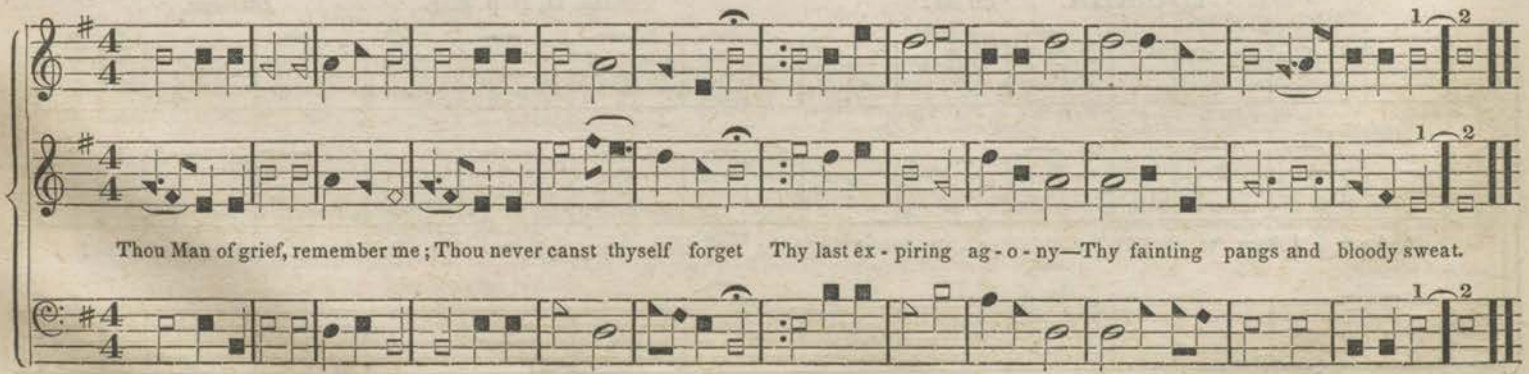
Meth. H. B. p. 231. *Davison.*

DEVOTION. L. M.

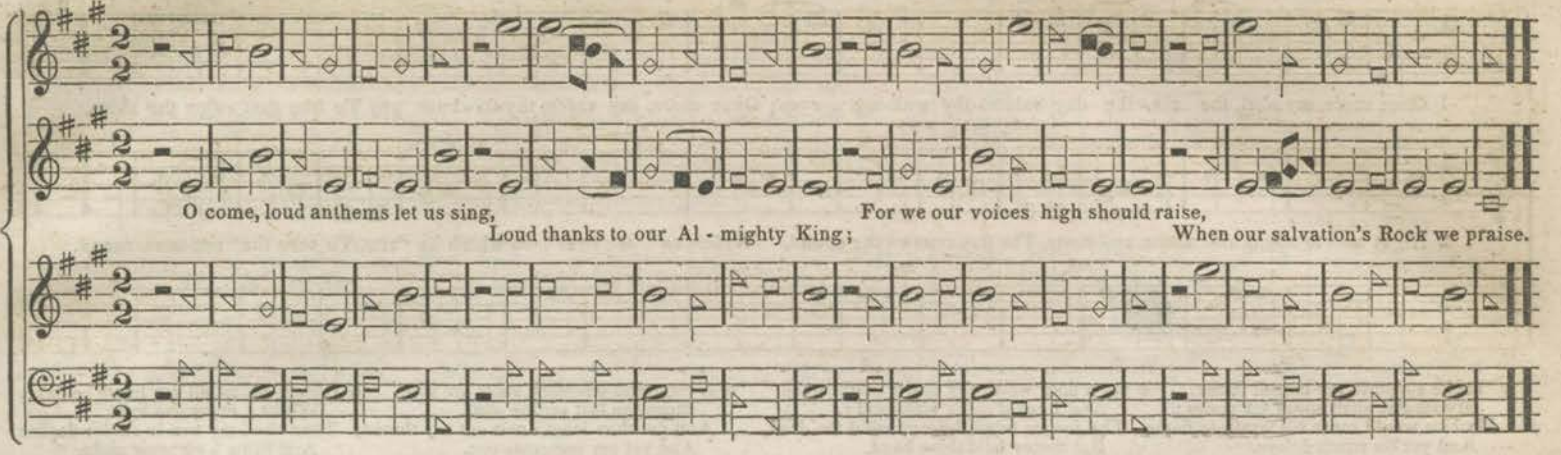

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast. O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

KEDRON. L. M.

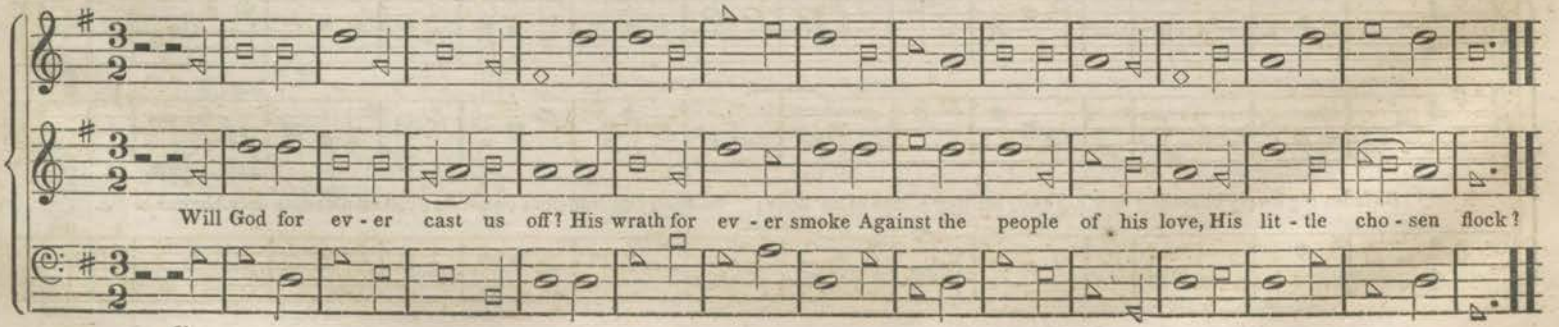
Dare.


Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thyself forget Thy last ex - piring ag - o - ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Al - mighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

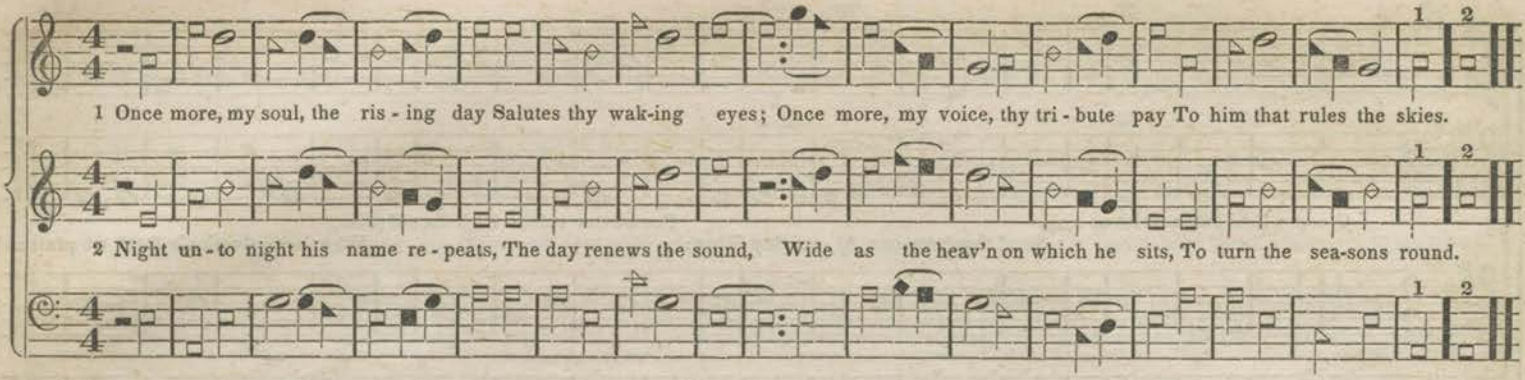
MEAR. C. M.



G

CONSOLATION. C. M.

Hymn 6, B. 2, Watts. *Dean.*


1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.
2 Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sea-sons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

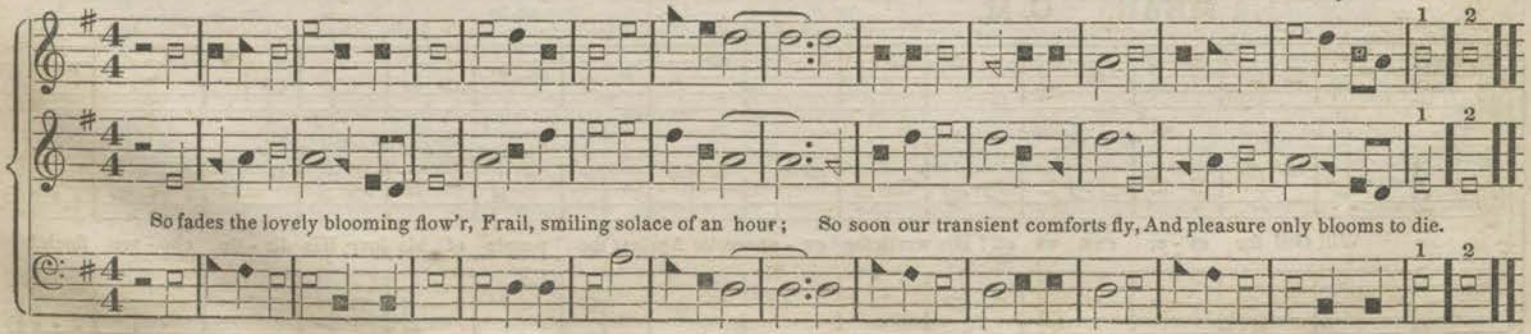
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

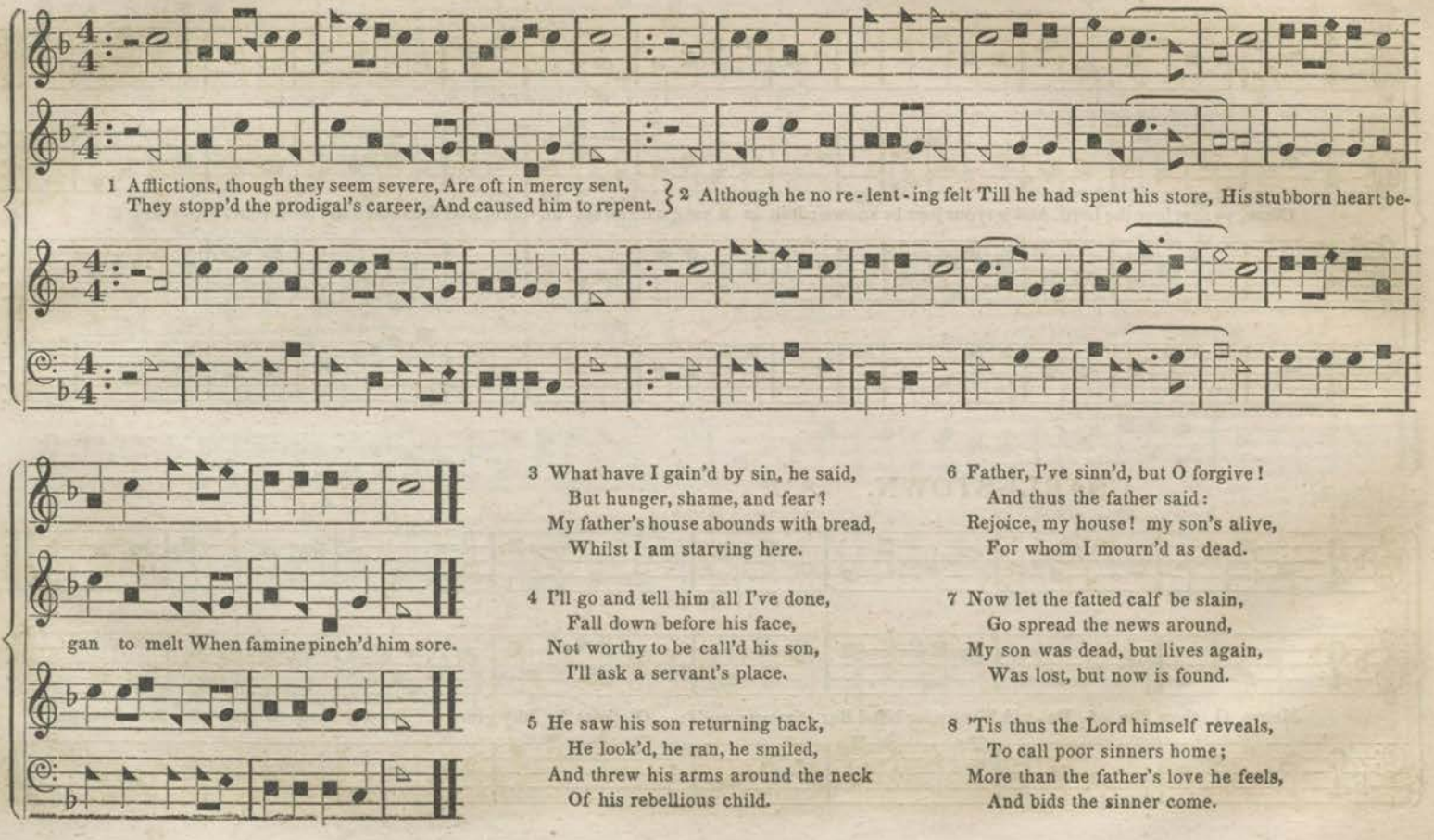
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

DISTRESS. L. M.

Psalmist, 1088th Hymn.


So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.


1 Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent.
2 Although he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-
gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Not worthy to be call'd his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

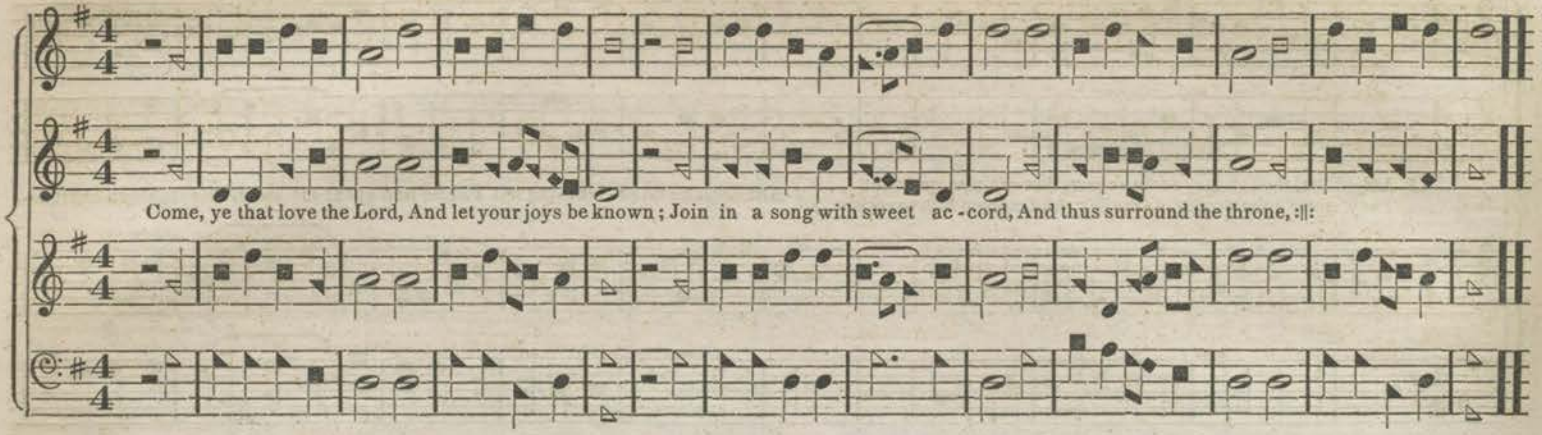
6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive!
And thus the father said:
Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.

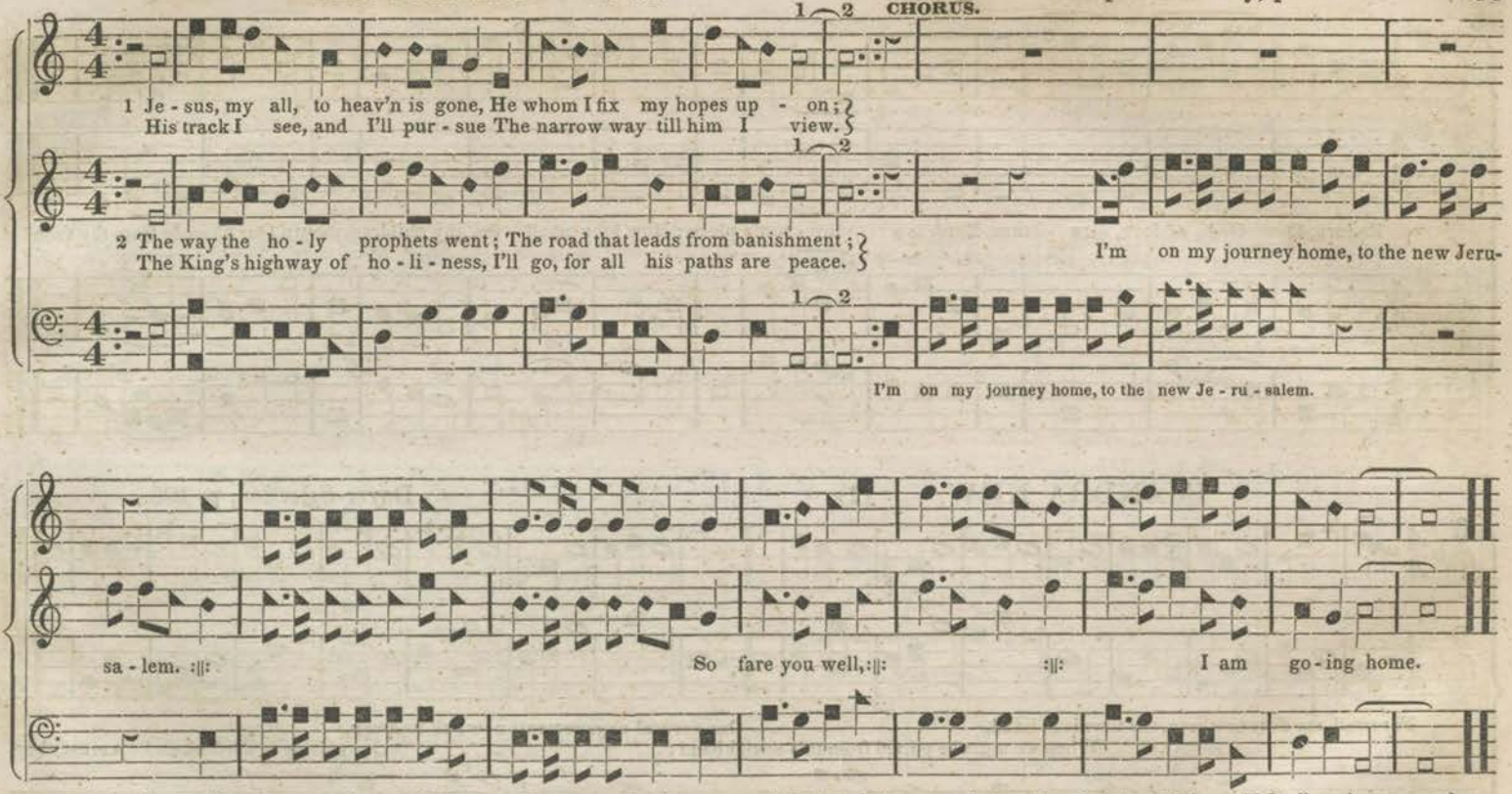
8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than the father's love he feels,
And bids the sinner come.

ALBION. S. M.

Psalmist, 767th Hymn. *Boyd.*



CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.


CHORUS.
1 Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view.
2 The way the ho - ly prophets went; The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
I'm on my journey home, to the new Jeru-
I'm on my journey home, to the new Je - ru - salem.
sa - lem. :||: So fare you well, :||: :||: I am go - ing home.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

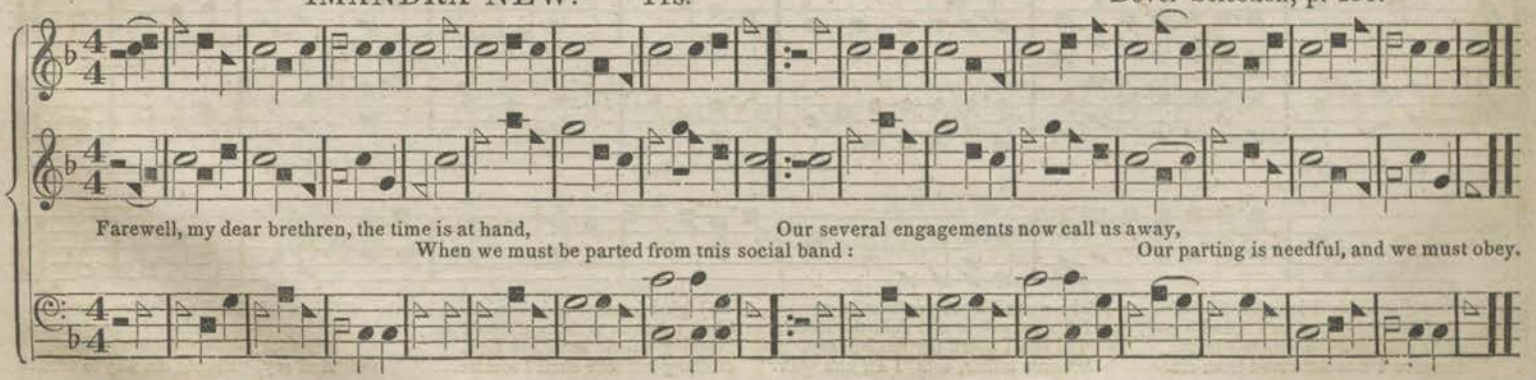
5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

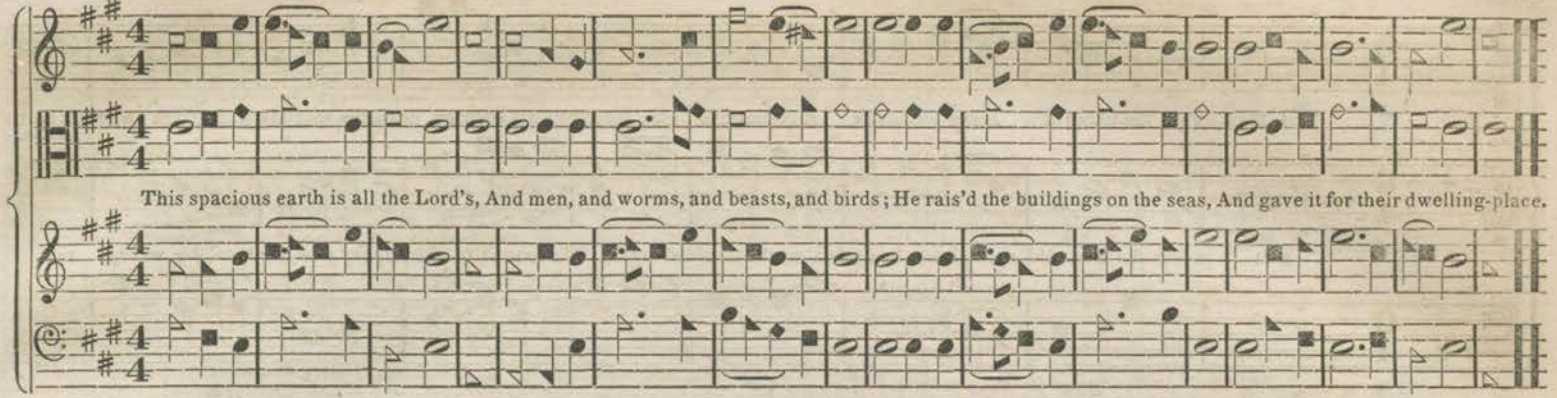
GEORGIA. C. M.

IMANDRA NEW. 11s.

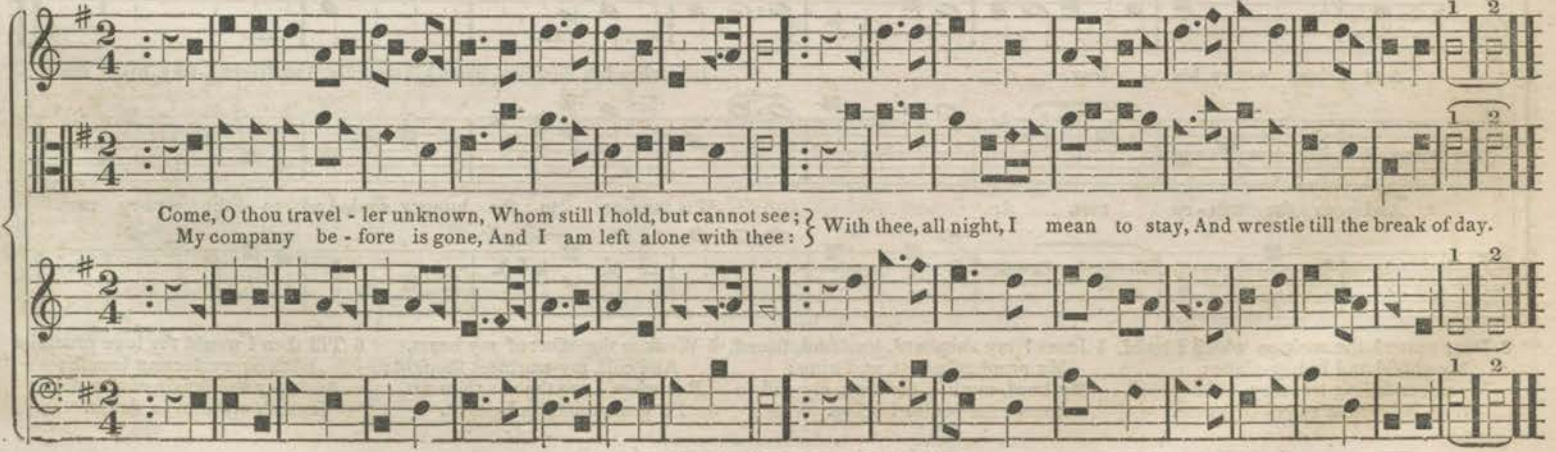
Dover Selection, p. 196.


Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, When we must be parted from this social band :
Our several engagements now call us away, Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

PARIS. L. M.


This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He rais'd the buildings on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place.

VERNON. L. M.


Come, O thou travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company be - fore is gone, And I am left alone with thee:
With thee, all night, I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

SALEM. C. M.

Dossey's Choice, p. 58.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liever's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
And drives a-way his fear. :‖: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
And to the wea - ry rest. :‖: 'Tis man-na to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

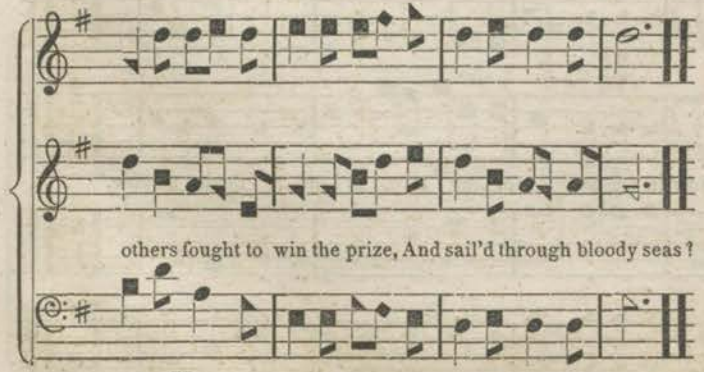
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

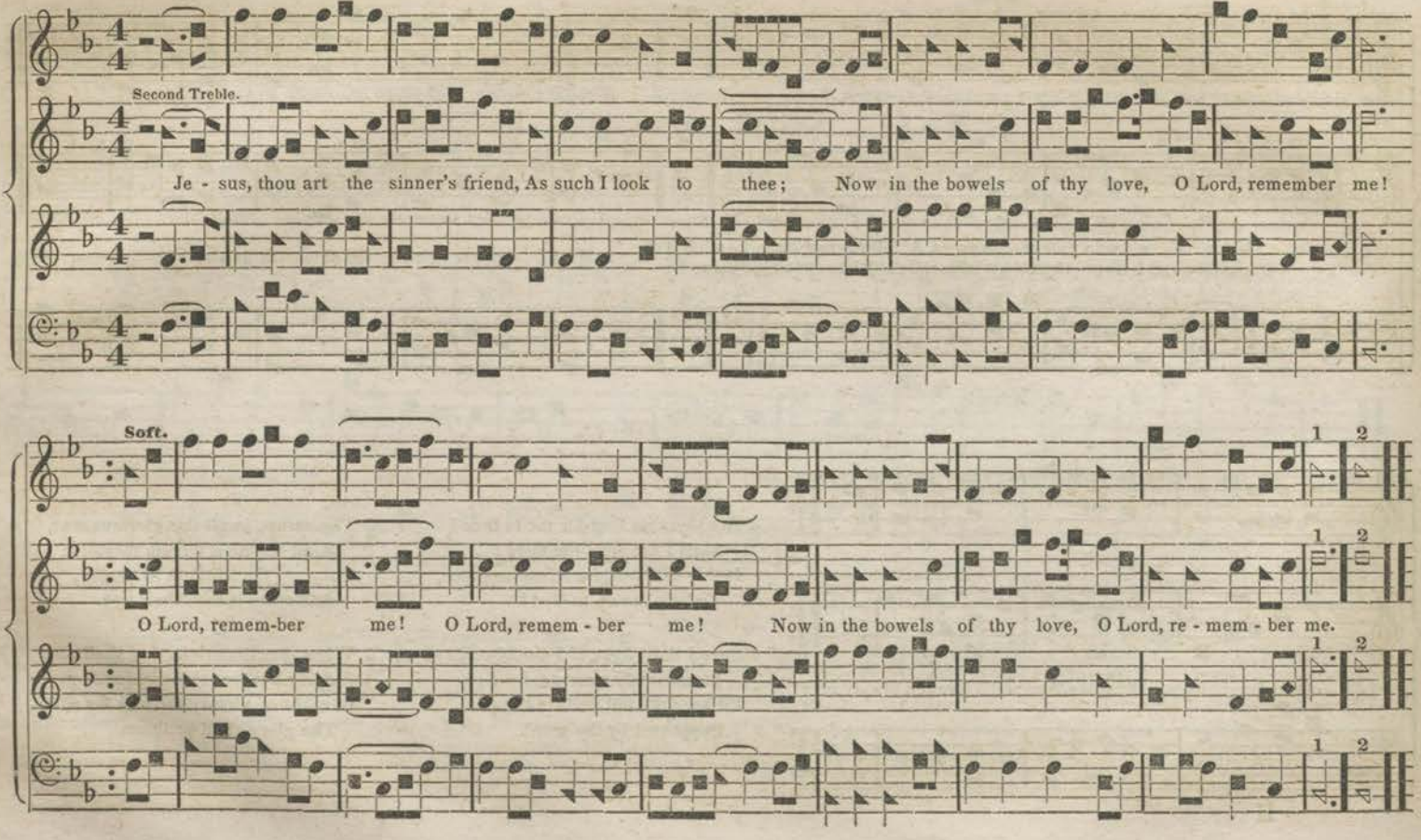
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

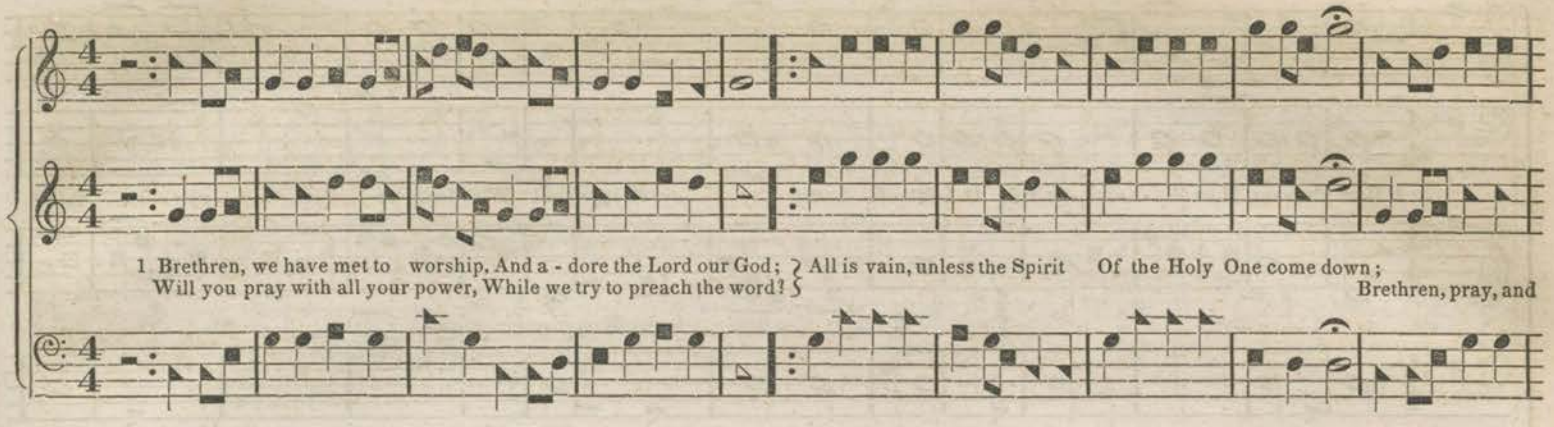
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

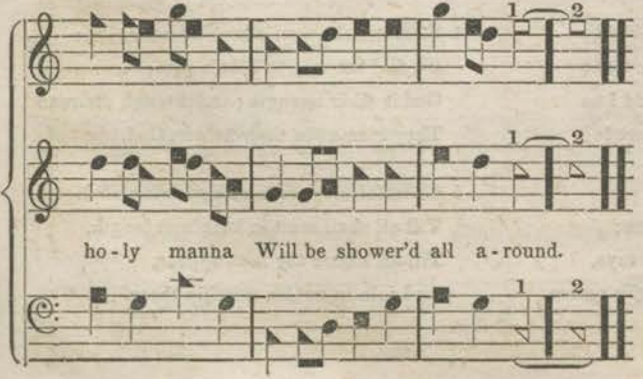
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

PISGAH. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 250. *Lowry.*


Second Treble.
Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me!
Soft.
O Lord, remem-ber me! O Lord, remem - ber me! Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.


1 Brethren, we have met to worship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down;
Brethren, pray, and



2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving,—
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, see our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

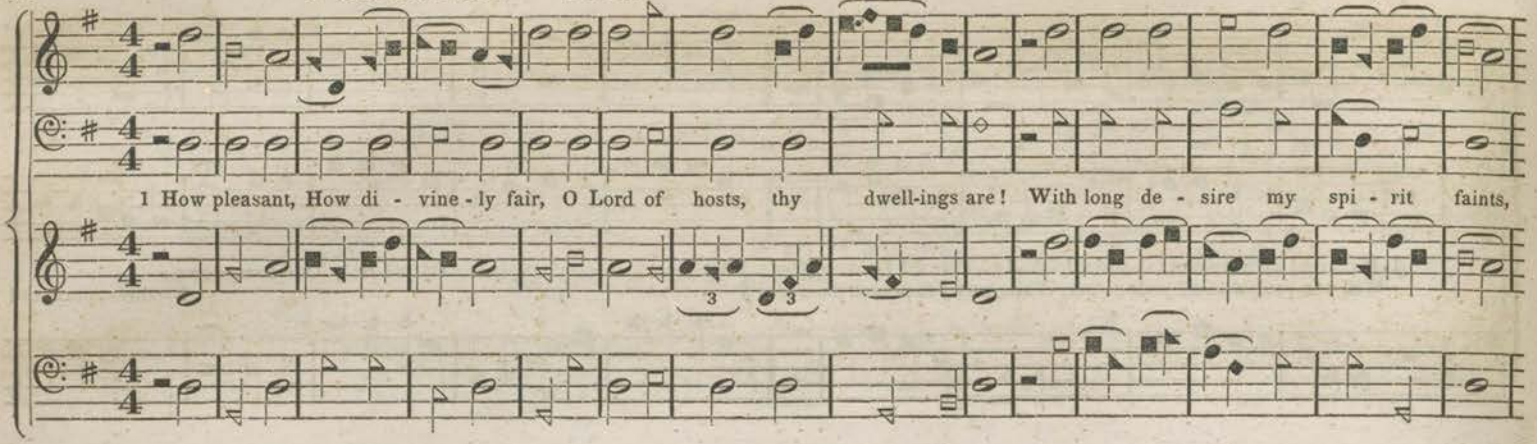
3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

4 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears?
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them;
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O pray that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new:
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.



2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

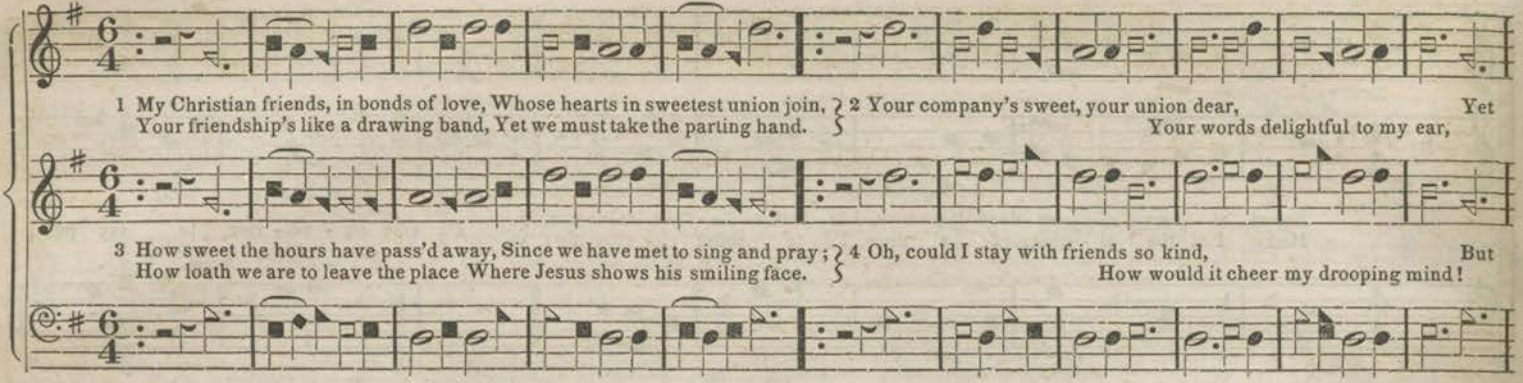
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Sweet ri - vers of re - deem-ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye,
Had I the pi - nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly;
I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,
With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor-dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind.
1
2

PARTING HAND. L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 447.


1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
2 Your company's sweet, your union dear, Yet
Your words delightful to my ear,
3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
4 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, But
How would it cheer my drooping mind!

when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.
duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

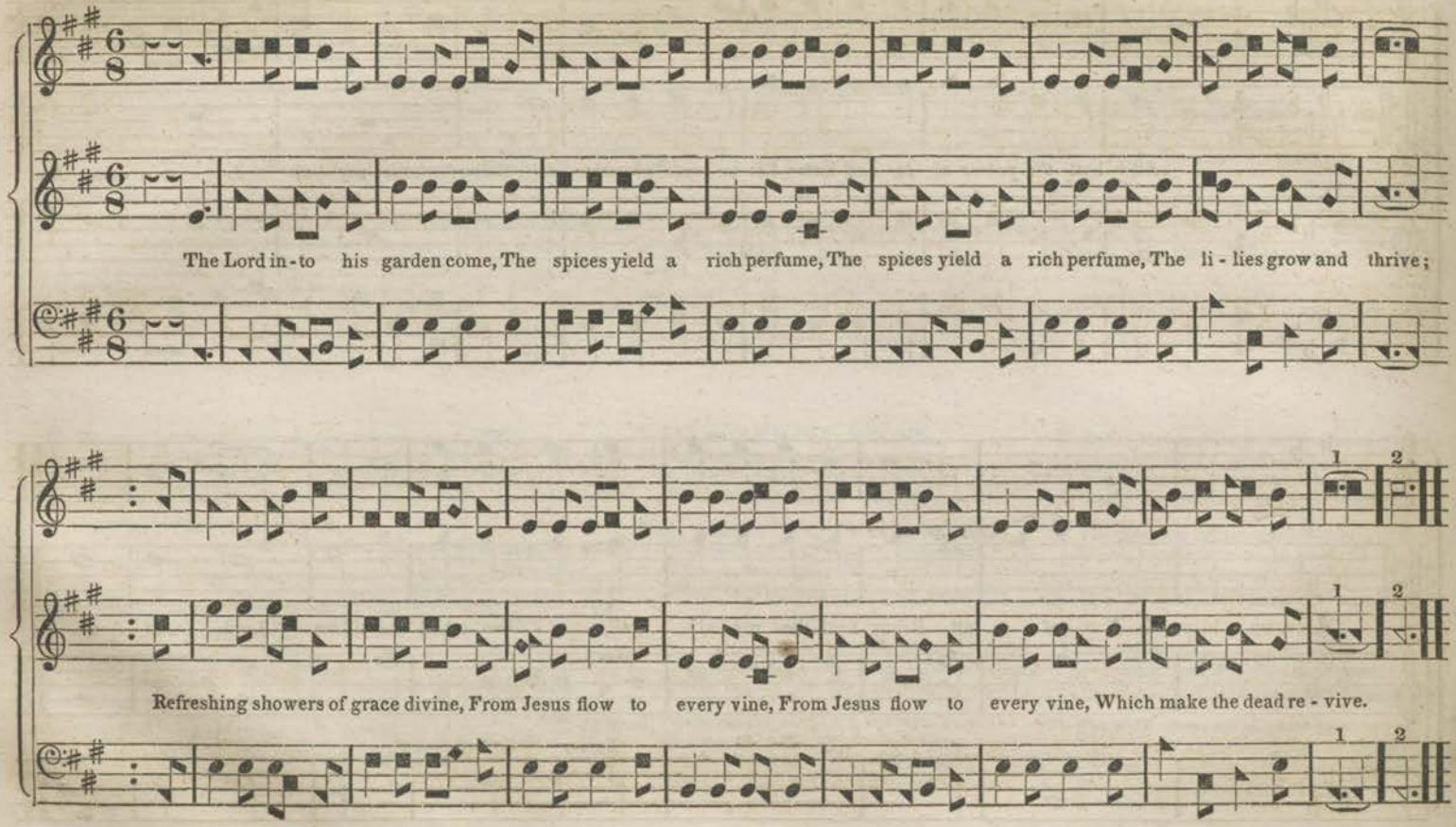
11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell.
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

NASHVILLE. 8, 8, 6.

Johnson.

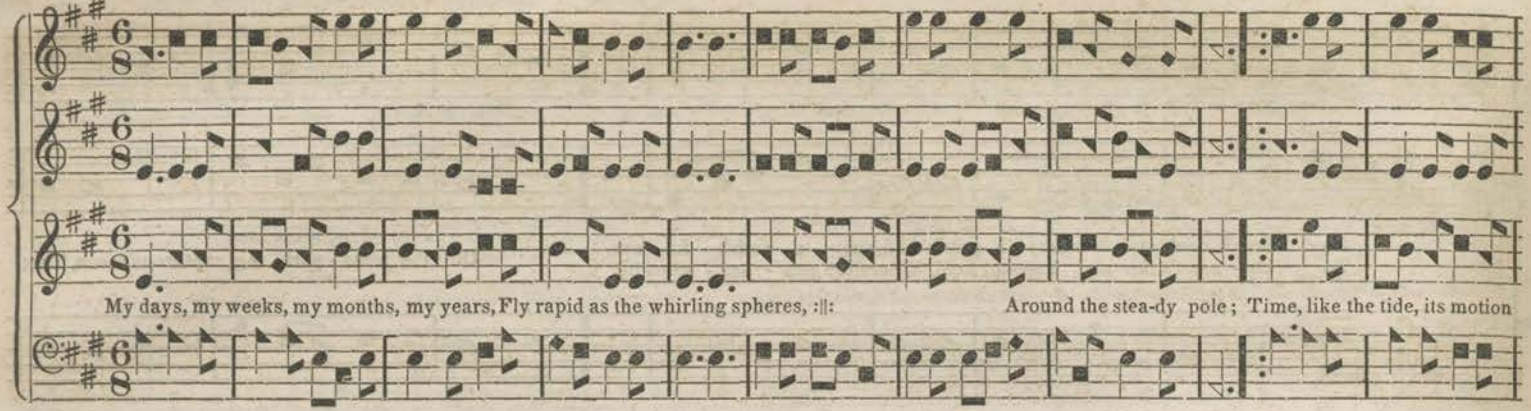

The Lord in - to his garden come, The spices yield a rich perfume, The spices yield a rich perfume, The li - lies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, From Jesus flow to every vine, Which make the dead re - vive.

On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Oh the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That
ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

I

KINGWOOD. 8, 8, 6.

Humphreys.



2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper, as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

1 Oh, once I had a glorious view Of my redeem - ing Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word.
But now I have a deeper stroke Than all my groanings are; My
2 Oh what im- mor-tal joys I felt, On that ce - les - tial day,
When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissolved away!
But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've

3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear:
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

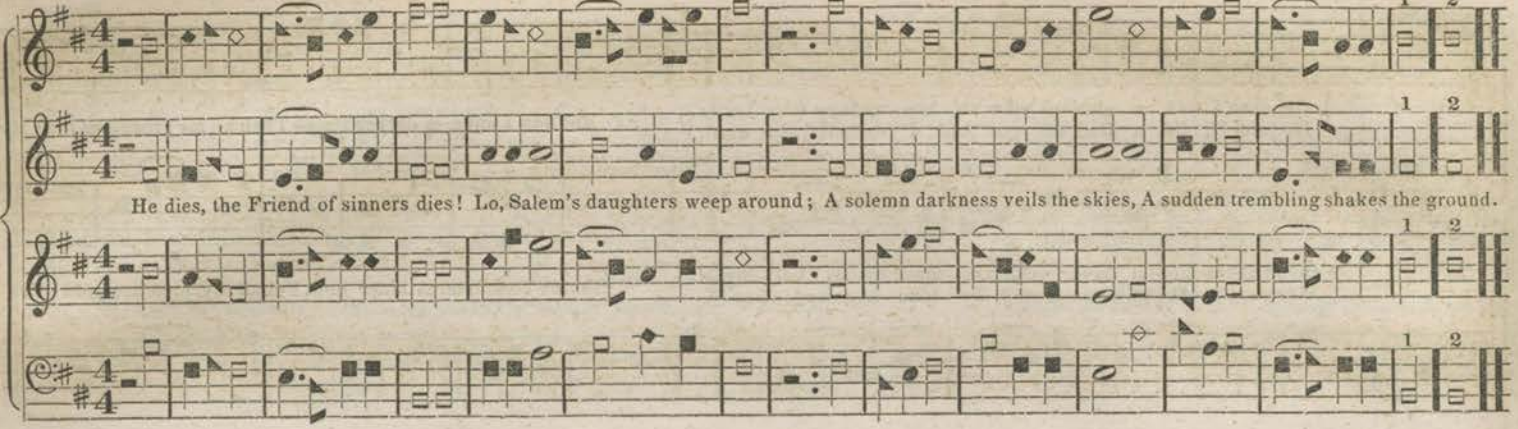
4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travail'd for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

5 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.

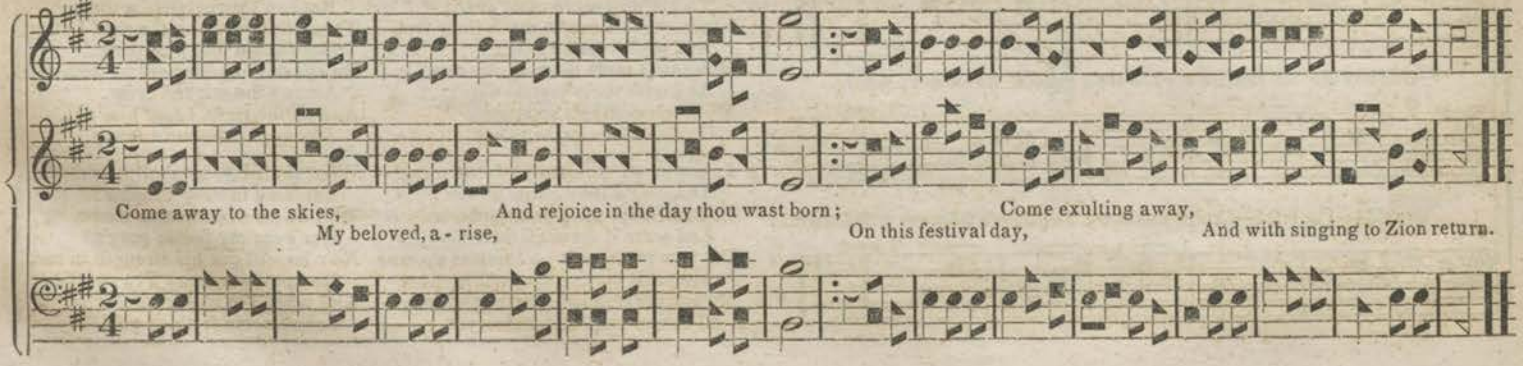
SALEM. L. M.

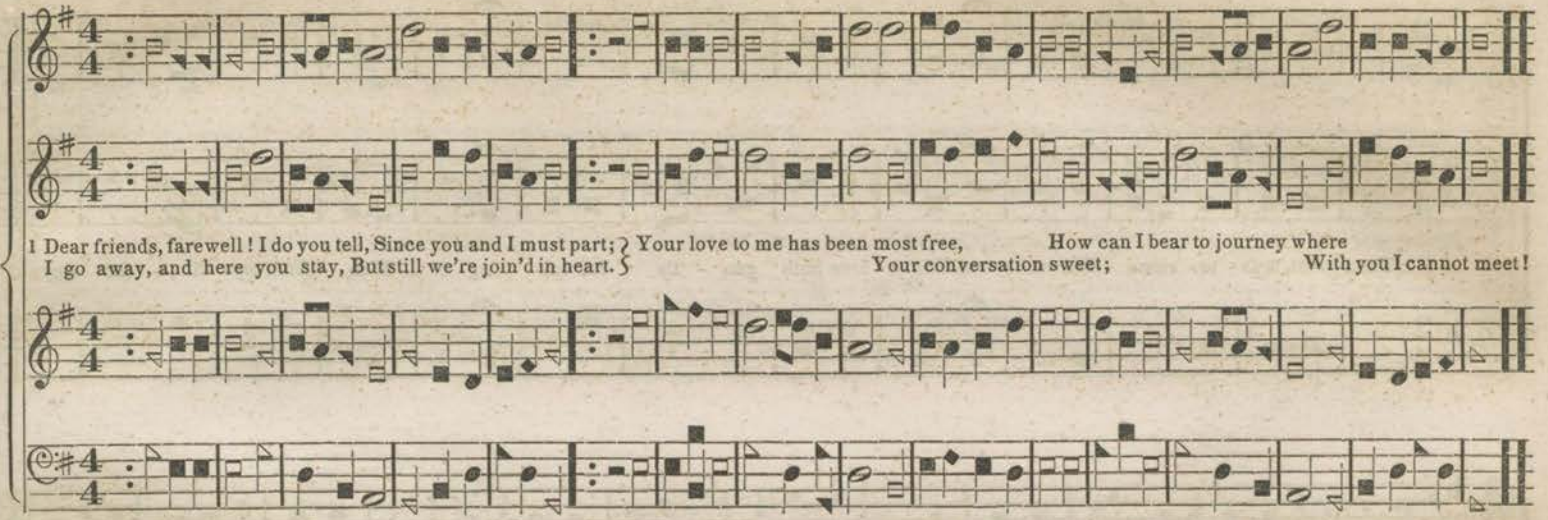
Meth. H. B. p. 455, and Psalmist, 232d Hymn.


1 2
1 2
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
1 2
1 2

MIDDLEBURY. 6, 6, 9.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 357.


Come away to the skies, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; Come exulting away,
My beloved, a - rise, On this festival day, And with singing to Zion return.


1 Dear friends, farewell! I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart.
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet!

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

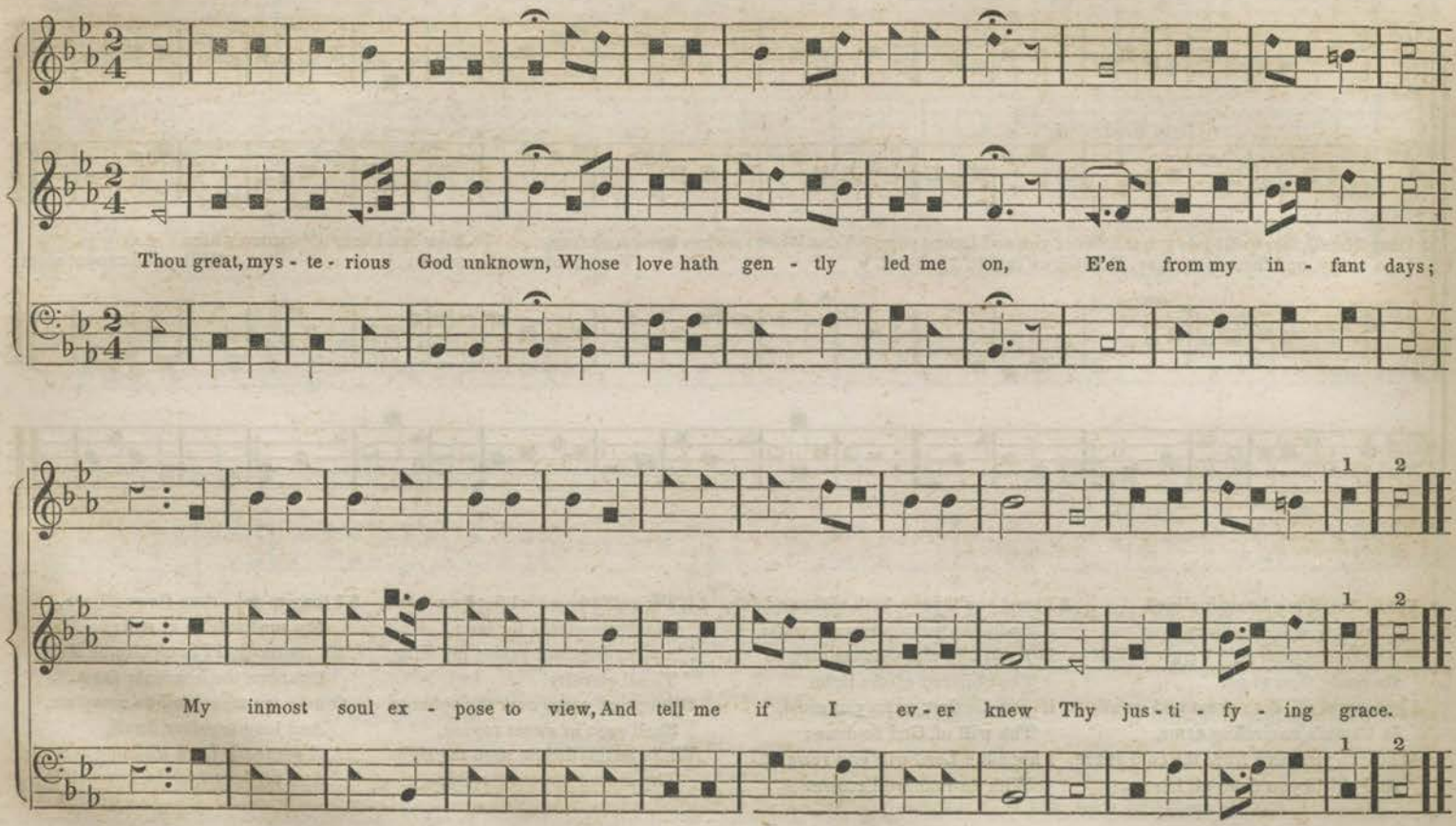
3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go,—then farewell, wo,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord;
And so, dear friends, farewell!

RHODE ISLAND. 8, 8, 6.

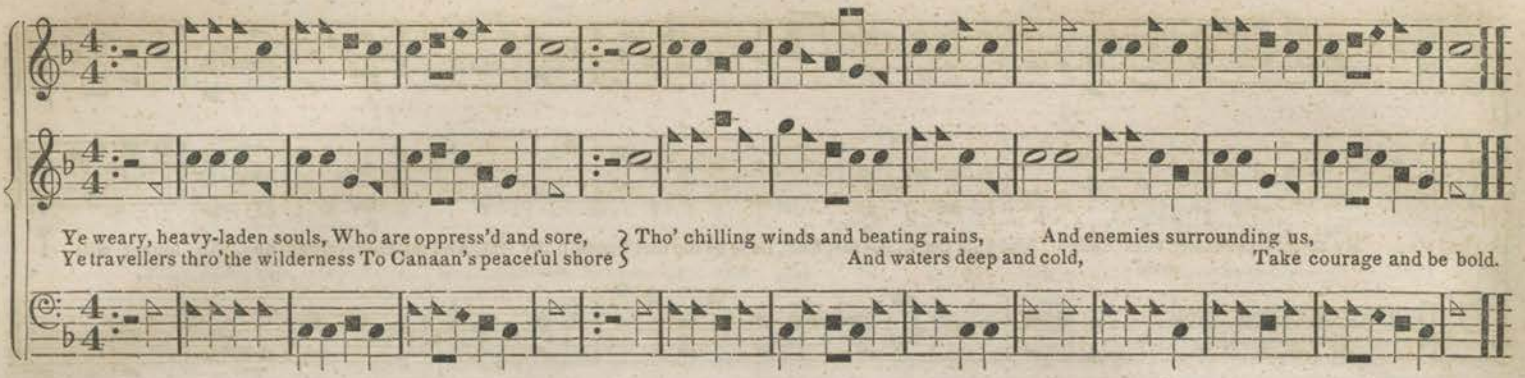
Meth. Hymn Book, p. 107.


Thou great, mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days;
My inmost soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I ev - er knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.
1
2

My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No longer will I
ask your love, Nor seek your friend - ship more; The hap - pi - ness that I ap - prove Is not with - in your pow'r.
1
2

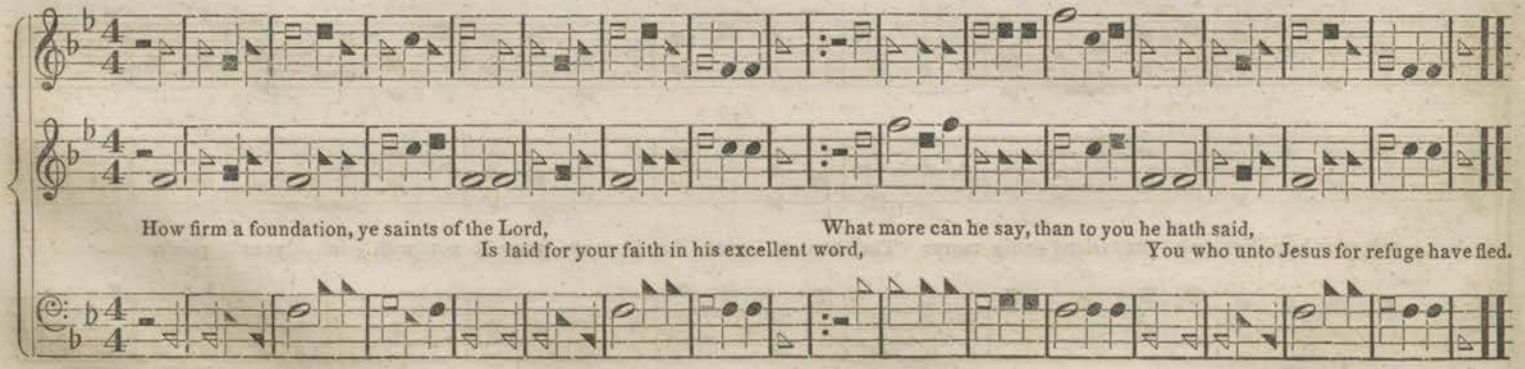
THE WEARY SOULS. C. M.

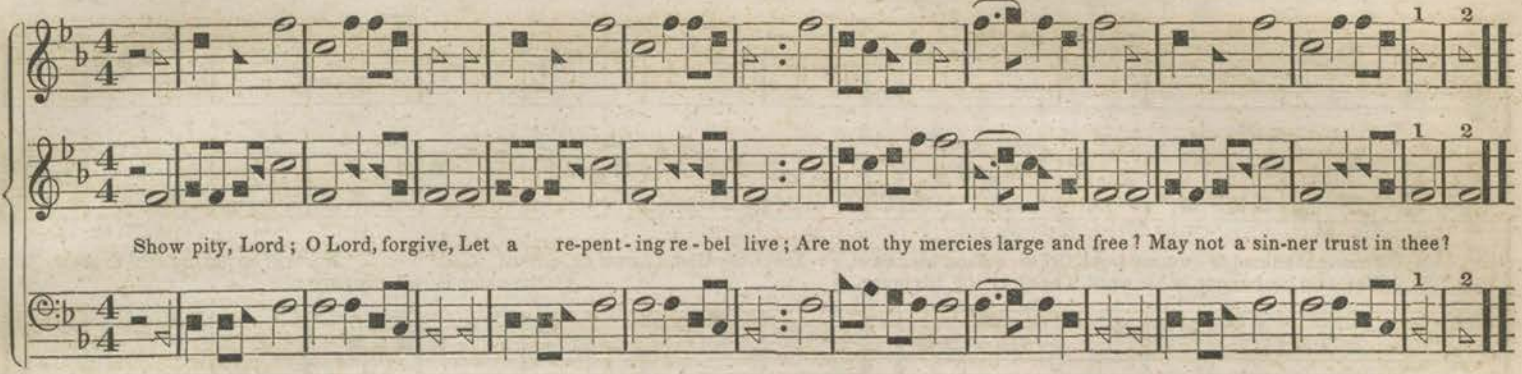
Zion Songster, p. 117. *J. T. White.*


Ye weary, heavy-laden souls, Who are oppress'd and sore,
Ye travellers thro'the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore
Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding us,
Take courage and be bold.

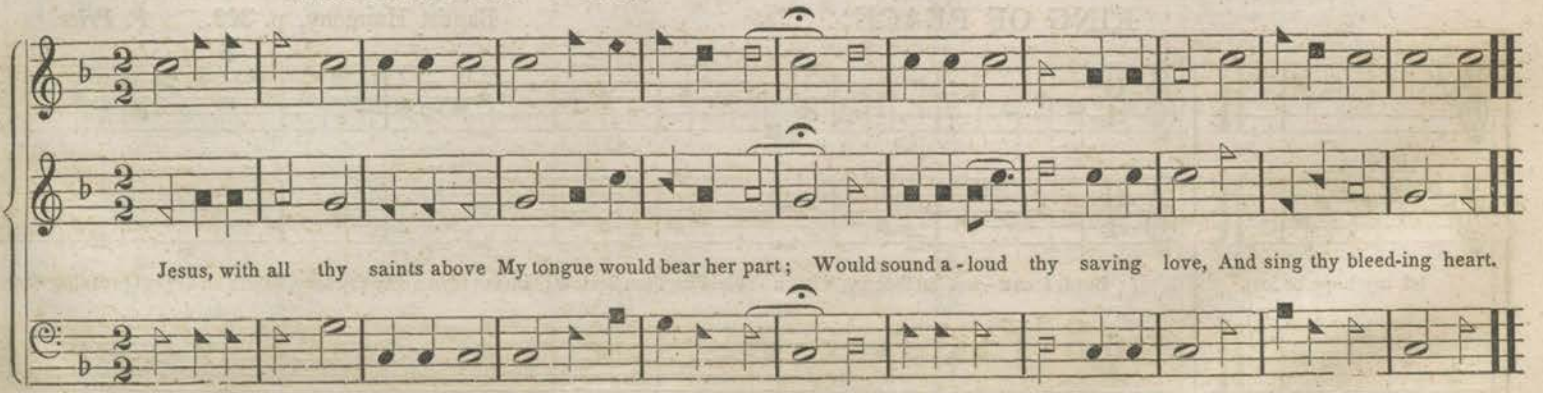
BELLEVUE. 11s.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 411. *Z. Chambless.*


How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word,
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

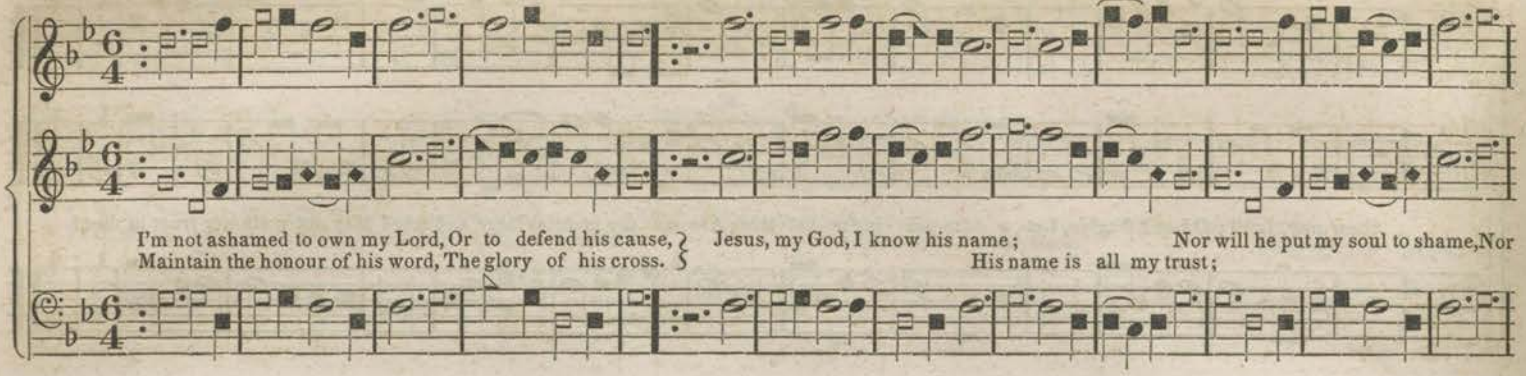


ARLINGTON. C. M.


Jesus, with all thy saints above My tongue would bear her part; Would sound a-loud thy saving love, And sing thy bleed-ing heart.

THE INQUIRER. C. M.

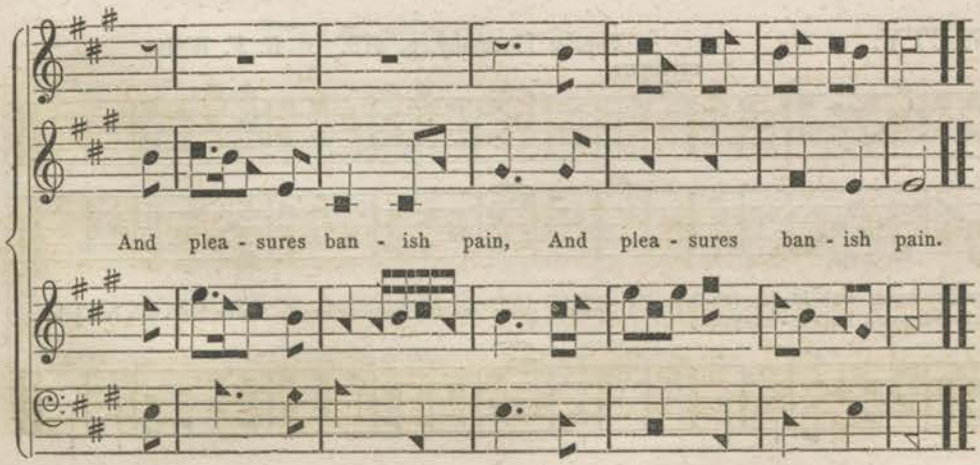
Psalmist, 552d Hymn. *B. F. White.*


I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God, I know his name;
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor
His name is all my trust;

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

Baptist Harmony, p. 329. *F. Price.*

let my hope be lost.
Lord, I can - not let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
tr



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

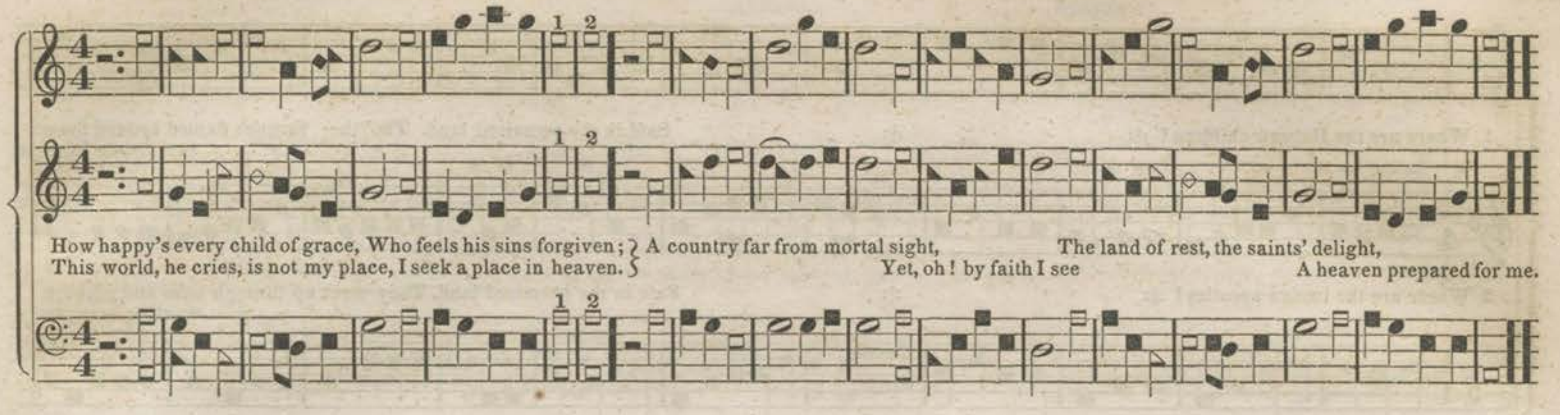
HOLINESS. 6 Lines, 7s. Zion Songster, p. 7. *E. J. King.*

Daniel's wisdom may I know, Stephen's faith and spirit show ;
John's divine communion feel, Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal ;
Run like the unwearied Paul, Win the day and conquer all.

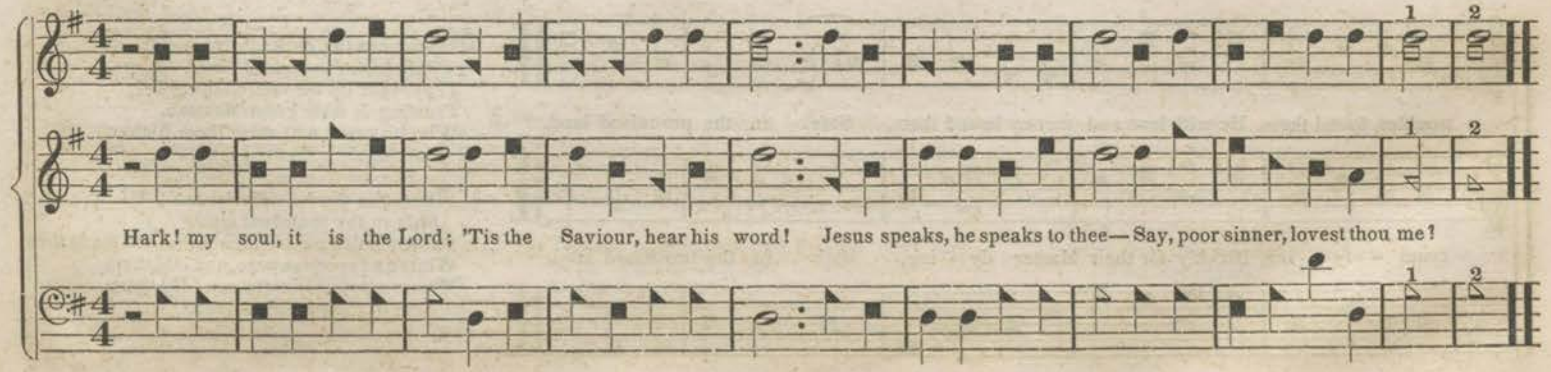
DESIRE FOR PIETY. Baptist Harmony, p. 479. *B. F. White.*

CHORUS.
'Tis my desire with God to walk, Till the warfare is over, hal - le - lu - jah.
And with his children pray and talk, Till the warfare is over, hal - le - lu - jah.
Cry A - men, pray on till the warfare is over, hal - le - lu - jah.

THE CHILD OF GRACE. C. M. D. Mercer's Cluster, p. 246. *E. J. King.*

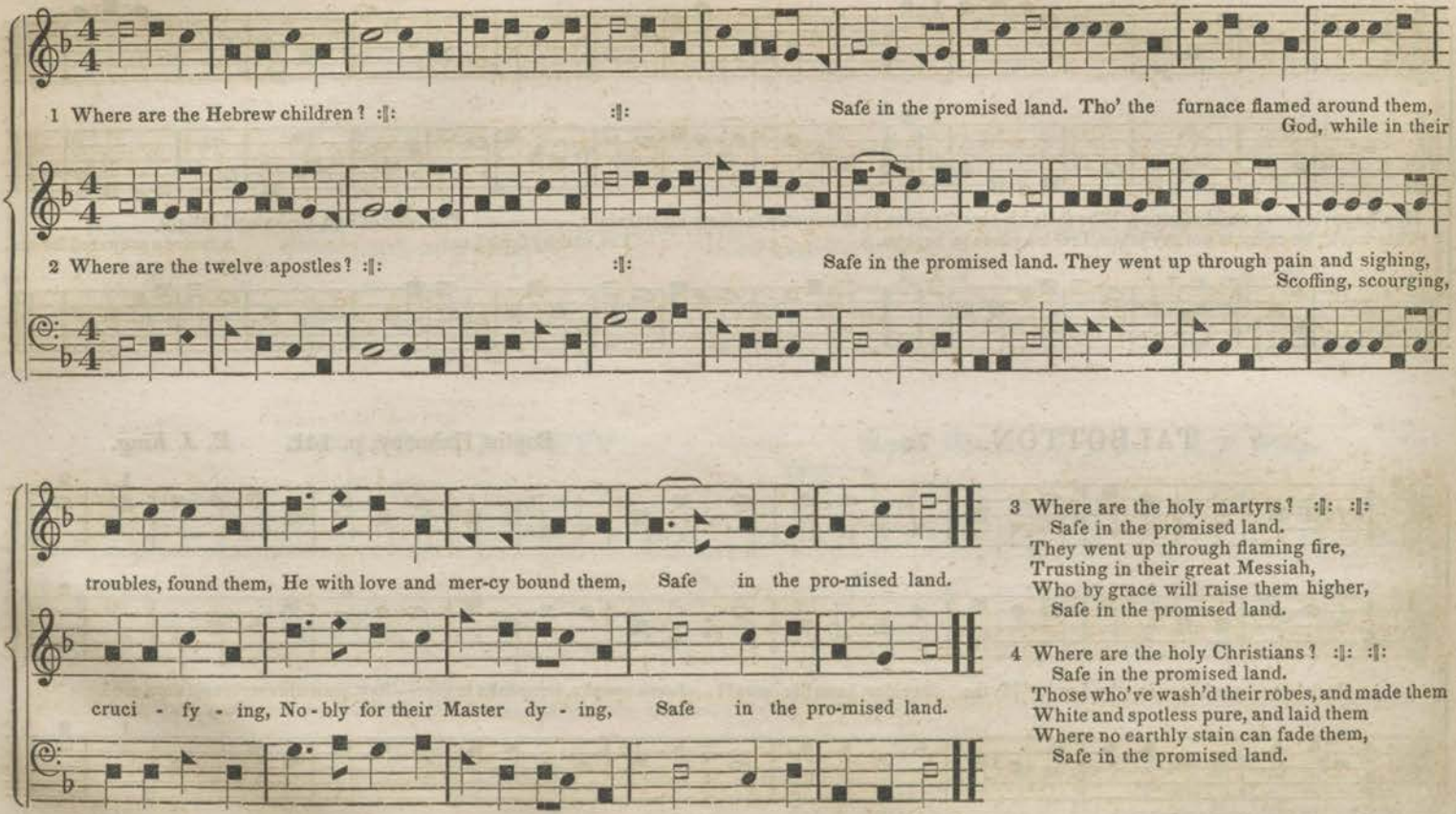

How happy's every child of grace, Who feels his sins forgiven;
This world, he cries, is not my place, I seek a place in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight, Yet, oh! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight, A heaven prepared for me.

TALBOTTON. 7s. Baptist Harmony, p. 141. *E. J. King.*



THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

B. F. White.


1 Where are the Hebrew children? :‖: :‖: Safe in the promised land. Tho' the furnace flamed around them, God, while in their
2 Where are the twelve apostles? :‖: :‖: Safe in the promised land. They went up through pain and sighing, Scoffing, scourging,
troubles, found them, He with love and mer-cy bound them, Safe in the pro-mised land.
cruci - fy - ing, No - bly for their Master dy - ing, Safe in the pro-mised land.

3 Where are the holy martyrs? :‖: :‖:
Safe in the promised land.
They went up through flaming fire,
Trusting in their great Messiah,
Who by grace will raise them higher,
Safe in the promised land.

4 Where are the holy Christians? :‖: :‖:
Safe in the promised land.
Those who've wash'd their robes, and made them
White and spotless pure, and laid them
Where no earthly stain can fade them,
Safe in the promised land.

CHORUS.
What ship is this that will take us all home, Oh! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
And safe-ly land us on Canaan's bright shore! Oh! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
Oh! the old ship of Zi-on, hal-le-lu', hal-le-

2 The winds may blow and the billows may foam,
Oh! &c.
But she is able to land us all home. Oh, &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

3 She landed all who are gone before, Oh! &c.
And yet she's able to land still more. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

4 No wrecks on sand-bars or dangers attend,
Oh! &c.
For Jesus is our Captain and Friend. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

5 She's waiting now for a heavenward gale, Oh! &c.
Methinks I see her now hoisting her sail. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

6 Her sails are spread, see how swiftly she moves,
Oh! &c.
Her landing harbour is Heaven above. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

7 What will the glad Christians do when above, Oh! &c.
They'll shout, they'll sing, they'll be wrapt up in love.
Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

8 Should you arrive there then before I do, Oh! &c.
Inform them that I am coming there too. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

9 If I arrive there then before you do, Oh! &c.
I'll tell them that you are coming up too. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

SHOUTING SONG. 7 & 8.

B. F. White.

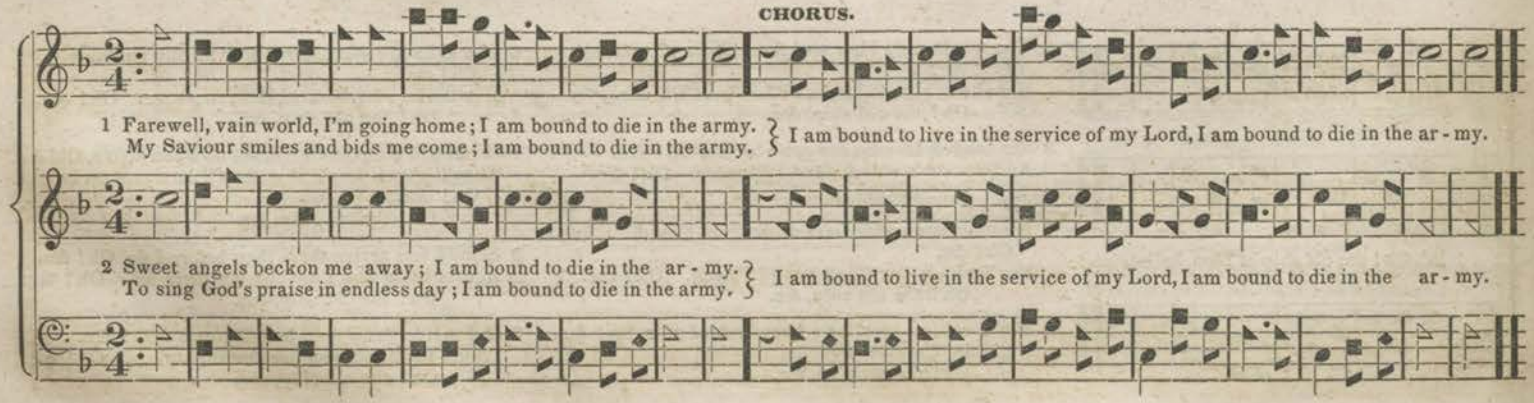
CHORUS.

Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Shouting, singing, send it down ;
Lord, above may we go praying, And rejoicing in thy love.
Shout, O glory ! sing glory, halle - lujah ! I'm going where pleasure nev - er dies.

SERVICE OF THE LORD.

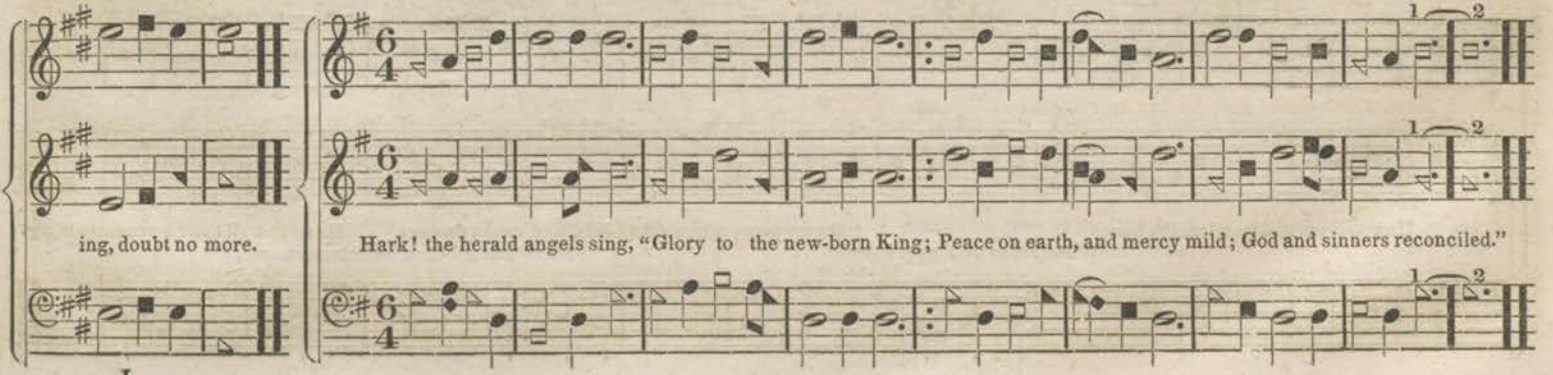
E. J. King.

CHORUS.


1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home ; I am bound to die in the army.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ; I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the ar - my.
2 Sweet angels beckon me away ; I am bound to die in the ar - my.
To sing God's praise in endless day ; I am bound to die in the army.
I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the ar - my.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, join'd with power.
He is able, :‖: He is willing, doubt no more, He is able, :‖: He is will-

COOKHAM 7s. Psalmist, 207th Hymn.

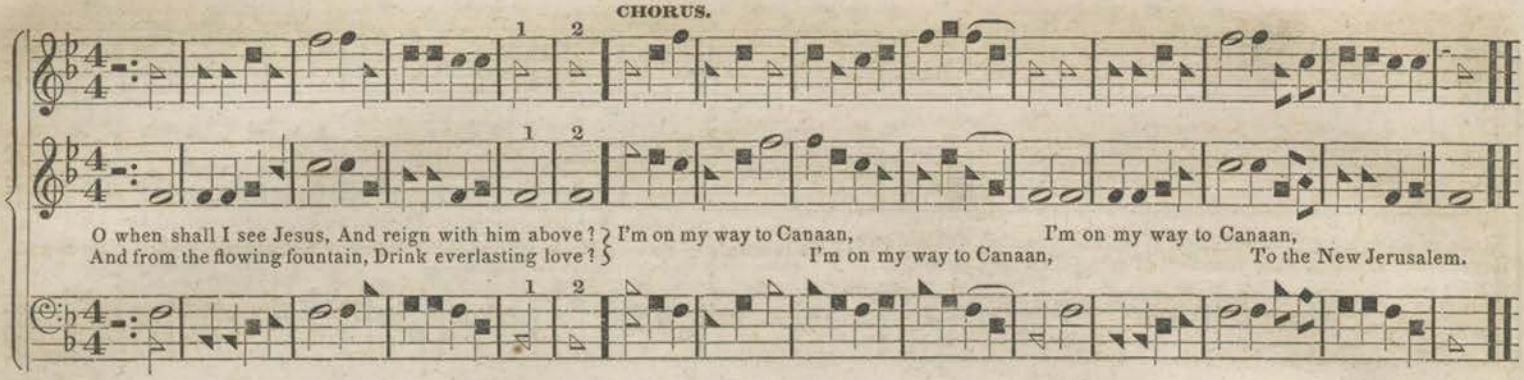

ing, doubt no more.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

L

BOUND FOR CANAAN.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 356. *E. J. King.*

CHORUS.


1 2
1 2
1 2
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? } I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan,
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? } I'm on my way to Canaan, To the New Jerusalem.

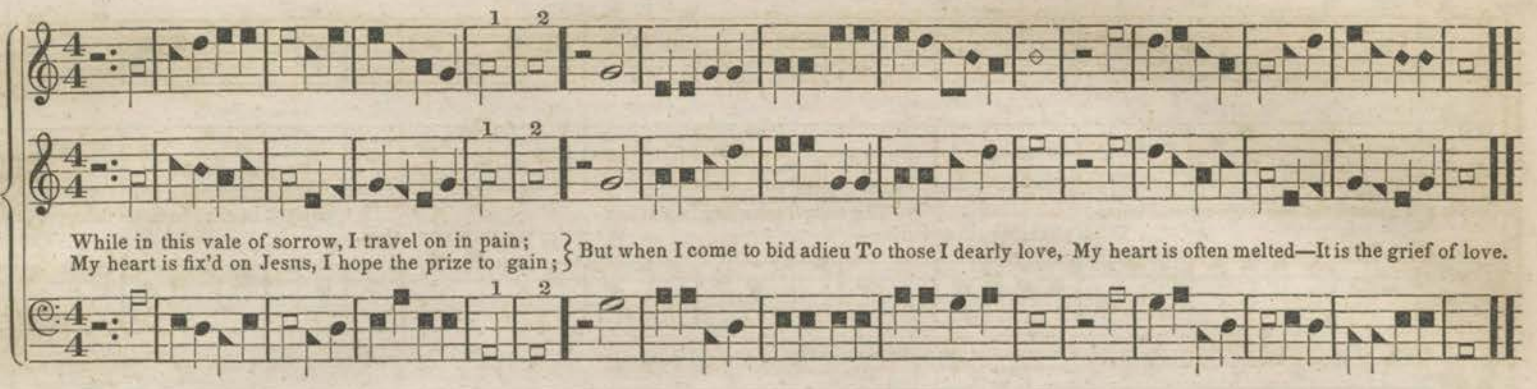
EDGEFIELD. 8s.

J. T. White.

How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
Have lost all their sweetness to me,

VALE OF SORROW. P. M.

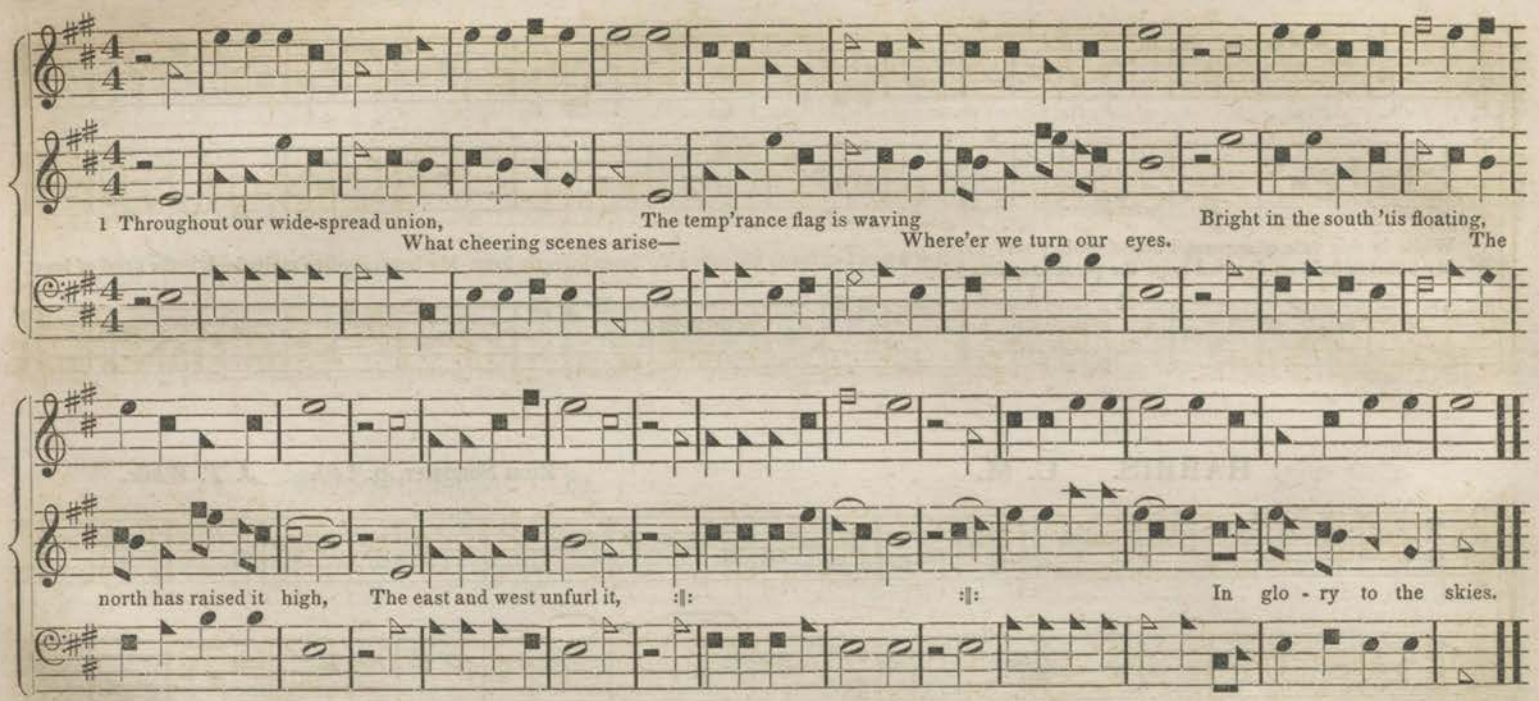
Baptist Harmony, p. 448. *B. F. White.*


While in this vale of sorrow, I travel on in pain;
My heart is fix'd on Jesus, I hope the prize to gain;
But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love, My heart is often melted—It is the grief of love.

HARRIS. C. M.

Zion Songster, p. 140. *J. T. White.*

MOUNTVILLE. 7, 6.

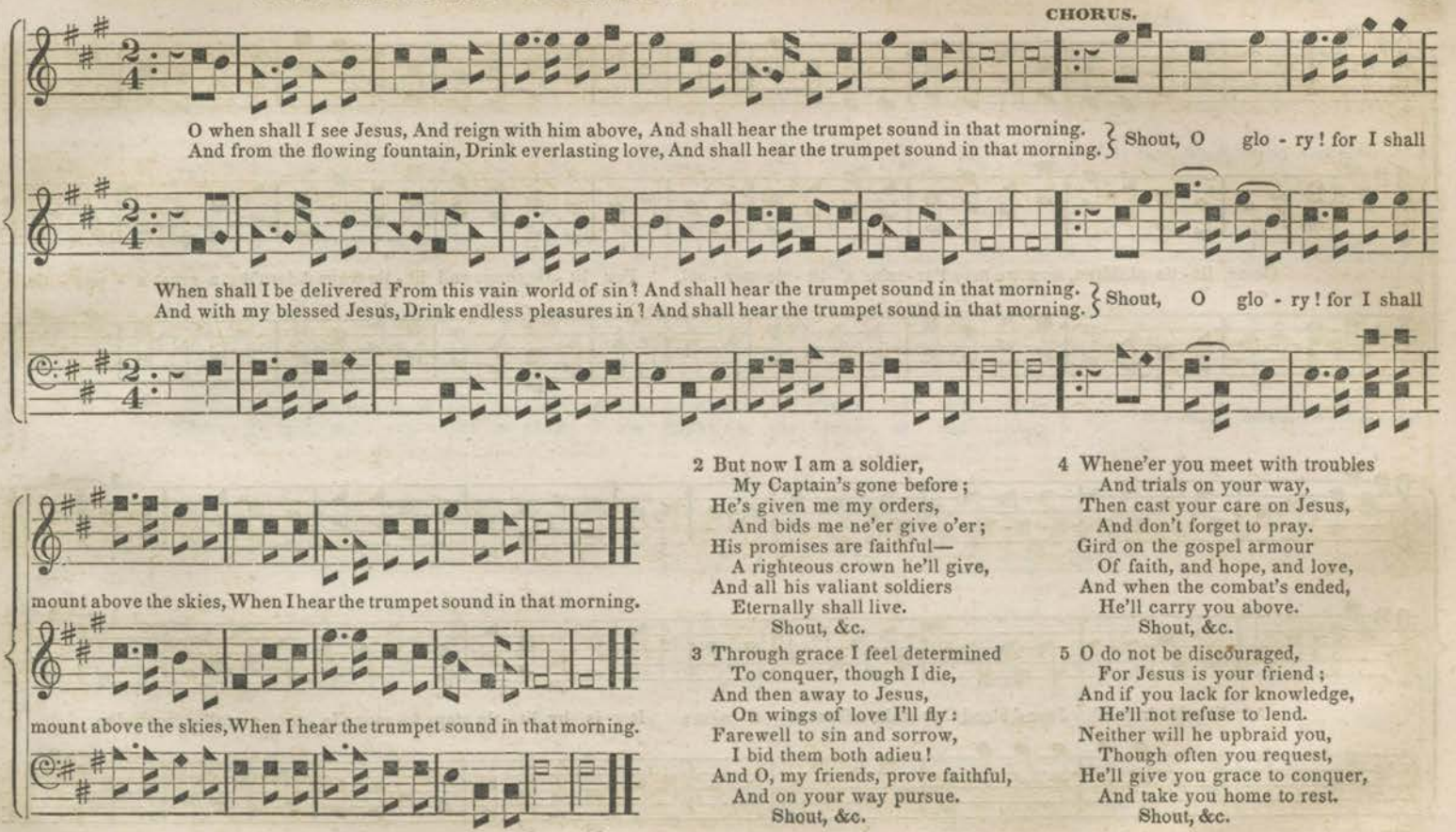

1 Throughout our wide-spread union, The temp'rance flag is waving Bright in the south 'tis floating,
What cheering scenes arise— Where'er we turn our eyes. The
north has raised it high, The east and west unfurl it, :‖: :‖: In glo - ry to the skies.

2 Ten thousand times ten thousand
Around her banner stand,
Resolved to drive intemp'rance
From our beloved land.
From every rolling river,
From city, town, and plain—
The cry is heard, Deliver :‖: :‖:
From rum's destructive reign.

3 What, though the gifts of Heaven
On every hand abound,
And God's abundant blessing
Our dear-loved nation crown—
In vain, with lavish'd kindness,
Do all these blessings come,
While drunkards, in their blindness, :‖: :‖:
Bow down, the slaves of rum.

4 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With ardour from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The helping hand deny;
No, no! our tongues, unceasing,
Deliverance shall proclaim,
Till not one erring mortal :‖: :‖:
Shall bear the drunkard's shame.

5 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,—
Till the last wretched drunkard
His liberty shall gain,
And temp'rance, all-victorious, :‖: :‖:
Throughout the nation reign.


CHORUS.
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall
When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall
mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, &c.

3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout, &c.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
Shout, &c.

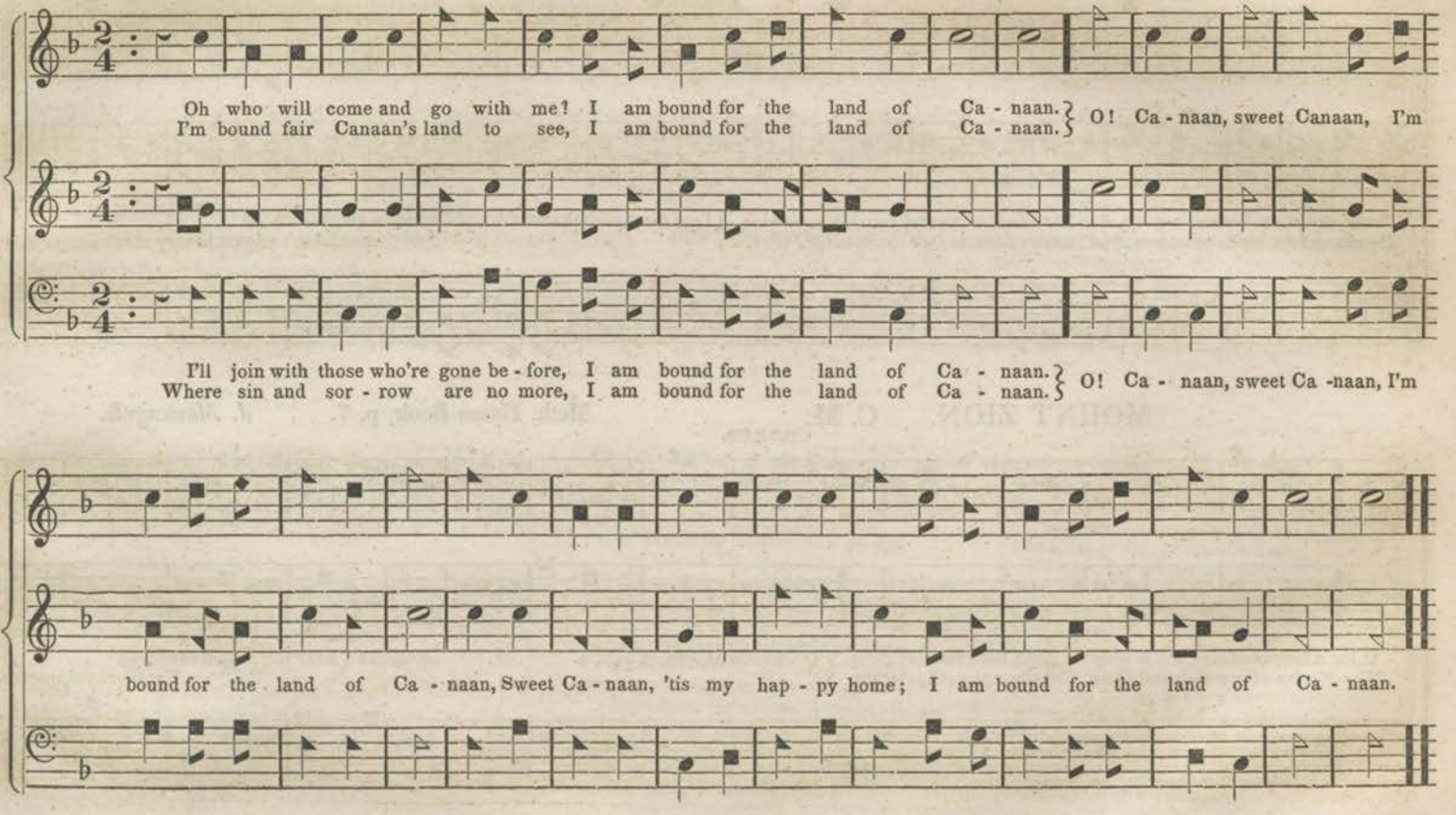
5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
Shout, &c.

LITTLE CHILDREN. 8, 7.

T. W. Carter.

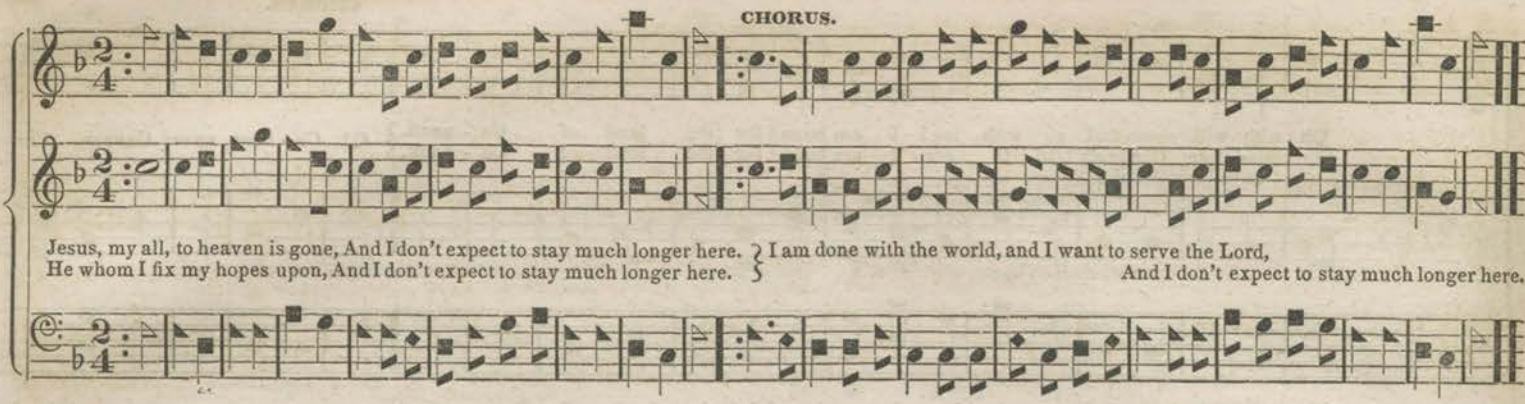
Come, lit - tle children, now we may Par - take a lit - tle mor - sel, For lit - tle songs and lit - tle ways Adorn'd a great a - pos - tle.
A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It is by lit - tle steps we move In - to a full communion.
1 2
1 2
1 2

CHORUS.


Oh who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Canaan, I'm
I'll join with those who're gone be - fore, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
Where sin and sor - row are no more, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Ca -naan, I'm
bound for the land of Ca - naan, Sweet Ca - naan, 'tis my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

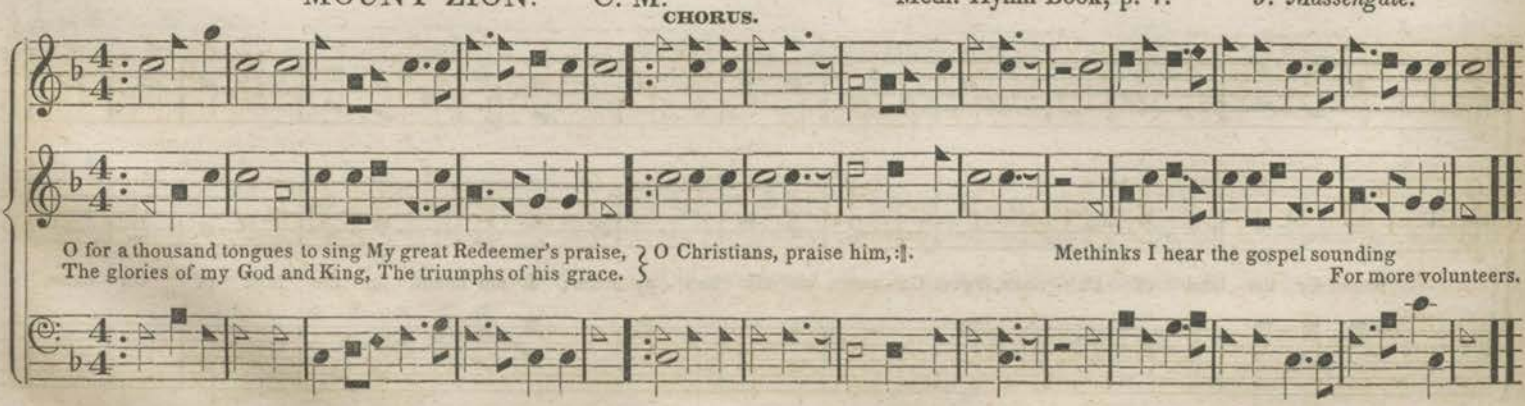
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

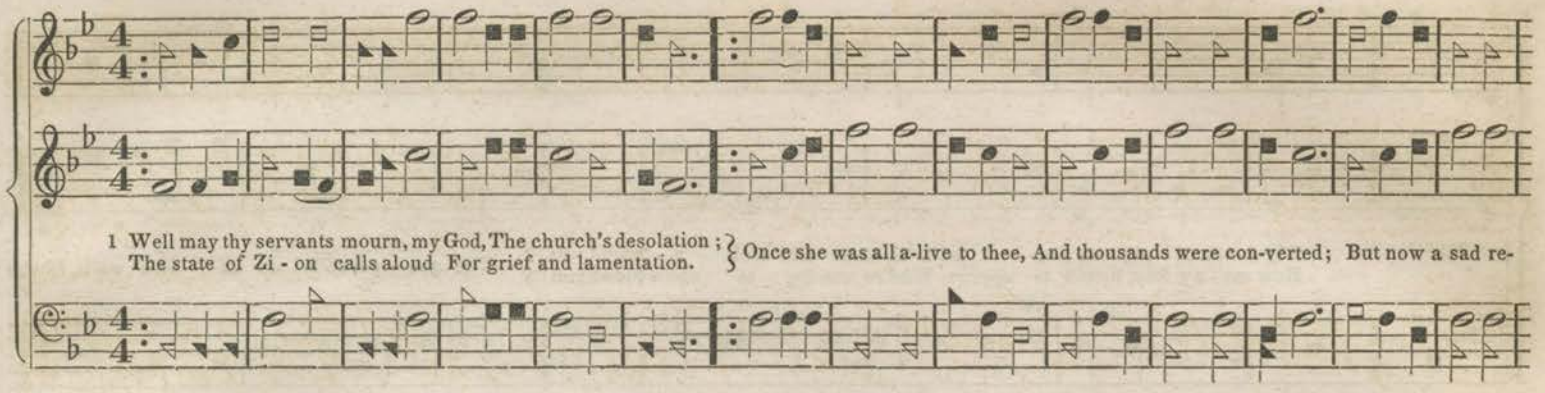
B. F. White.


CHORUS.
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
He whom I fix my hopes upon, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord,
And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

MOUNT ZION. C. M.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 7. *J. Massengale.*


CHORUS.
O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
O Christians, praise him, :‖:
Methinks I hear the gospel sounding
For more volunteers.


1 Well may thy servants mourn, my God, The church's desolation ;
The state of Zi - on calls aloud For grief and lamentation.
Once she was all a-live to thee, And thousands were con-verted; But now a sad re-
verse we see, Her glo-ry is de-part-ed.

M

2 Her pastors love to live at ease,
They covet wealth and honour;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue
Warmly and undiverted;
The church they lead and ruin too—
Her glory is departed.

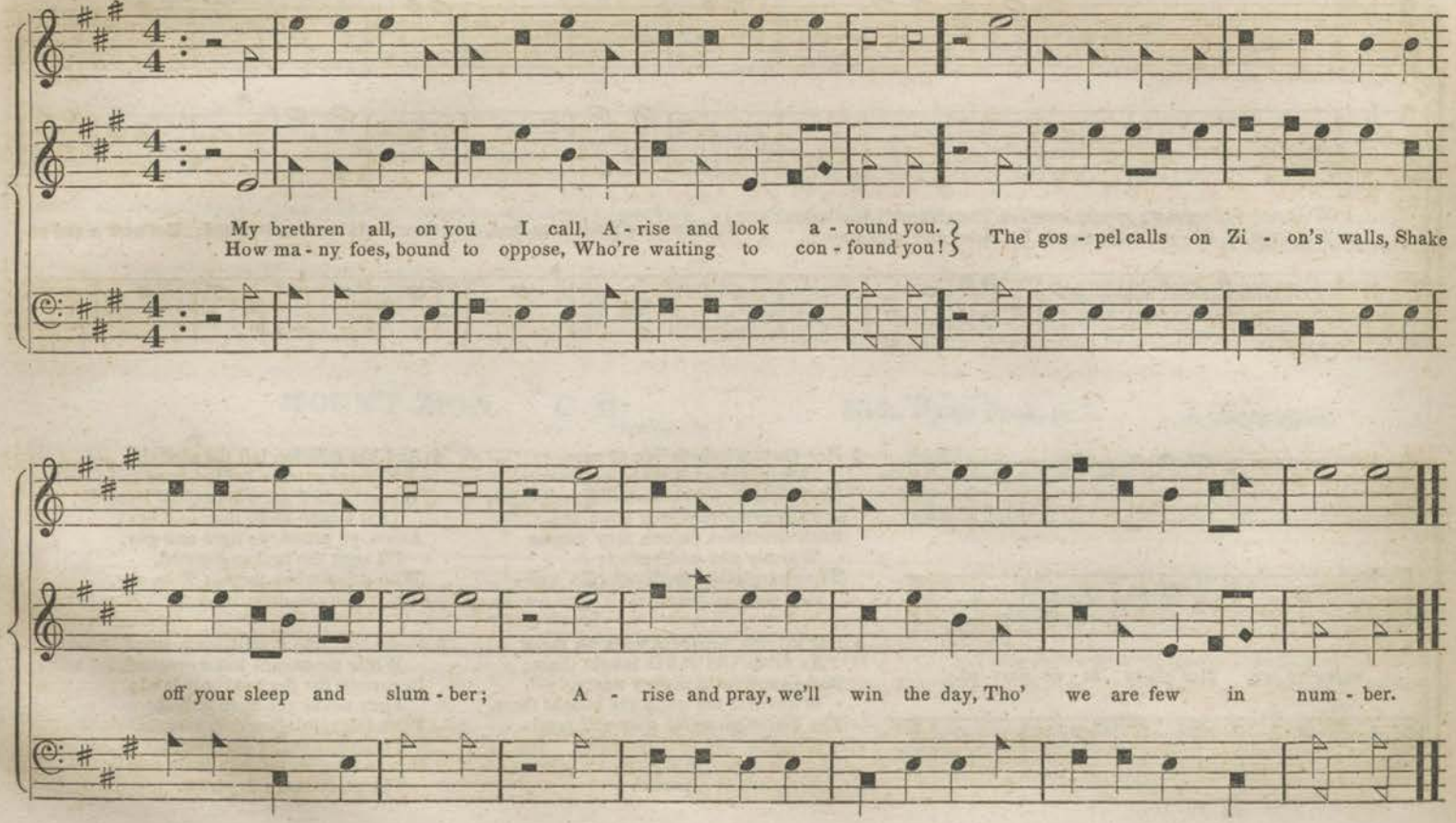
3 Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them;
Riches and fashion they adore,
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4 And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu, ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted,
In earnest for the heavenly land;
They never yet have halted.
With such, religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
O may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

LOOK OUT. P. M.

B. F. White.


My brethren all, on you I call, A - rise and look a - round you.
How ma - ny foes, bound to oppose, Who're waiting to con - found you!
The gos - pel calls on Zi - on's walls, Shake
off your sleep and slum - ber; A - rise and pray, we'll win the day, Tho' we are few in num - ber.

Head of the church triumphant, We joyful - ly a - dore thee:
Till thou appear, thy members here, Shall sing like those in glo - ry.
We lift our hearts and voi-
ces, With blest anti - ci - pa - tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our salva - tion,
And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our salva - tion.

BURK. 7, 6.

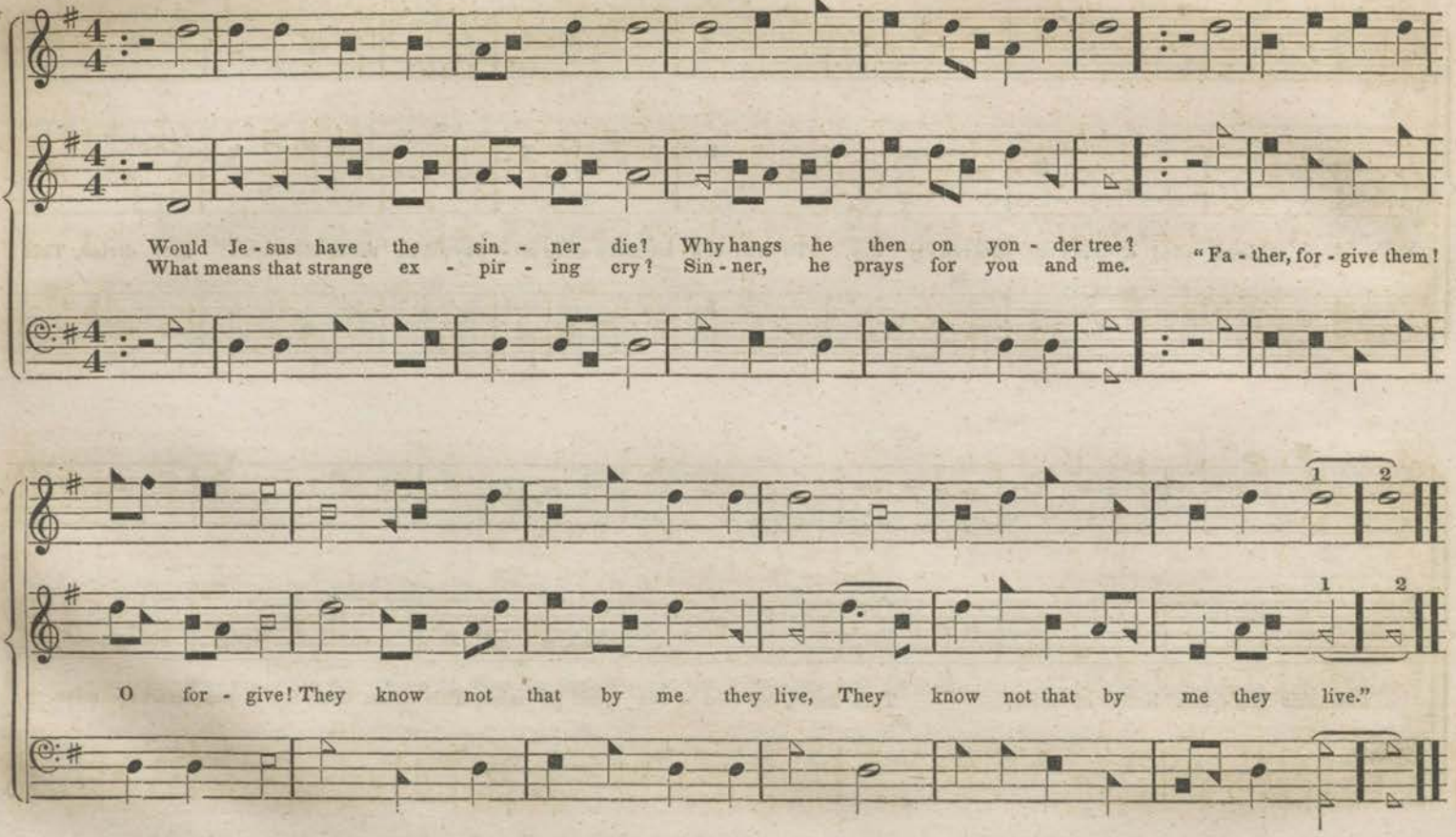
B. F. White.

The glorious light of Zi - on Is spreading far and wide;
And sinners now are com-ing Un - to the gos - pel tide.
The glo - ry of King Je - sus Tri - umph-ant doth a - rise,
And sinners crowd a - round it With bit - ter groans and cries.
CHORUS.
To see the saints in glo - ry, And the angels stand in - vit - ing, And the angels stand in - vit - ing, To welcome sinners home.

Lord, shed a beam of heaven-ly day, To melt this stubborn stone a - way; And thaw, with rays of love divine, This
heart, this fro - zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine.

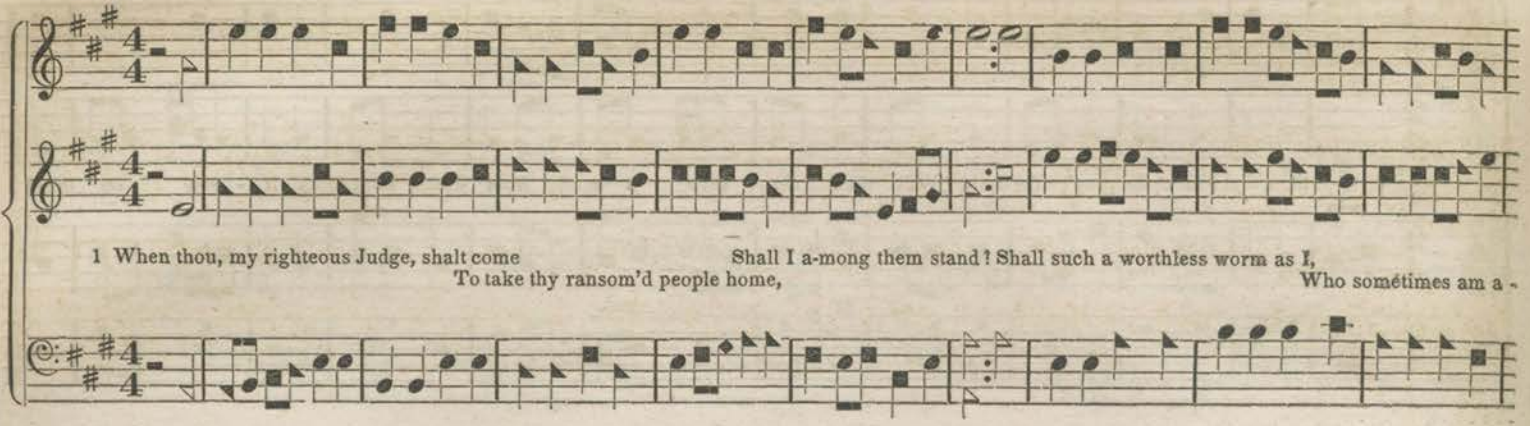
OAK BOWERY. L. M. 6 lines.

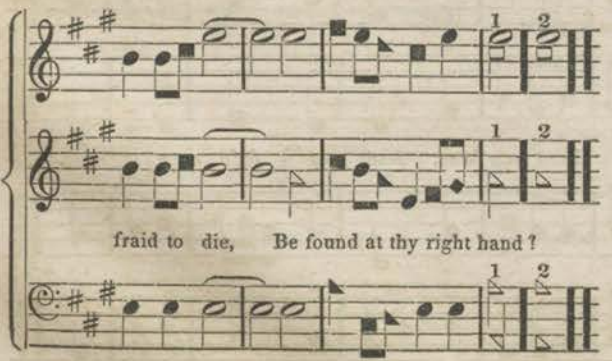
Meth. Hymn Book, p. 181. *T. W. Carter.*


Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs he then on yon - der tree? "Fa - ther, for - give them!
What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin - ner, he prays for you and me.
1 2
1 2
O for - give! They know not that by me they live, They know not that by me they live."

Moderato.
O thou, that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee!
I have no mer - it of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fer'd once for me.

HAPPY MATCHES. 8, 8, 6, or C. P. M. Psalmist, 1143d Hymn. *B. F. White & King.*


1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am a -



2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

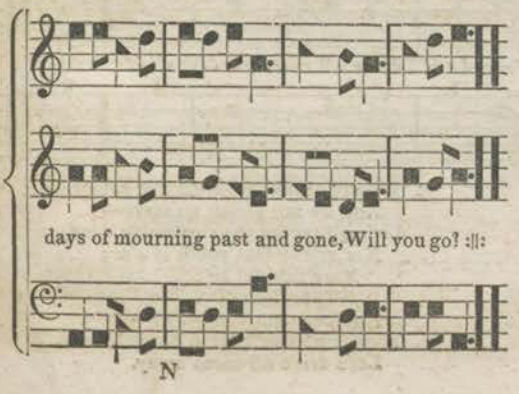
3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

WILL YOU GO?

B. F. White.

1 We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? will you go?
To sing our Saviour's dy - ing love, Will you go? :||:
Our sun shall then no more go down, Our moon shall be no more withdrawn, Our



N

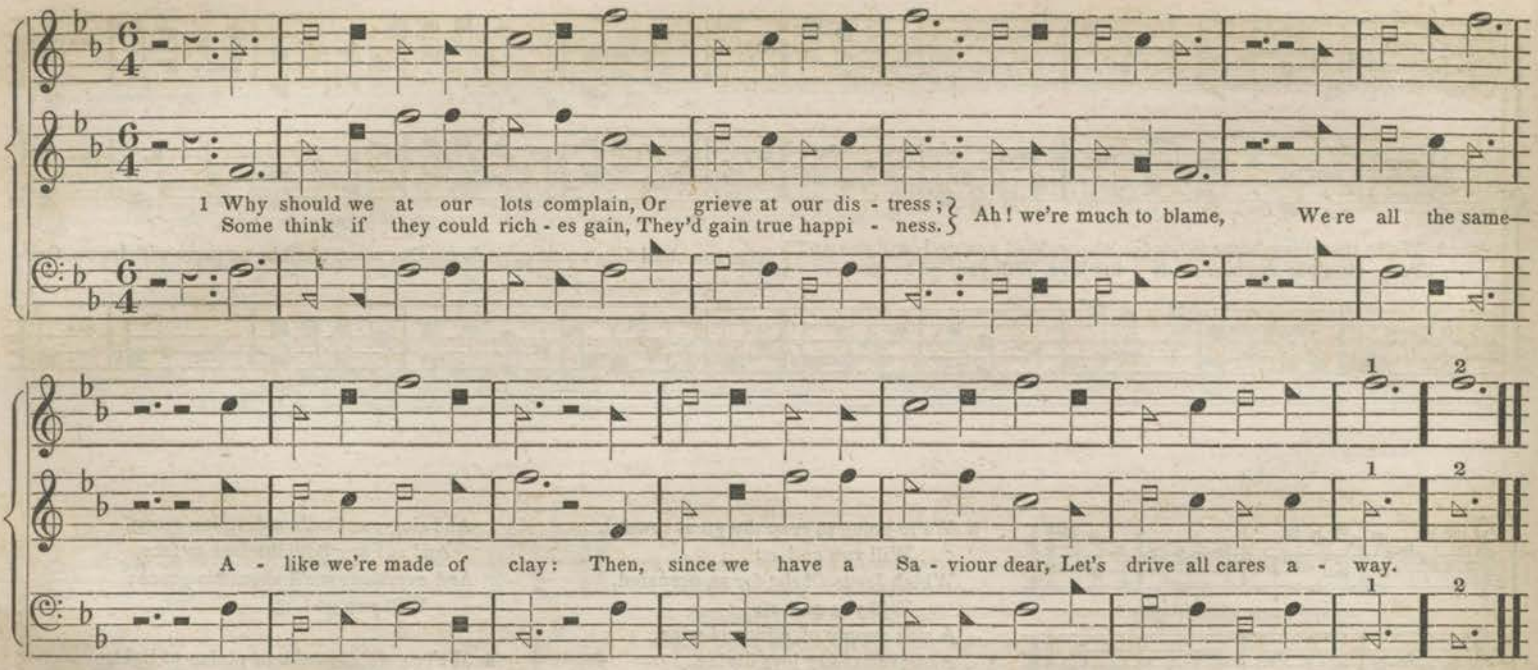
2 We're going to reap the great reward,
Will you go? :||:
Which Jesus Christ for us prepared,
Will you go? :||:
A rich supply of milk and wine,
And everlasting joys divine,
And robes that will the sun outshine,
Will you go? :||:

3 We are going to strike the golden lyre,
Will you go? :||:
And shout in strains of heavenly fire,
Will you go? :||:
And sing our God's redeeming grace,
And see our Saviour face to face,
And evermore we'll shout his grace;
Will you go? :||:

4 We're going to walk in plains of light,
Will you go? :||:
Where endless day excludes the night,
Will you go? :||:
There crowns of glory we shall wear,
And palms of victory ever bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share;
Will you go? :||:

DULL CARE.

E. J. King.


1 Why should we at our lots complain, Or grieve at our dis - tress;
Some think if they could rich - es gain, They'd gain true happi - ness.
Ah! we're much to blame, We re all the same—
A - like we're made of clay: Then, since we have a Sa - viour dear, Let's drive all cares a - way.

2 Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
A little time will make us all
In equal friendship join.
Ah! we're much to blame,—
We're all the same,—
Alike, we're made of clay:
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away.

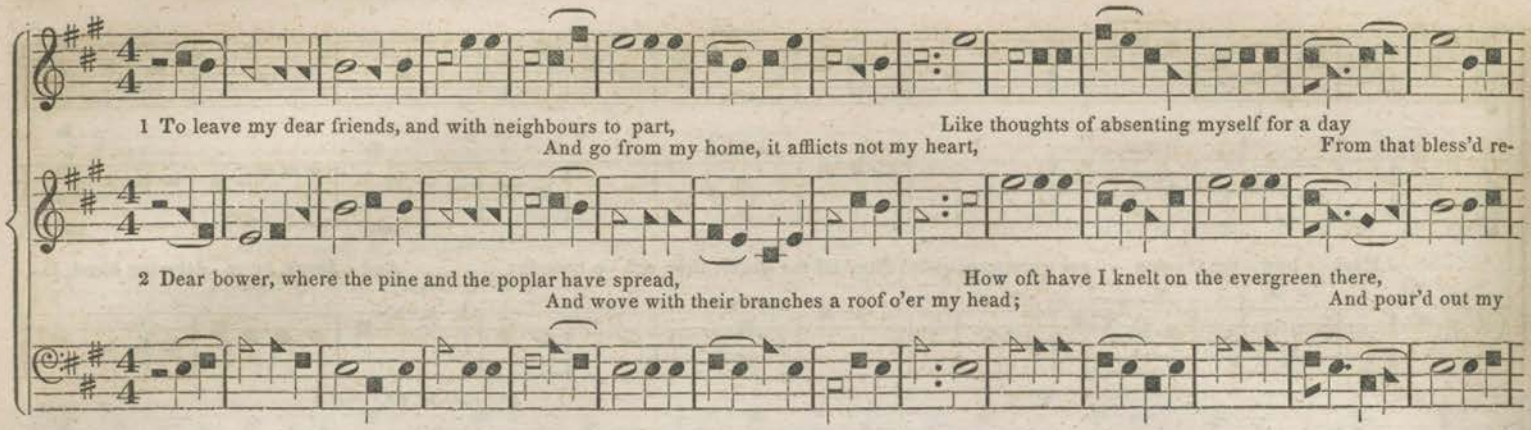
3 The only circumstance of life
That ever I could find
To soften cares and temper strife
Was a contented mind:
When we've this in store,
We have much more
Than wealth could e'er convey:
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away.

4 When age, old creeping age comes on,
And we are young no more—
Let's all repent the sins we've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;
More faithful be
Than formerly,
And constantly to pray:—
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away.

Is
Hark how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds; And Jesus, by re - deeming blood, Is
And Jesus by, &c.
1 2
bring - ing sin - ners home to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

E. J. King.


1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
From that bless'd re-
2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;
And pour'd out my
1 2
treat, where I've chosen to pray, Where I've chosen to pray.
1 2
soul to my Saviour in prayer, To my Saviour in prayer.
1 2

3 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer, As I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Indicting, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer to prayer.

CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

Zion Songster, p. 155. *E. J. King.*

Oh for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul away
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay!
Eternal Spirit, deign to be My pilot here below, To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.

HOLY CITY. 7, 6.

Zion Songster, p. 140. *B. F. White.*

1 2
There is a holy ci - ty, A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love.
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white;
They serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

FULFILMENT. 9, 8.

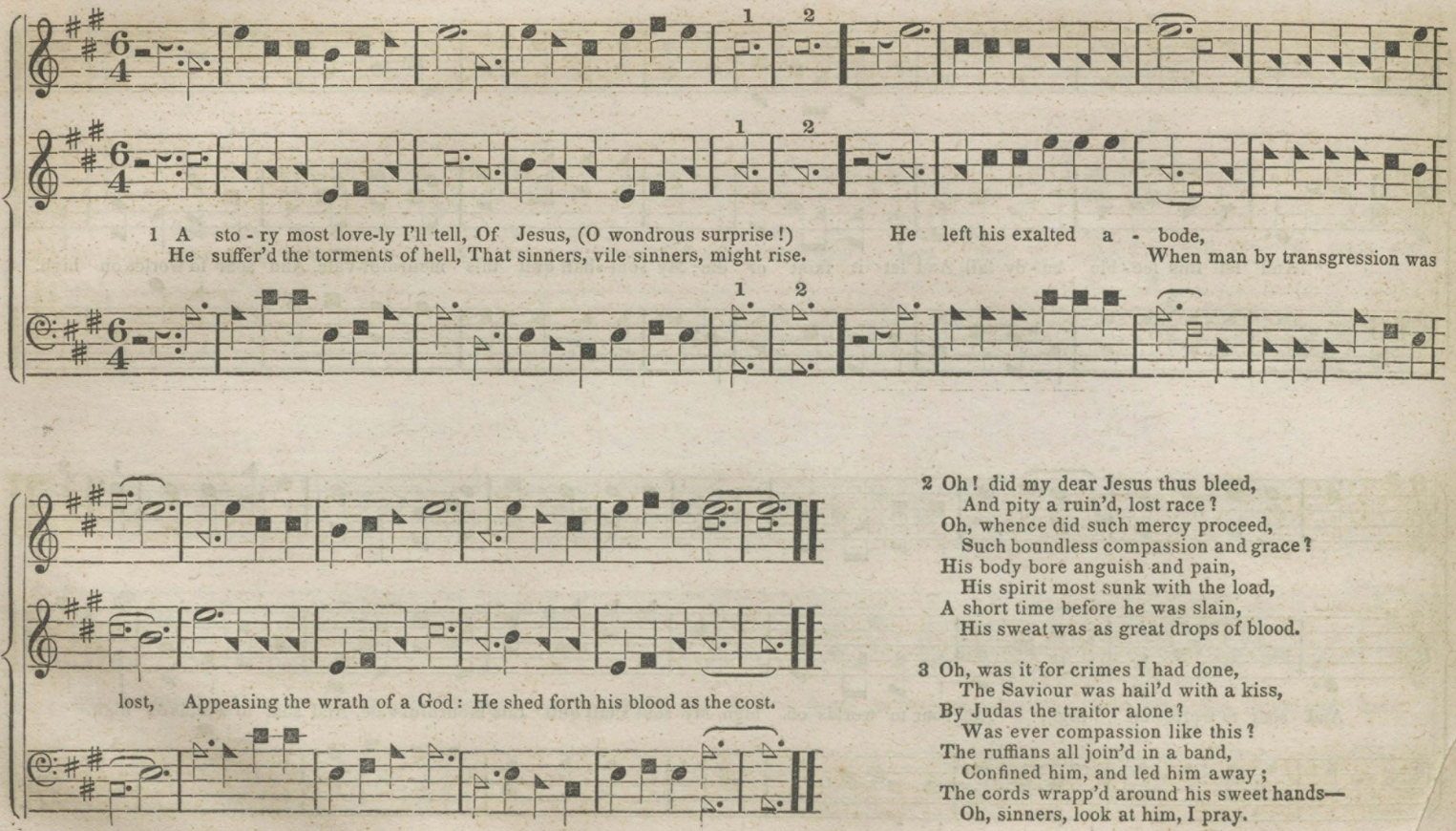
Zion Songster, p. 129. *E. J. King.*

See how the Scrip - tures are ful - fill - ing, Poor sin - ners are re - turn - ing home.
The time that pro - phets were fore - tell - ing, With signs and won - ders now is come.
The gos - pel trum - pets
now are blowing From sea to sea, from land to land; God's Ho - ly Spi - rit down is pour - ing, And Christians join - ing heart and hand.

And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

THE LOVELY STORY. 8s.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 56. *E. J. King.*


1 A sto - ry most love-ly I'll tell, Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!)
He suffer'd the torments of hell, That sinners, vile sinners, might rise.
He left his exalted a - bode,
When man by transgression was
lost, Appeasing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2 Oh! did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd, lost race?
Oh, whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood.

3 Oh, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss,
By Judas the traitor alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confined him, and led him away;
The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands—
Oh, sinners, look at him, I pray.

REDEMPTION. 6, 5.

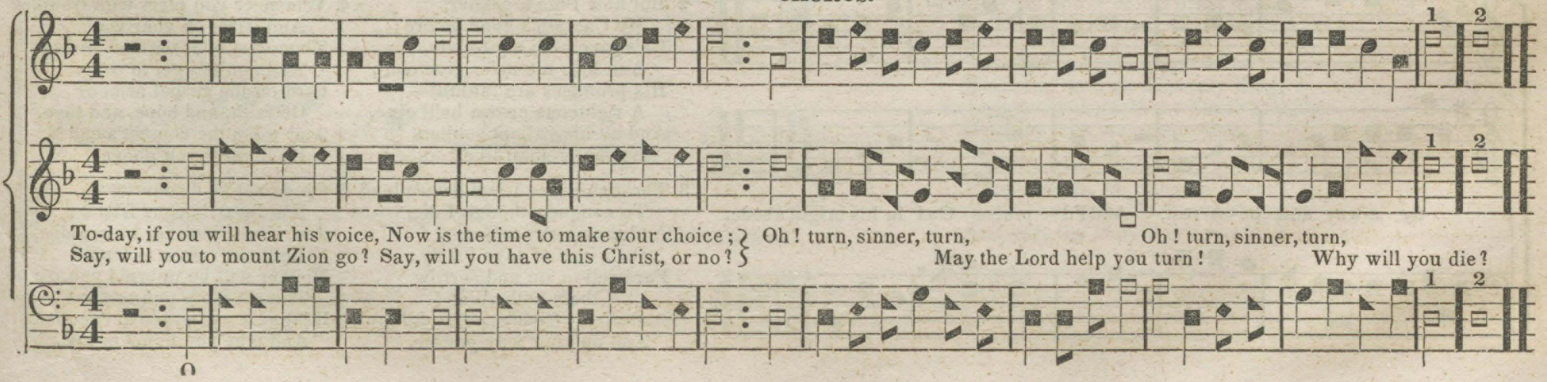
Leonard P. Breedlove.

Come, friends and relations, Let's join hearts and hands,—
The voice of the turtle Is heard in our land;
Let's all walk together, And follow the sound,
And march to the place Where redemption is found.

TURN, SINNER, TURN.

E. J. King.

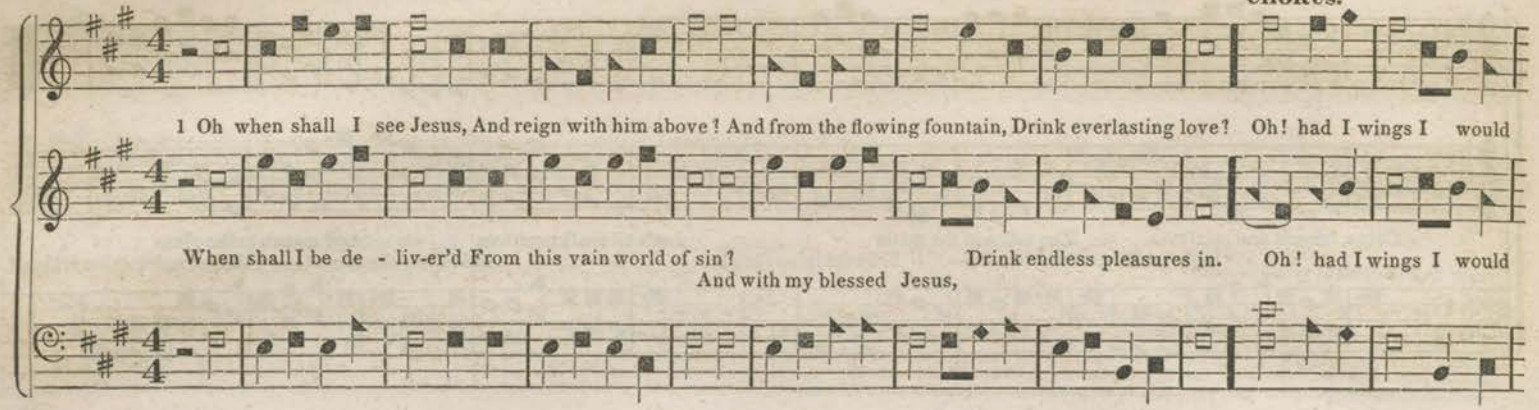
CHORUS.

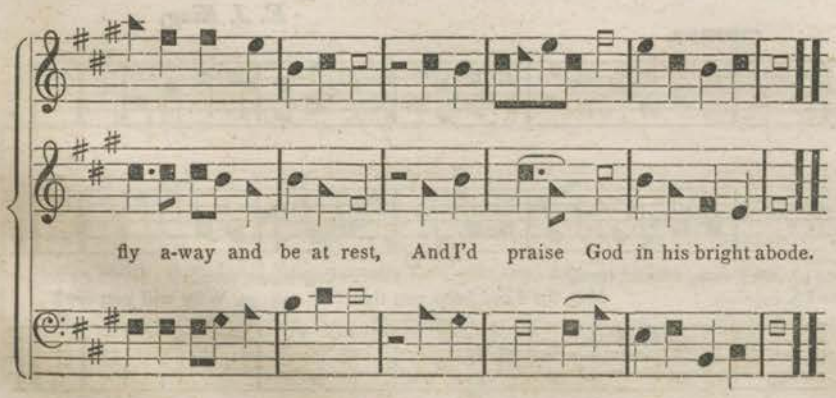

To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Oh! turn, sinner, turn, May the Lord help you turn!
Oh! turn, sinner, turn, Why will you die?
1
2

ECSTASY.

T. W. Carter.

CHORUS.


1 Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above! And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? Oh! had I wings I would
When shall I be de - liv-er'd From this vain world of sin? Drink endless pleasures in. Oh! had I wings I would
And with my blessed Jesus,

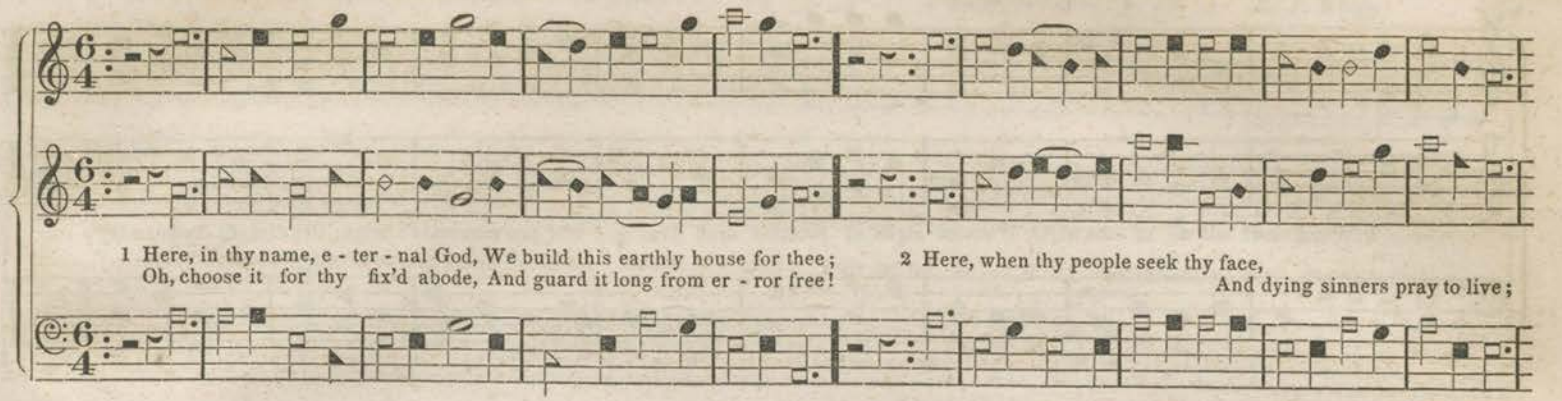


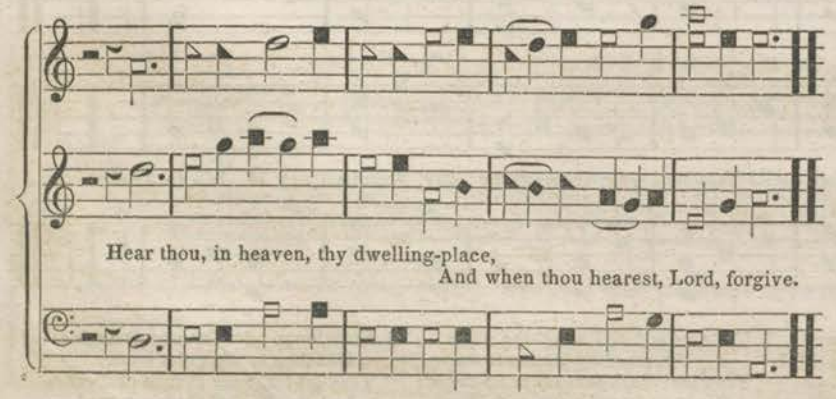
2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid them both adieu!
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 Oh do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.


1 Here, in thy name, e - ter - nal God, We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh, choose it for thy fix'd abode, And guard it long from er - ror free!
2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;



3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

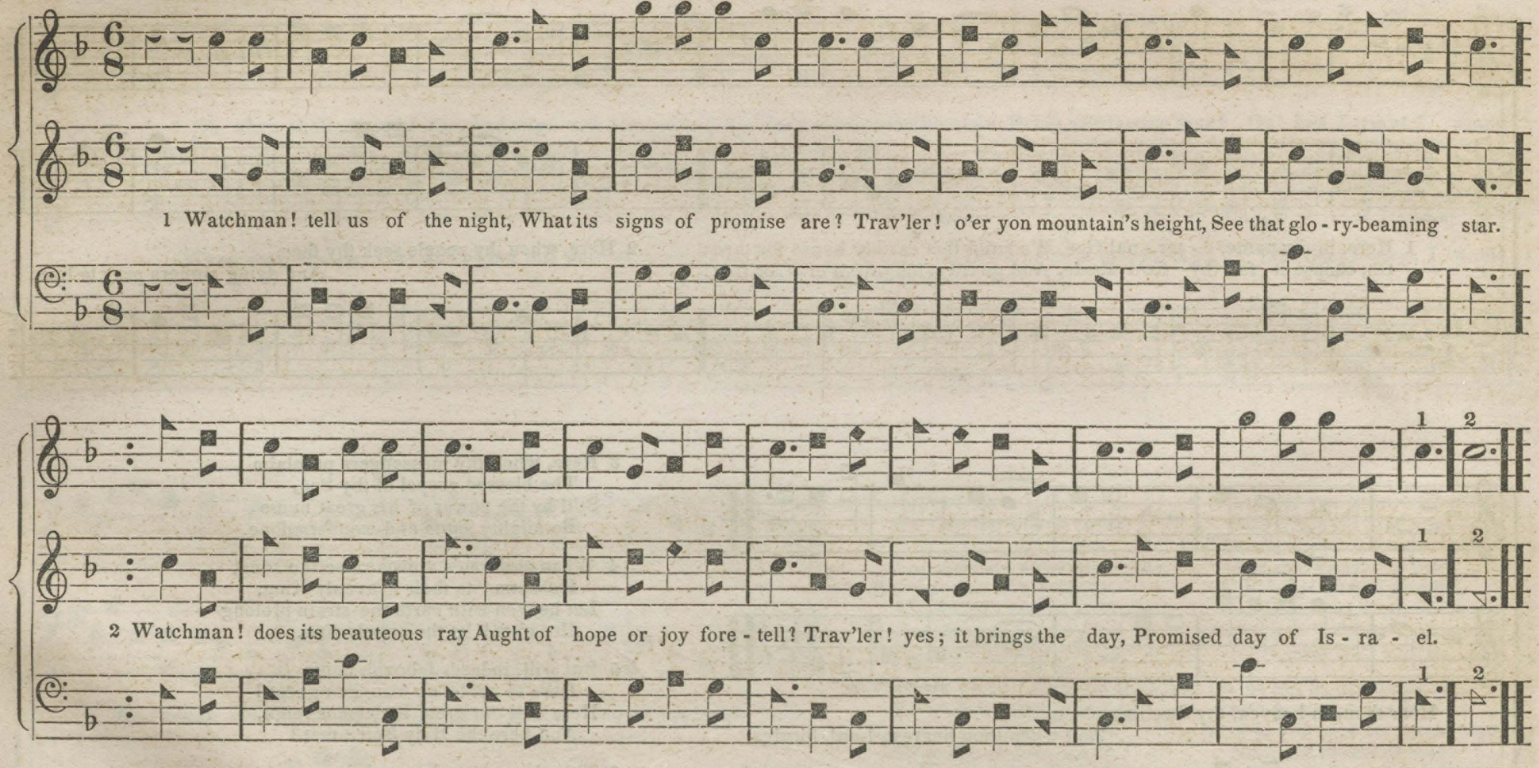
4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

NIGHT WATCHMAN. 7s.

Psalmist, 893d Hymn. *T. W. Carter.*


1 Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are? Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry-beaming star.
2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

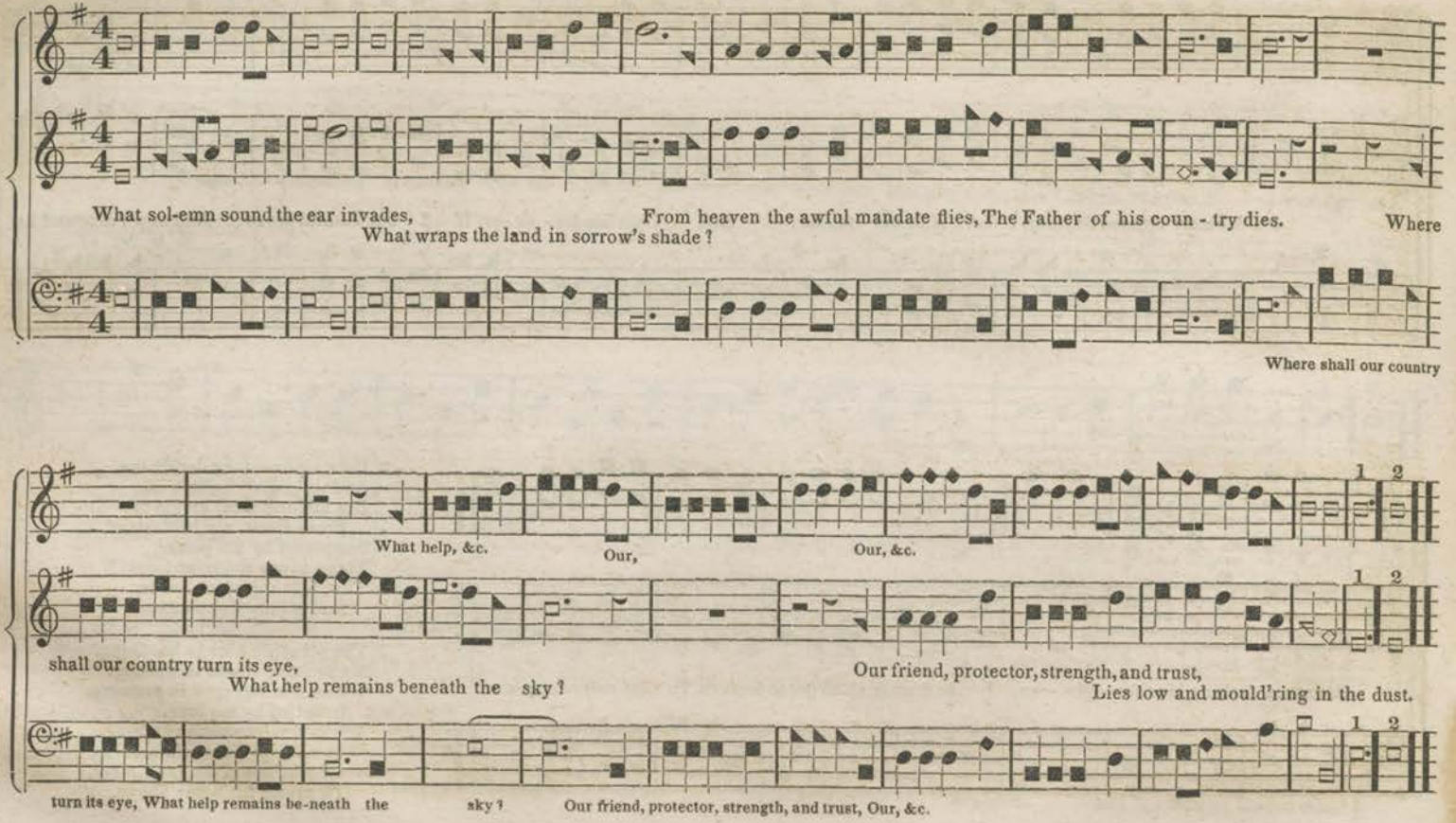
6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

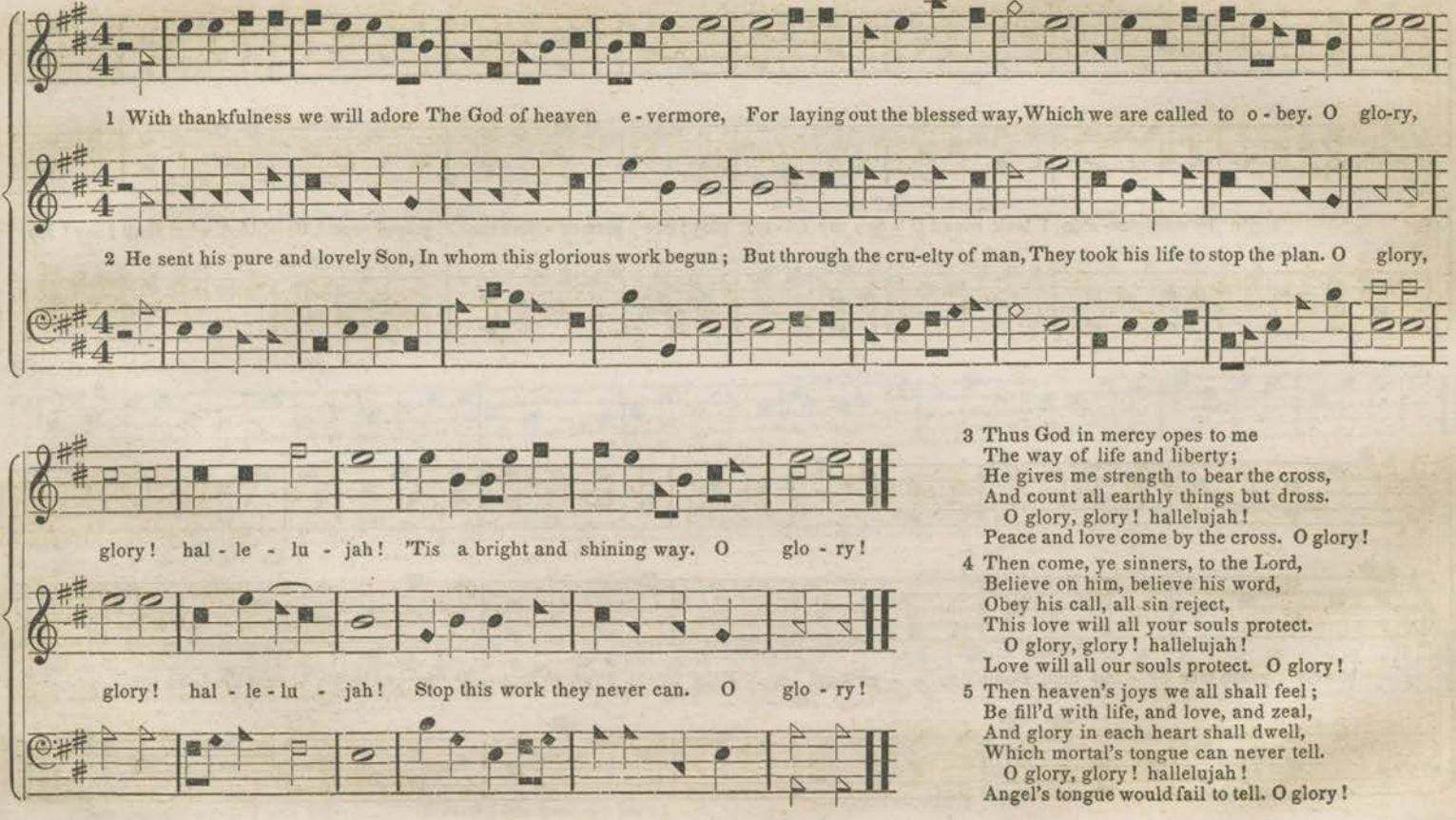
1 I love my blessed Saviour, I feel I'm in his favour, And I am his for - ev - er, If I but faithful prove; And now I'm bound for
Canaan, I feel my sins for - giv - en, And soon shall get to heaven, To sing redeeming love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
Whilst I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there,
To praise his name above.

MOUNT VERNON. L. M. D.


What sol-emn sound the ear invades,
What wraps the land in sorrow's shade?
From heaven the awful mandate flies, The Father of his coun - try dies.
Where
Where shall our country
What help, &c.
Our,
Our, &c.
shall our country turn its eye,
What help remains beneath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust,
Lies low and mould'ring in the dust.
turn its eye, What help remains be-neath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust, Our, &c.


1 With thankfulness we will adore The God of heaven e - vermore, For laying out the blessed way, Which we are called to o - bey. O glo-ry,
2 He sent his pure and lovely Son, In whom this glorious work begun; But through the cru-elty of man, They took his life to stop the plan. O glory,
glory! hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis a bright and shining way. O glo - ry!
glory! hal - le - lu - jah! Stop this work they never can. O glo - ry!

3 Thus God in mercy opes to me
The way of life and liberty;
He gives me strength to bear the cross,
And count all earthly things but dross.
O glory, glory! hallelujah!
Peace and love come by the cross. O glory!

4 Then come, ye sinners, to the Lord,
Believe on him, believe his word,
Obey his call, all sin reject,
This love will all your souls protect.
O glory, glory! hallelujah!
Love will all our souls protect. O glory!

5 Then heaven's joys we all shall feel;
Be fill'd with life, and love, and zeal,
And glory in each heart shall dwell,
Which mortal's tongue can never tell.
O glory, glory! hallelujah!
Angel's tongue would fail to tell. O glory!

SANDTOWN. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 223. *T. W. Carter.*

Urg'd by com-pas-sion, I look round U-pon my fel-low clay; See men re-ject the gospel sound, Good God, what shall I say? My
bowels yearn o'er dy-ing men, Doom'd to e-ter-nal wo. Fain would I speak, but all is vain, Ex-cept the Lord speak too.

CHORUS.

1 Afflictions, though they seem severe, They stopp'd the prodigal's career, Oh! I die with
Are oft in mercy sent; And caused him to repent.
hunger, here, he cries, And starve in a foreign land: My father's house hath large supplies,
Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries, And bounteous are his hands.

2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

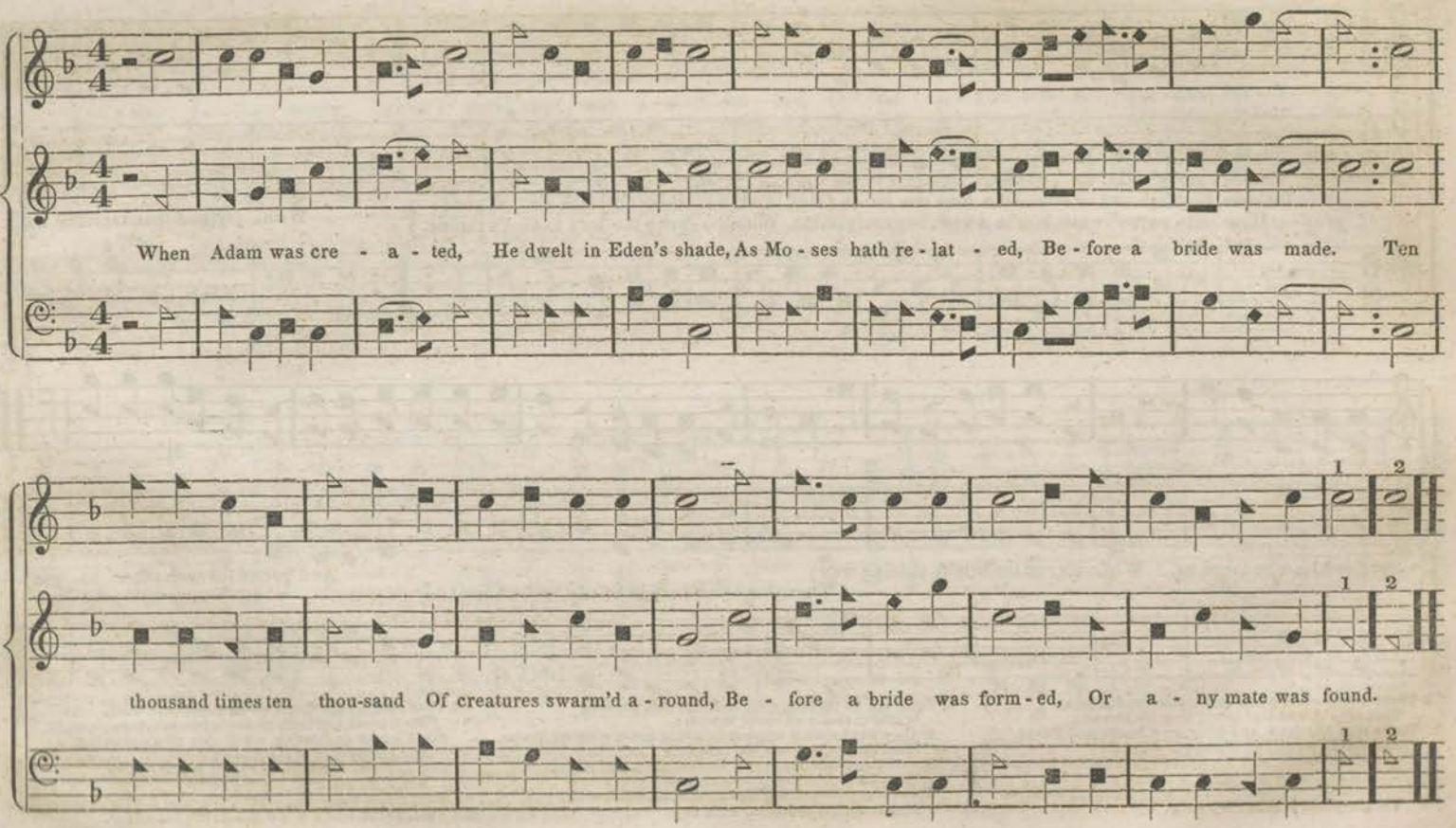
SUFFIELD. C. M.

Psalmist, 1055th Hymn.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7.

Baptist Harmony, p. 483.

1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation, Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation.
Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Who will kindly treat him!
Surely all the waiting band Will now go forth to meet him.
2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival; But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light, Oh, when the scene was closed,
Now against the Bridegroom fight, And so they stand opposed.

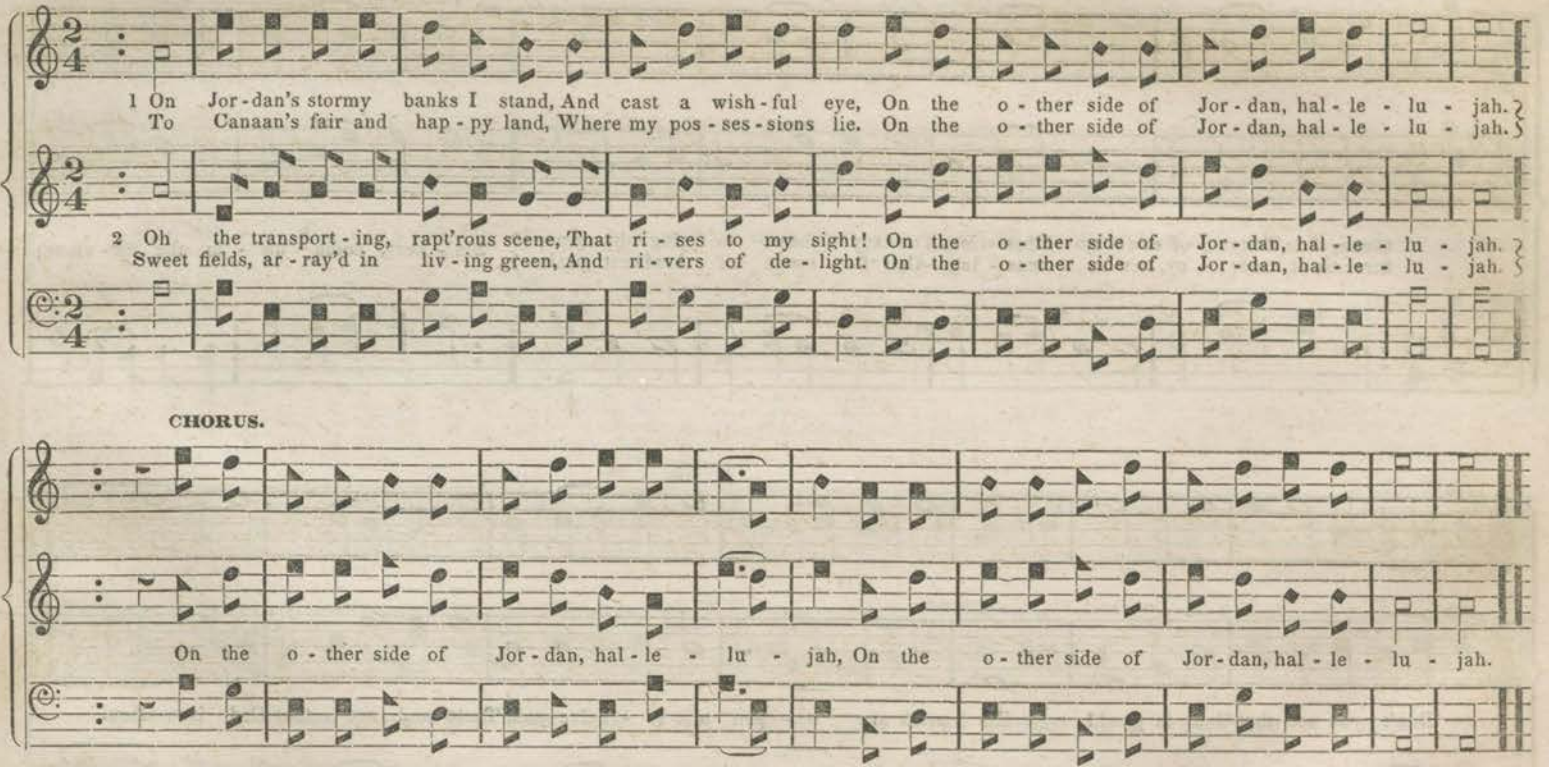

When Adam was cre - a - ted, He dwelt in Eden's shade, As Mo - ses hath re - lat - ed, Be - fore a bride was made. Ten
thousand times ten thou-sand Of creatures swarm'd a - round, Be - fore a bride was form - ed, Or a - ny mate was found.
1 2
1 2
1 2

1 Come, brothers and sis - ters who love one an - o - ther, And have done for years that are gone;
How oft - en we've met him in sweet, heavenly union, Which o - pens the way to God's throne.
With joy and thanksgiving we'll
praise him who loved us, While we run the bright, shining way;
And bound for each other to pray.
Though we part here in bo - dy, we're bound for one glory,

2 There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from his throne;
There was Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, and Stephen, and John;
There was Simeon, and Anna, and I don't know how many,
That pray'd as they journey'd along;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough irons,—
Yet glory and praises they sung.

3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising
Is labour that's all spent in vain;
But we have such a witness that God hears with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and Peter,
And Daniel, and Jonah, we'll say.

4 That God, by his Spirit, or an angel doth visit
Their souls and their bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go praising,
And glorify God in the flame?
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While we are a journeying below,
That when we cease praying, we shall not cease praising,
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.


1 On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah.
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie. On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah.
2 Oh the transport-ing, rapt'rous scene, That ri-ses to my sight! On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah.
Sweet fields, ar-ray'd in liv-ing green, And ri-vers of de-light. On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah.
CHORUS.
On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah, On the o-ther side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

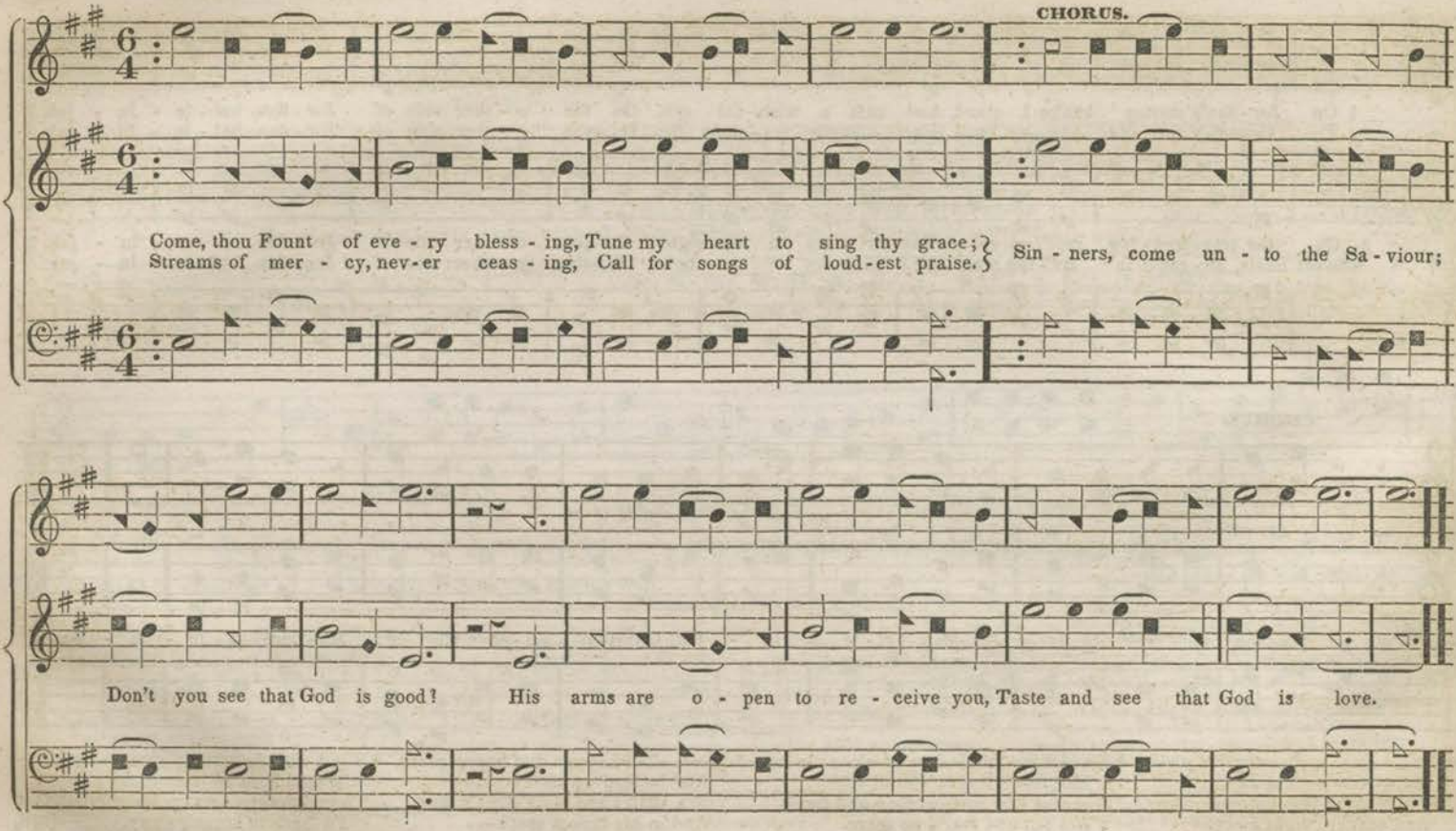
4 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

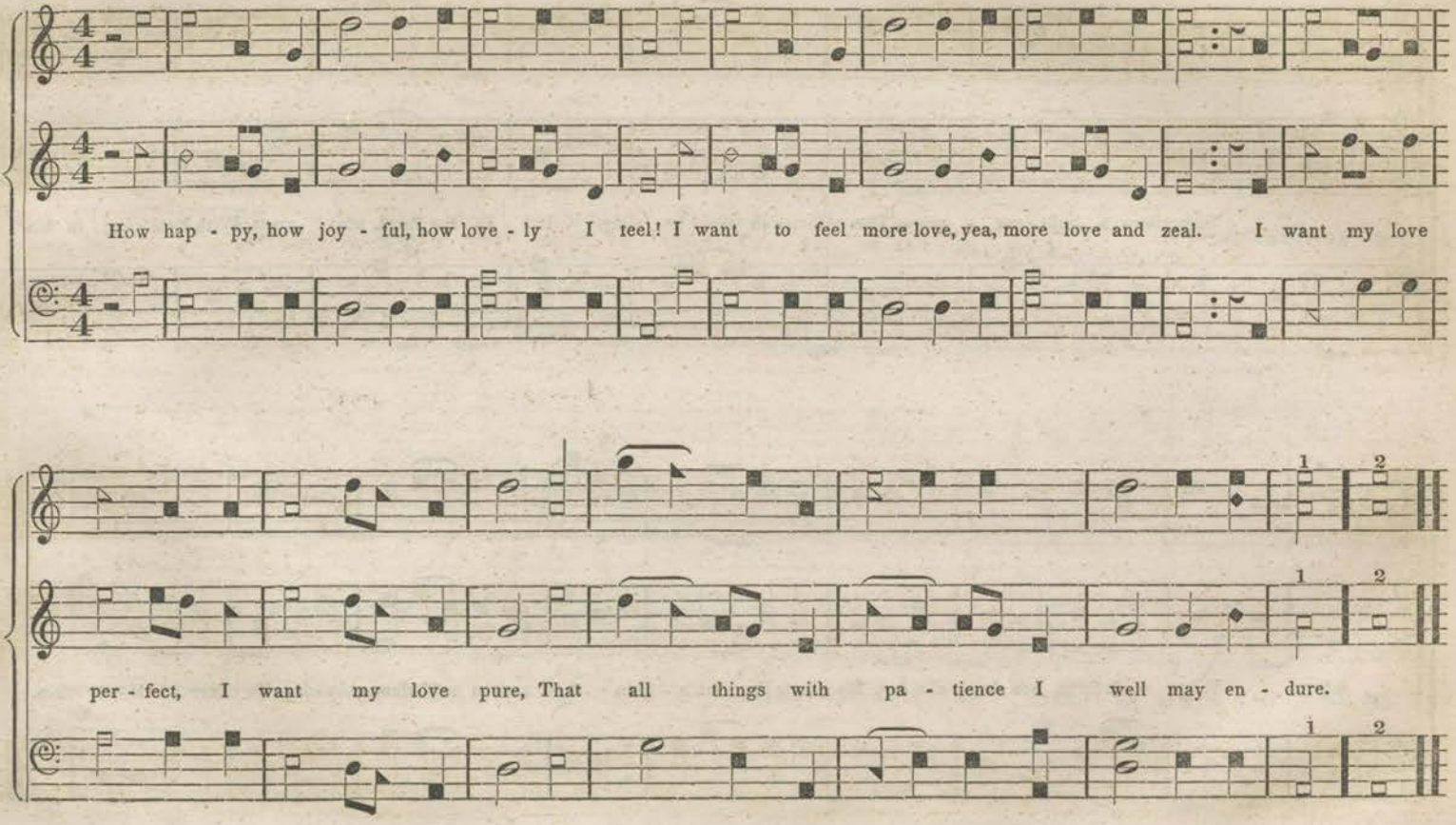
5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Fill'd with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

BALL HILL. 8, 7.

J. W. Davis.


CHORUS.
Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Sin - ners, come un - to the Sa - viour;
Don't you see that God is good? His arms are o - pen to re - ceive you, Taste and see that God is love.


How hap - py, how joy - ful, how love - ly I feel! I want to feel more love, yea, more love and zeal. I want my love
per - fect, I want my love pure, That all things with pa - tience I well may en - dure.

LUMPKIN. 7, 6.

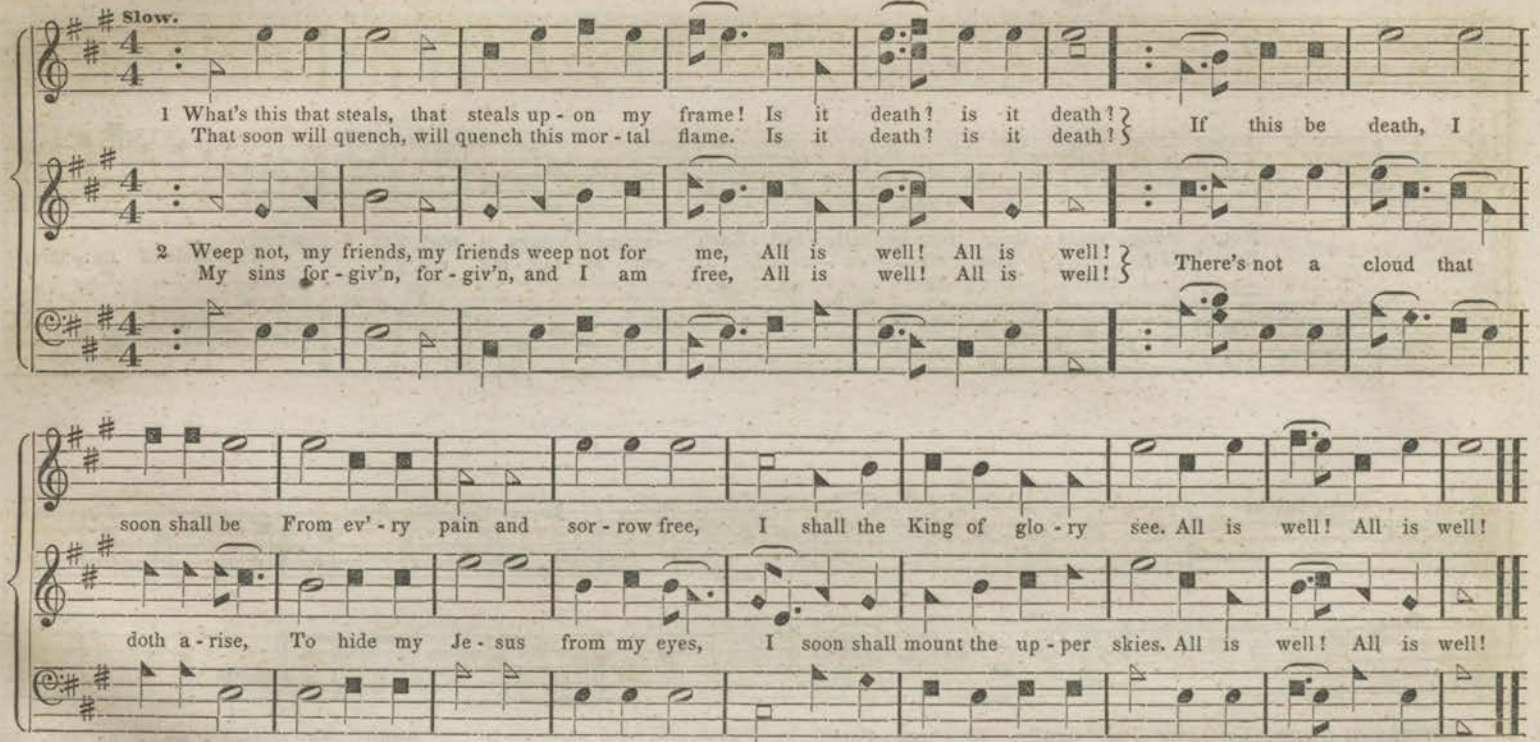
Zion Songster, p. 107. *J. T. White.*

Sometimes a light sur - prises The Christian while he sings: It is the Lord, who rises With heal - ing in his
wings. When com-forts are de - clin-ing, He grants the soul a - gain A season of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.

Not many years their rounds shall roll, Each moment brings it nigh,
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - veal'd, To our ad - mir - ing eye.
Ye wheels of na - ture,
speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs, de - cay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

ALL IS WELL. P. M.

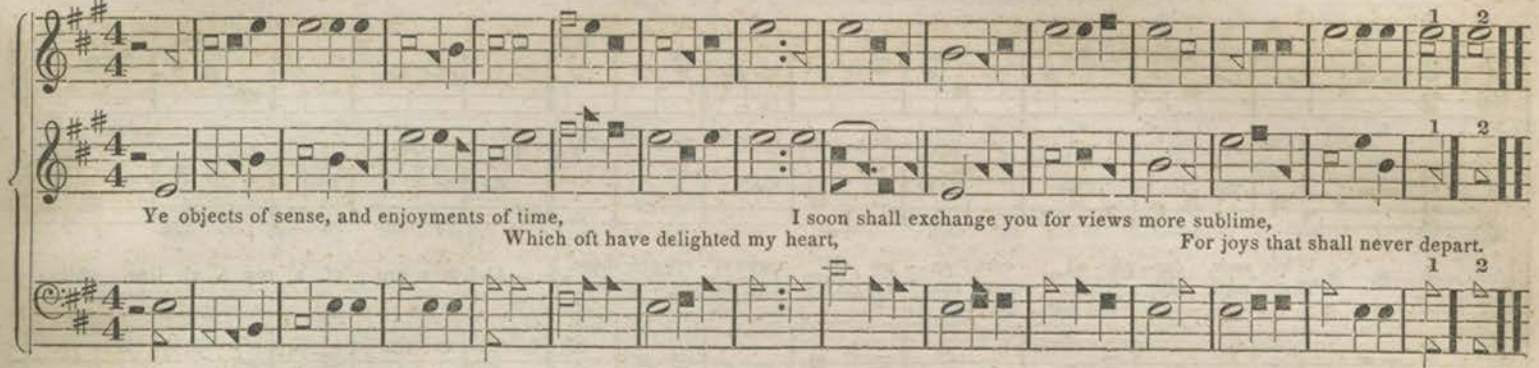
J. T. White.


Slow.
1 What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame! Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this mor - tal flame. Is it death? is it death?
If this be death, I
2 Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well!
My sins for - giv'n, for - giv'n, and I am free, All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that
soon shall be From ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! All is well!
doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! All is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints on high.
All is well, All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy.
All is well, All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well, All is well!

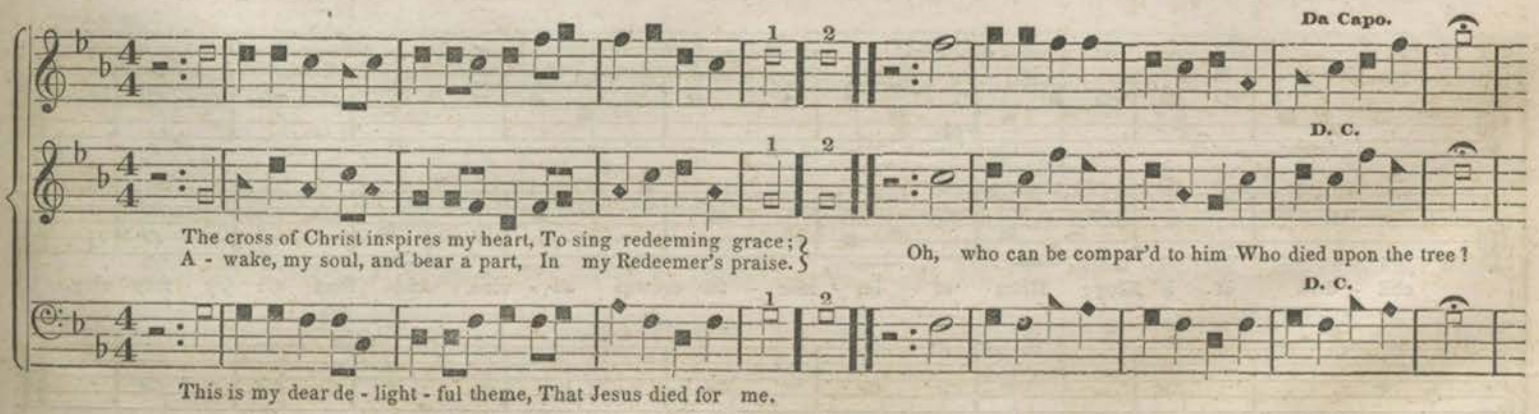
4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu.
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well, All is well!

5 Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace—
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well, All is well!


Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.

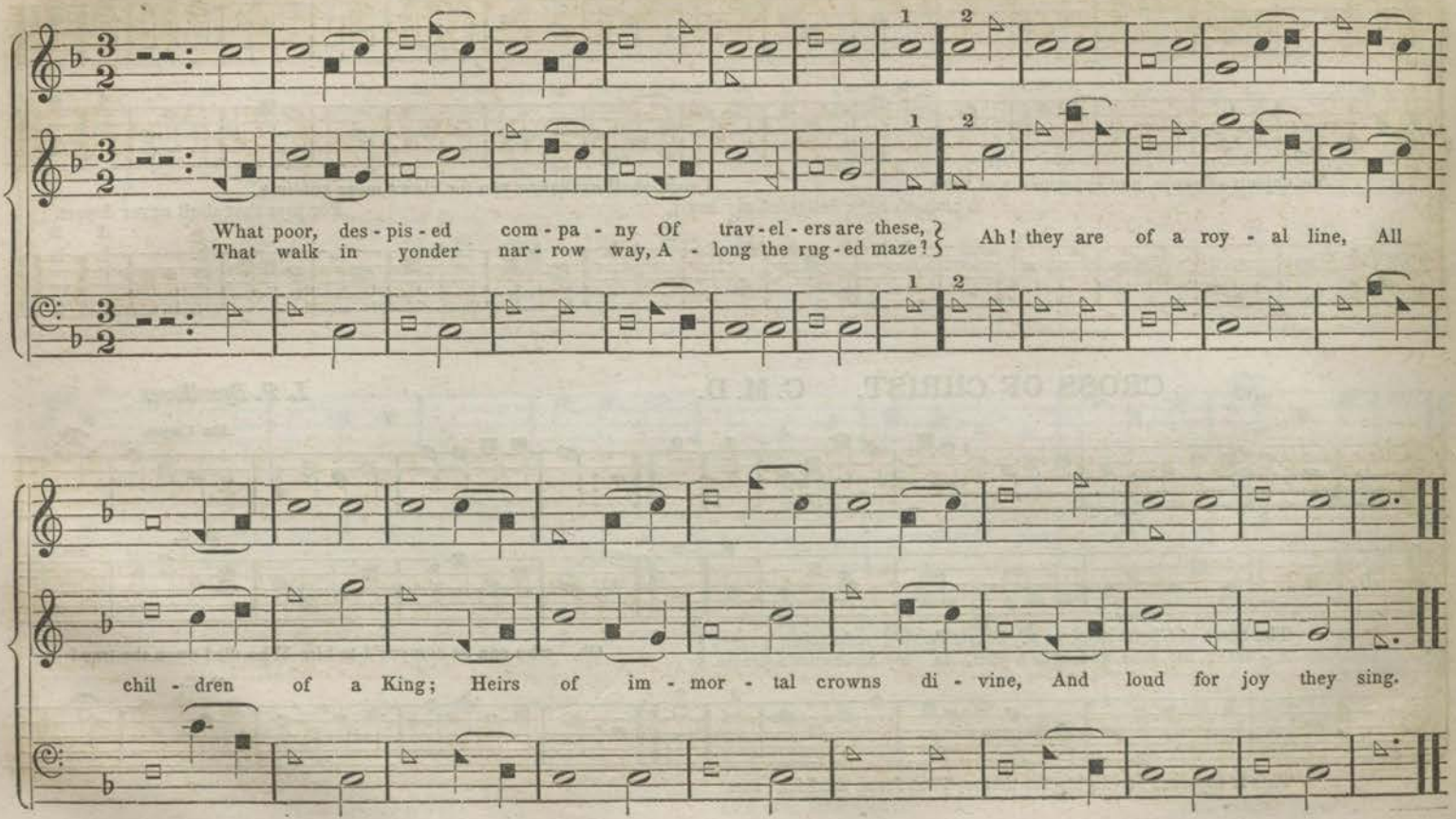
CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D.

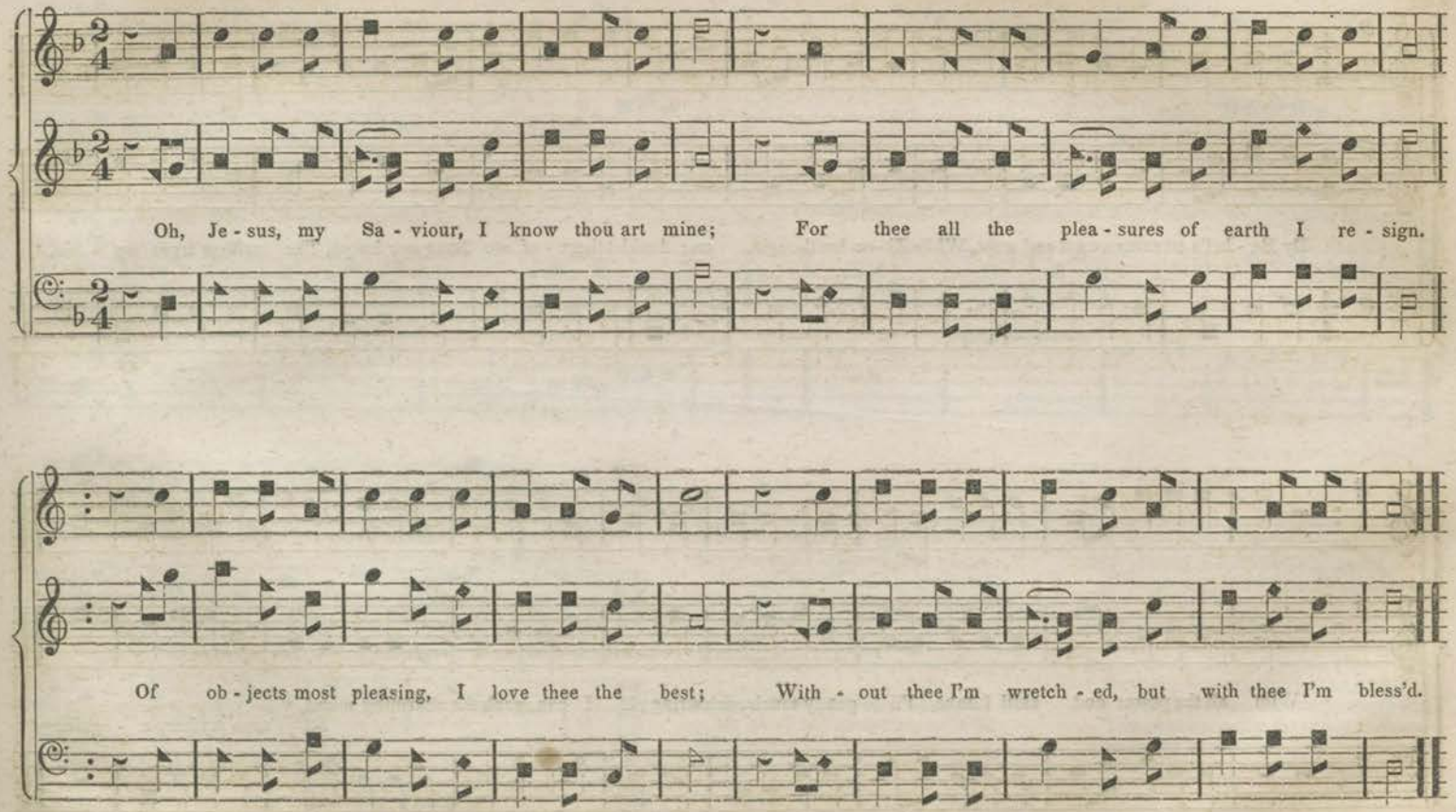
L. P. Breedlove.


Da Capo.
D. C.
The cross of Christ inspires my heart, To sing redeeming grace;
A - wake, my soul, and bear a part, In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh, who can be compar'd to him Who died upon the tree?
D. C.
This is my dear de - light - ful theme, That Jesus died for me.

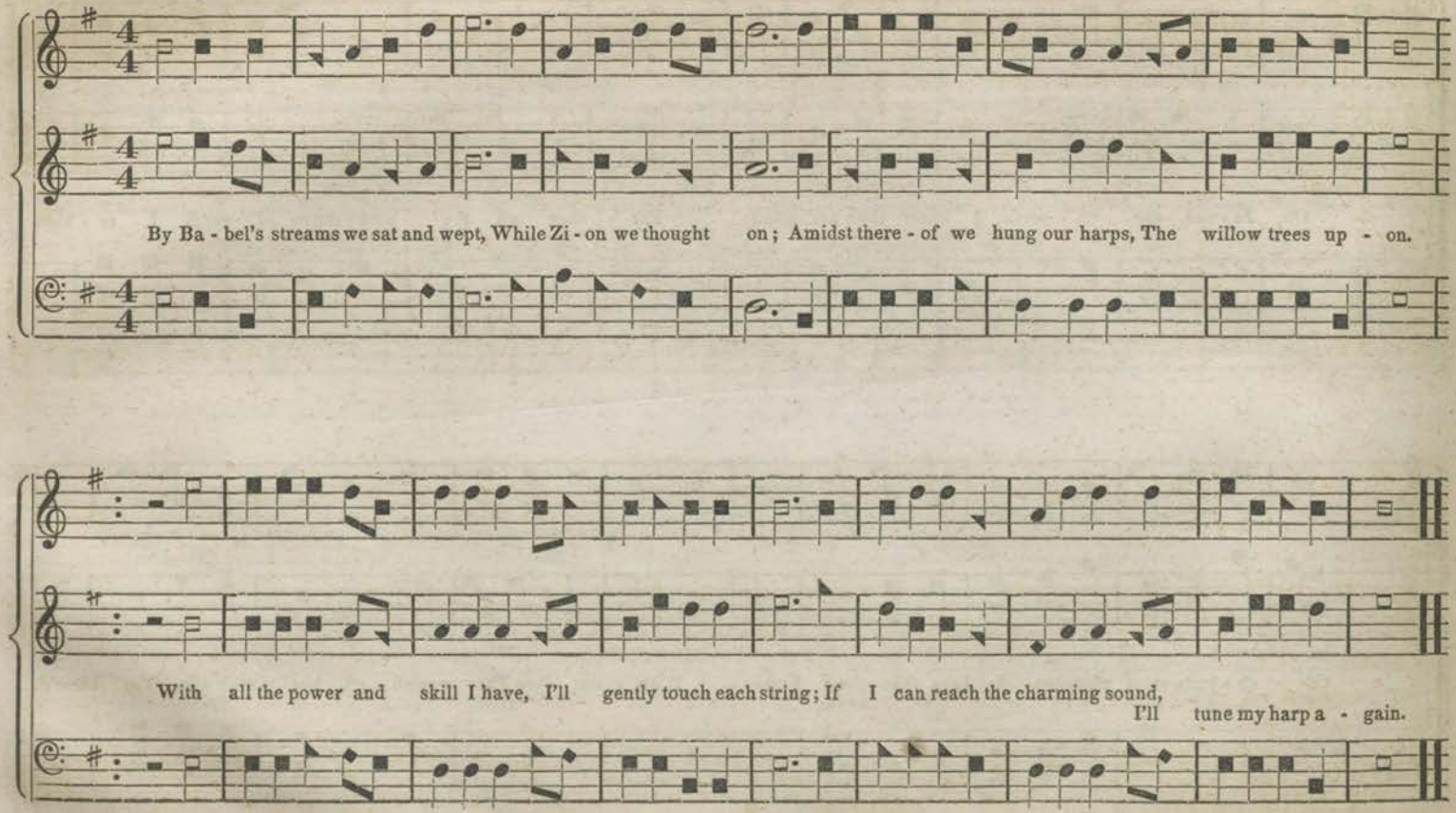
IRWINTON. C. M.

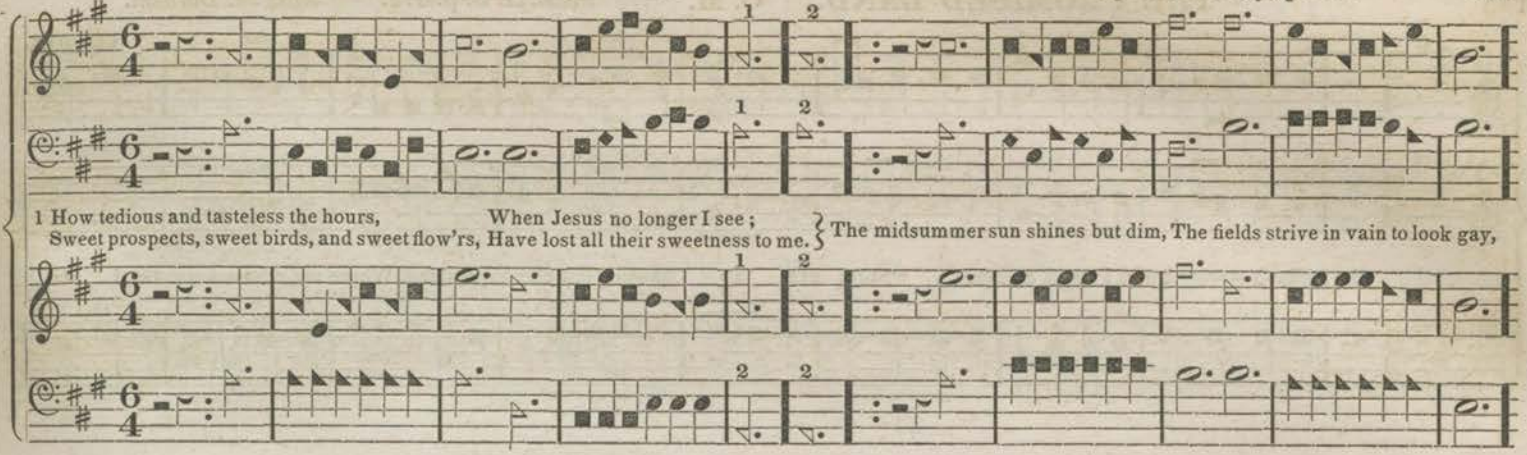
Dr. T. W. Carter.


What poor, des - pis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these,
That walk in yonder nar - row way, A - long the rug - ed maze?
Ah! they are of a roy - al line, All
chil - dren of a King; Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns di - vine, And loud for joy they sing.


Oh, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, I know thou art mine; For thee all the plea - sures of earth I re - sign.
Of ob - jects most pleasing, I love thee the best; With - out thee I'm wretch - ed, but with thee I'm bless'd.

BABEL'S STREAMS. C. M.


By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on; Amidst there - of we hung our harps, The willow trees up - on.
With all the power and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp a - gain.


1 How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

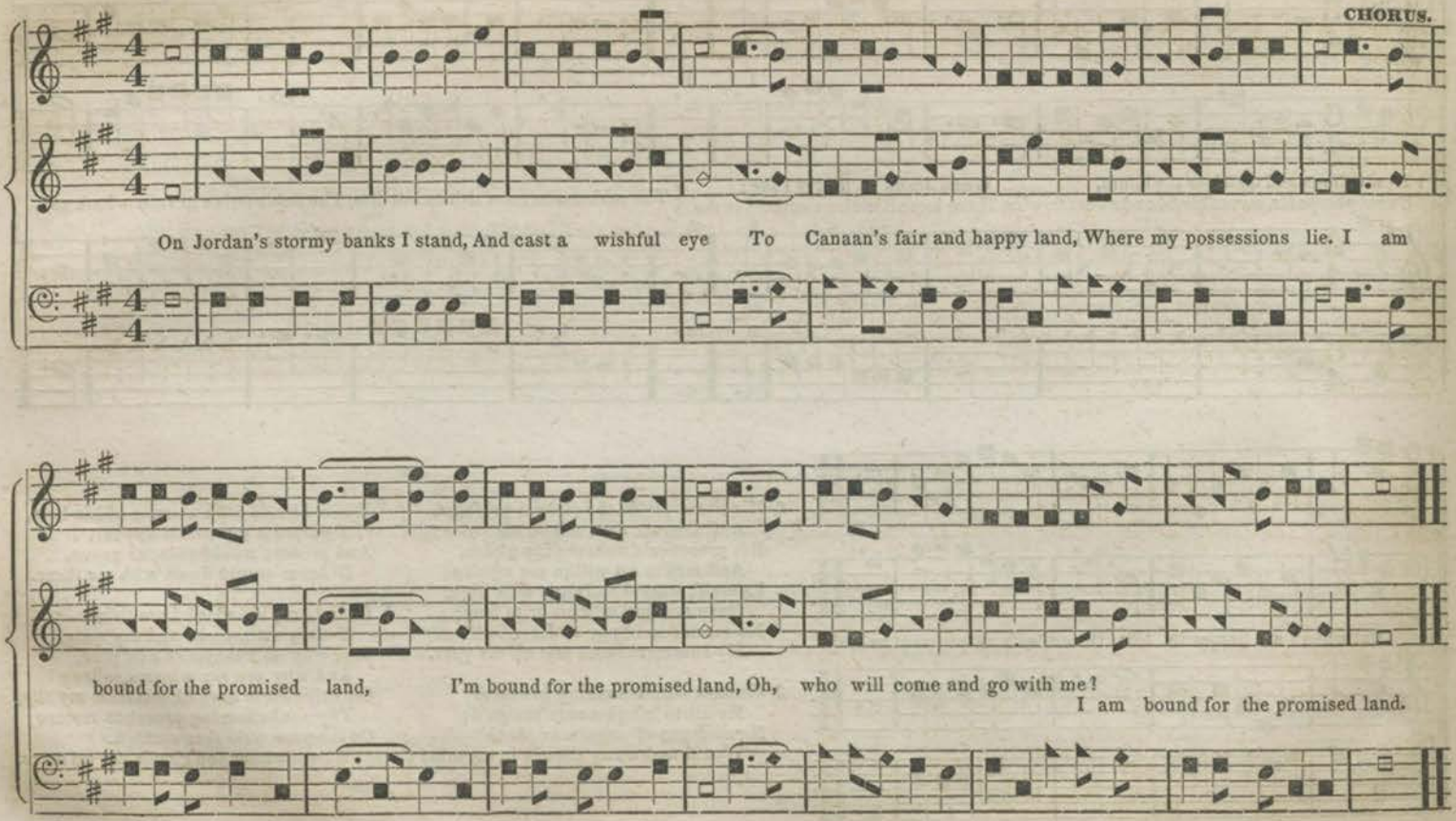
2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

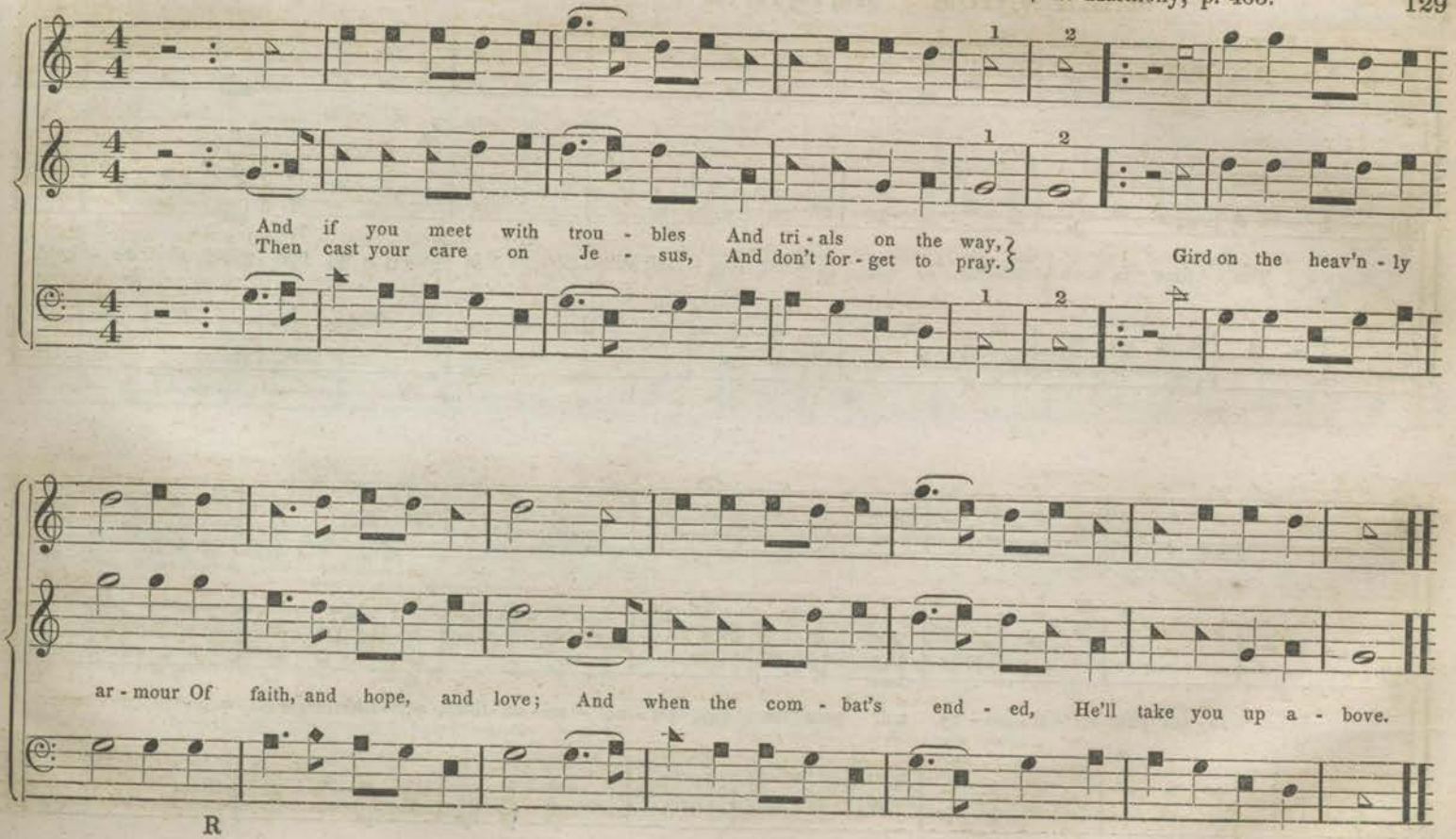
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

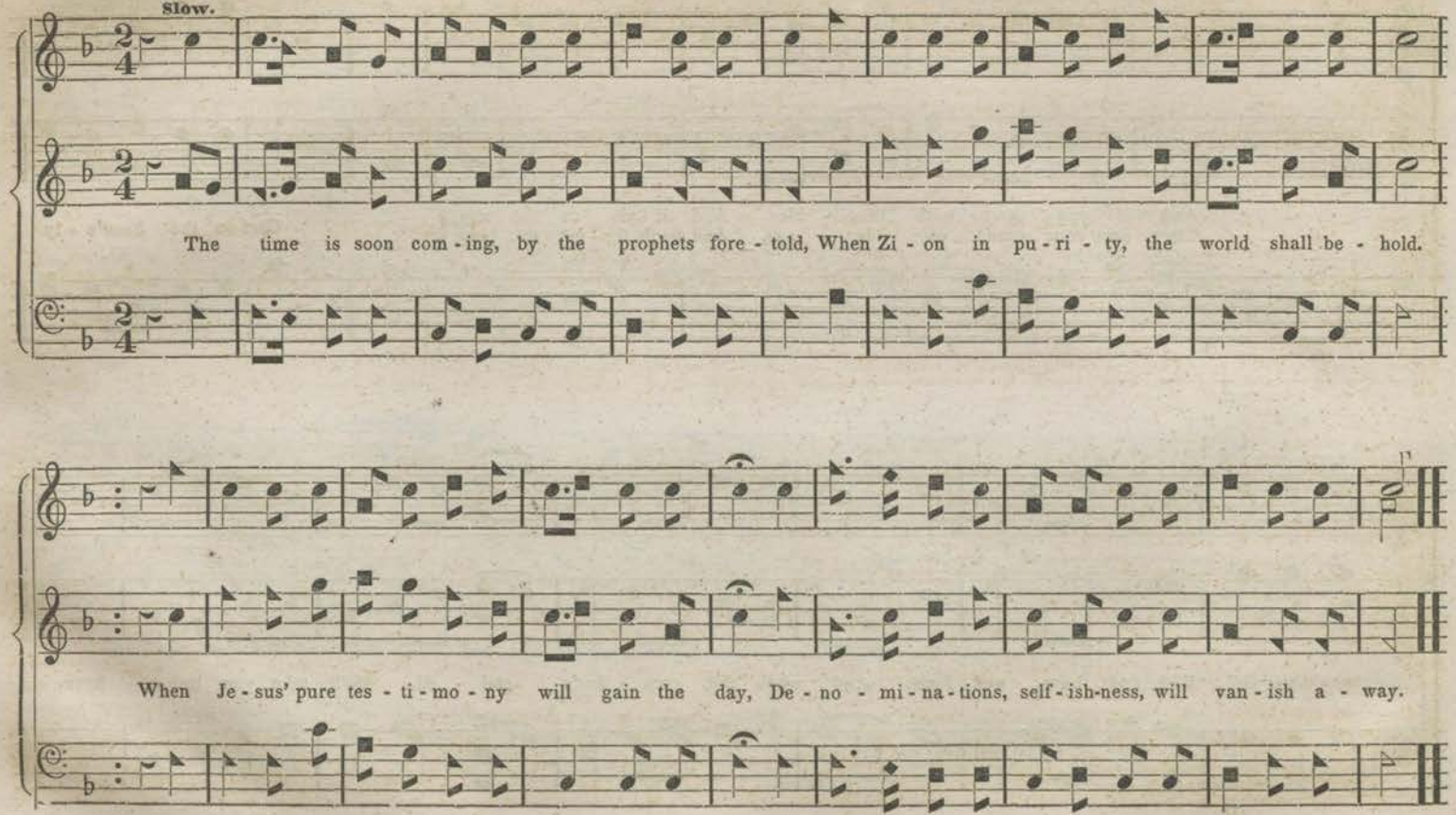
Meth. H. B. p. 471. *Miss M. Durham.*

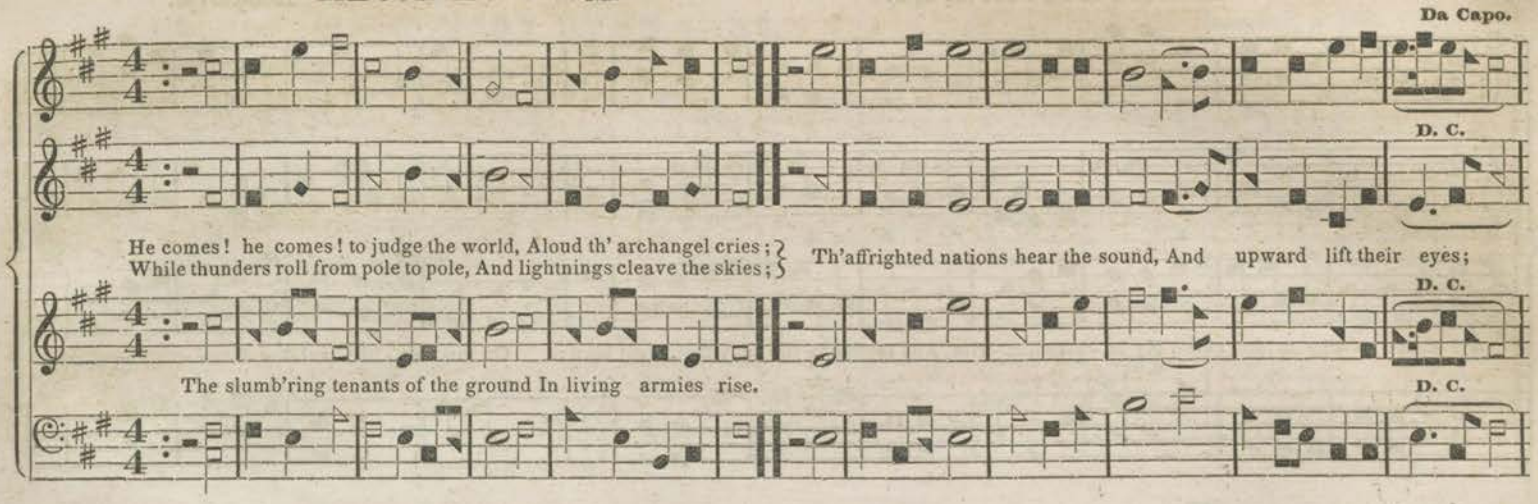

CHORUS.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am
bound for the promised land, I'm bound for the promised land, Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

HEAVENLY ARMOUR.

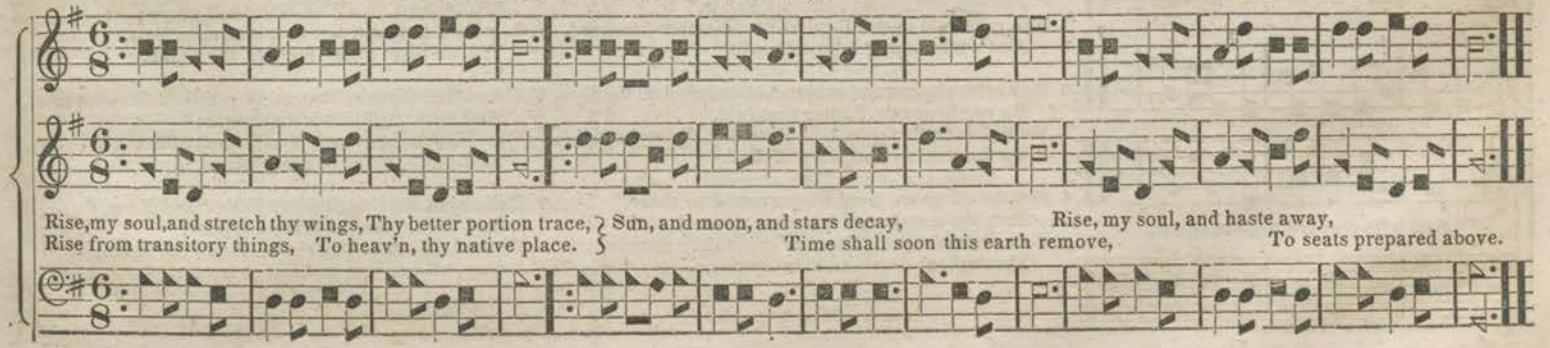

And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way,
Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray.
Gird on the heav'n - ly
ar - mour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the com - bat's end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.
R

MILLENNIUM. 12, 12, 12, 13.


Slow.
The time is soon com - ing, by the prophets fore - told, When Zi - on in pu - ri - ty, the world shall be - hold.
When Je - sus' pure tes - ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - no - mi - na - tions, self - ish-ness, will van - ish a - way.

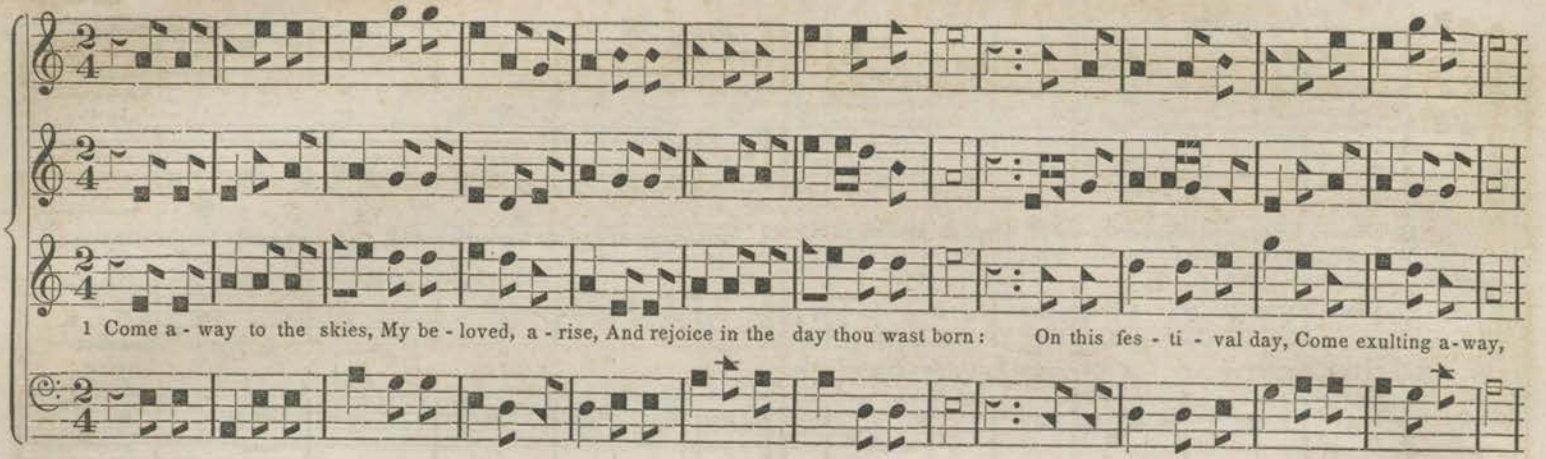

Da Capo.
D. C.
He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies;
Th'affrighted nations hear the sound, And upward lift their eyes;
D. C.
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In living armies rise.
D. C.

INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.


Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things, To heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9.

Humphreys.



2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

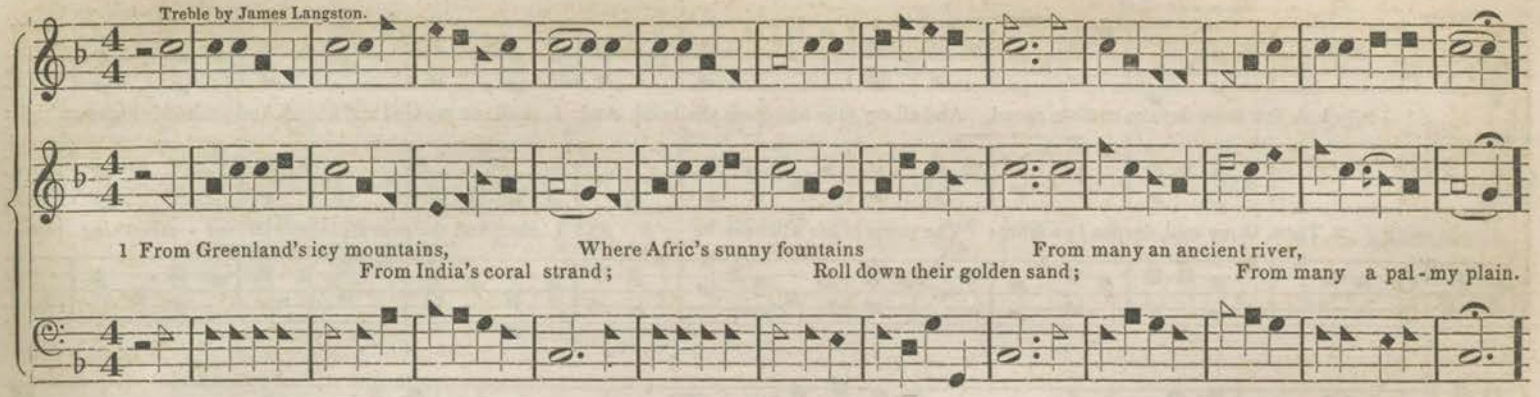
3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

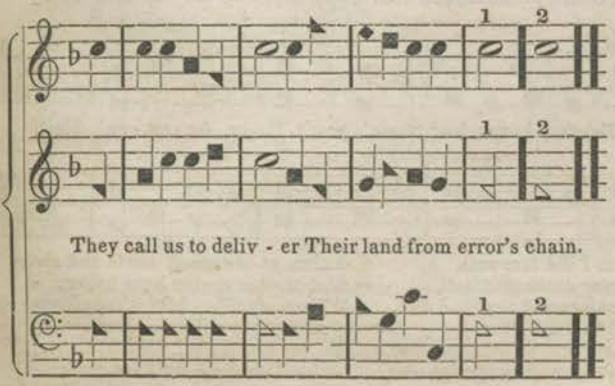
4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine.

5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, Let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, Oh! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.


Treble by James Langston.
1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, From many a pal-my plain.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6. Dover Sel. p. 173.

1 A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high:
2 Then, O my soul, despond no more: The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ev - erlast - ing rest.
No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptured eye.
O happy day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for - ev - er blest.

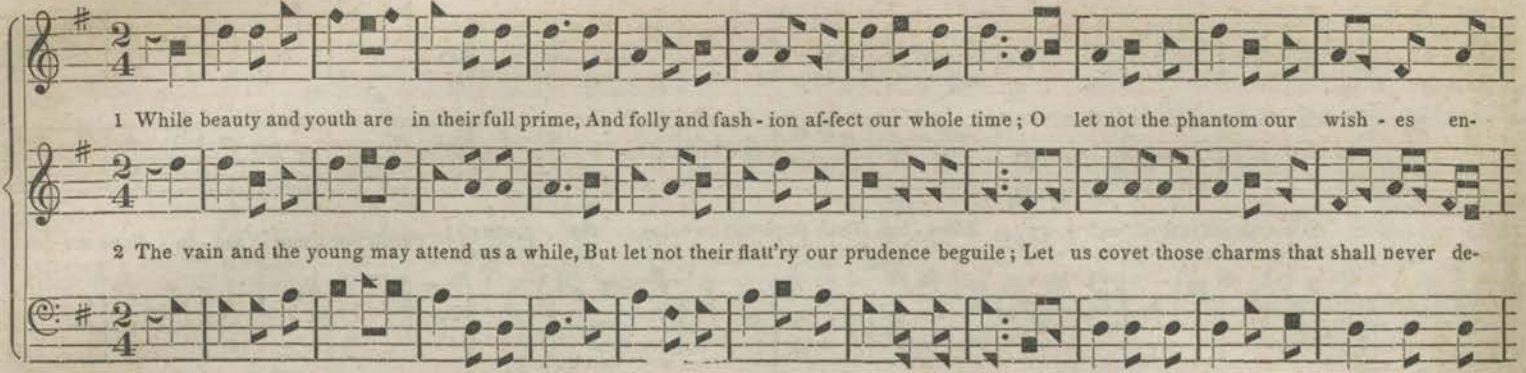
3 My soul anticipates the day,—
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

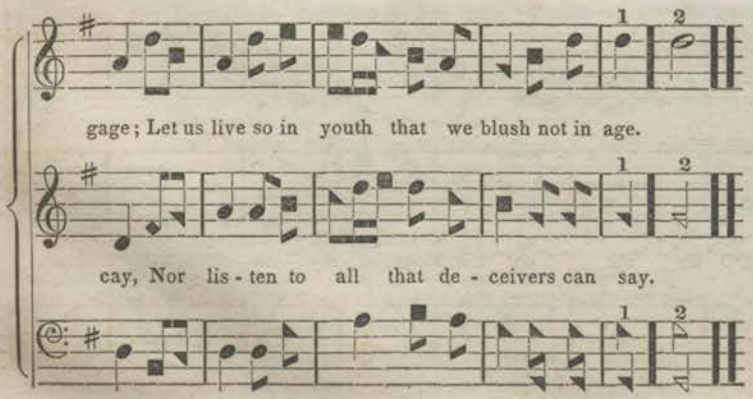
4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,—
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow—
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more adieu!

Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net,
Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of thy un - chang - ing love.


1 While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fash - ion af-fect our whole time; O let not the phantom our wish - es en-
2 The vain and the young may attend us a while, But let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile; Let us covet those charms that shall never de-

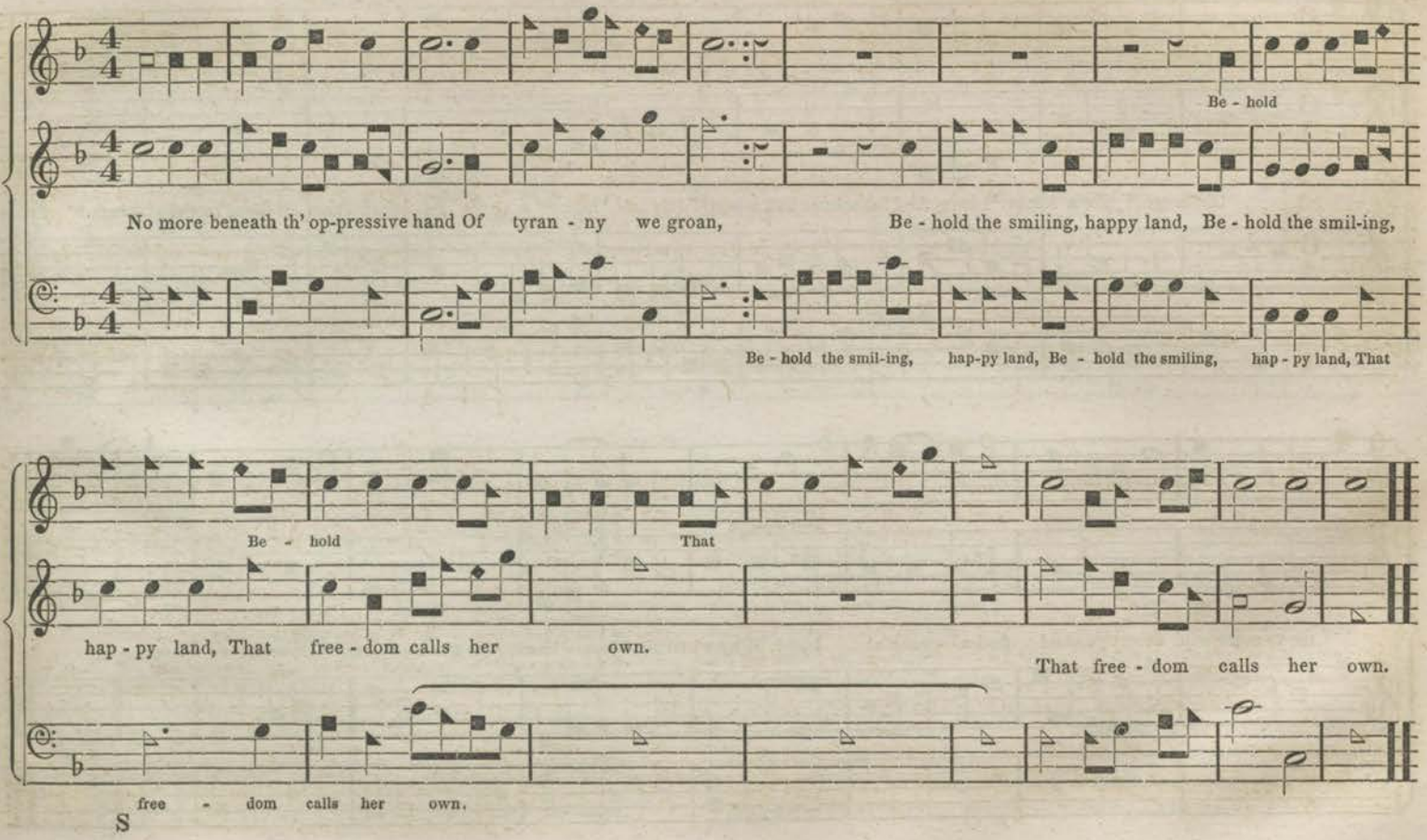


3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given;
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.


Be - hold
No more beneath th' op-pressive hand Of tyran - ny we groan,
Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smil-ing,
Be - hold the smil-ing, hap-py land, Be - hold the smiling, hap - py land, That
Be - hold
That
hap - py land, That free - dom calls her own.
That free - dom calls her own.
free - dom calls her own.
S

SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE. C. M.

Oh, were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long re - move From all these restless things. Let
me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home, Where storms of ma - lice ne - ver blow, And sorrows never come.
1
2

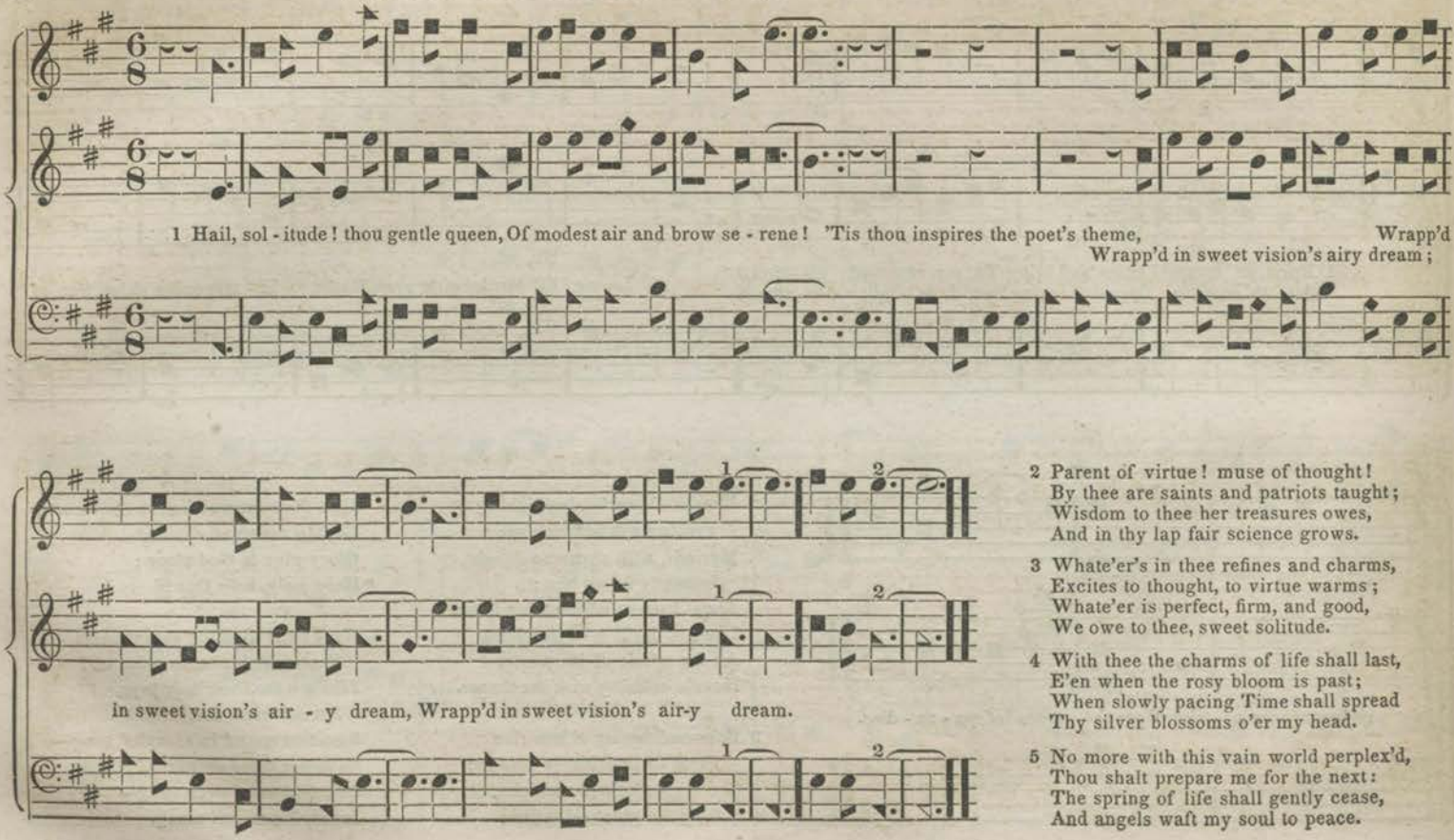
1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vis - ion
All th' ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright e - ly - sian.
Lo, we lift our longing eyes, Burst, ye in - tervening skies, Sun of
righteousness a - rise, Ope the gates of pa - ra - dise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
"Holy, holy, holy One!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, roll along.

SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M.


1 Hail, sol - itude! thou gentle queen, Of modest air and brow se - rene! 'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme, Wrapp'd
Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream;
in sweet vision's air - y dream, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's air-y dream.

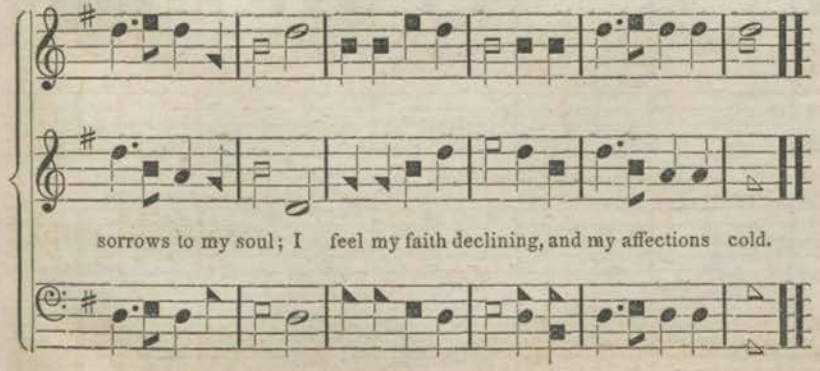
2 Parent of virtue! muse of thought!
By thee are saints and patriots taught;
Wisdom to thee her treasures owes,
And in thy lap fair science grows.

3 Whate'er's in thee refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

4 With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing Time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.

1 I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; I've many sore temptations, and
Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries;



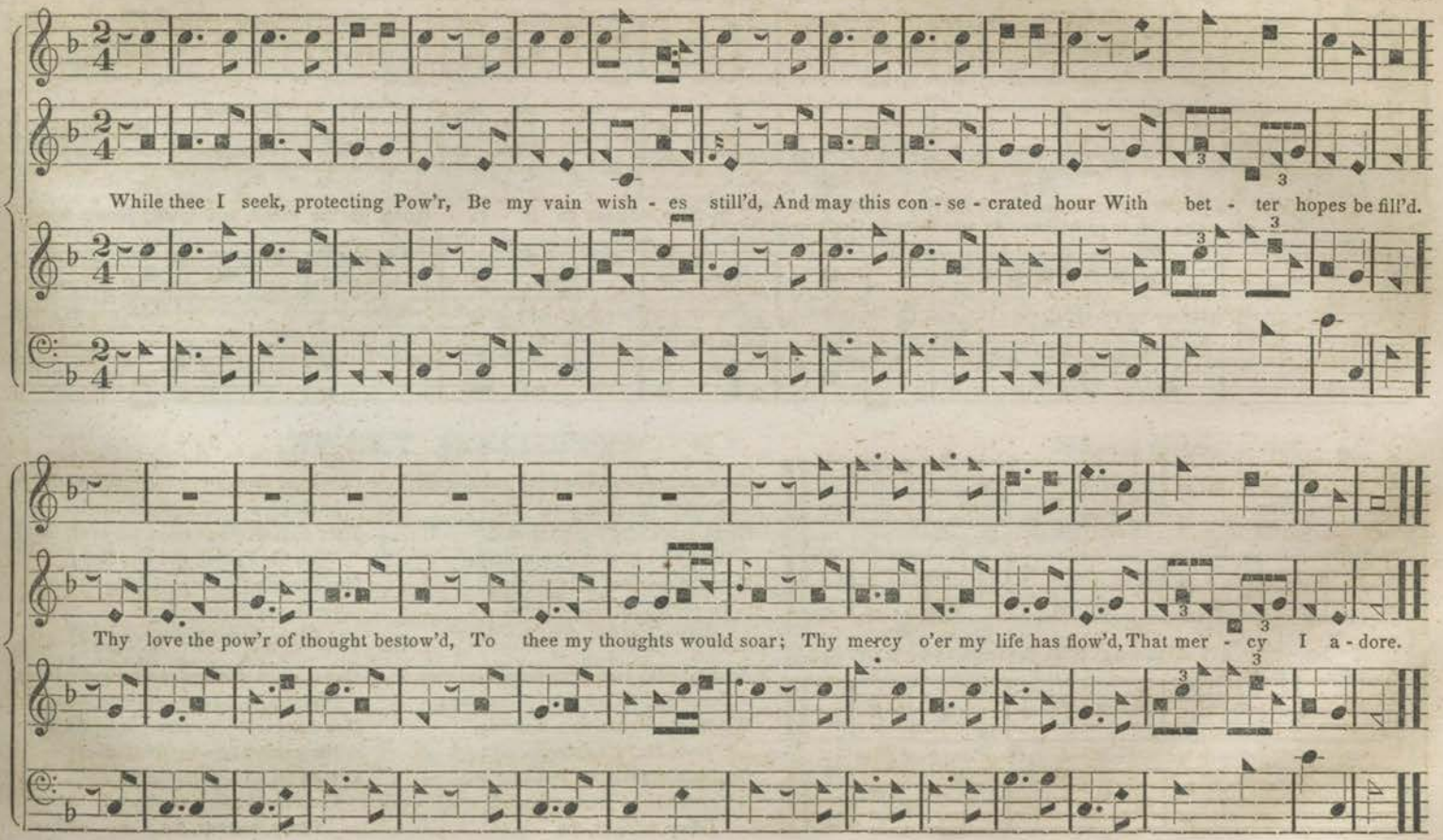
2 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul;
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched, wandering mind.

3 It is great pride and passion beset me on my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

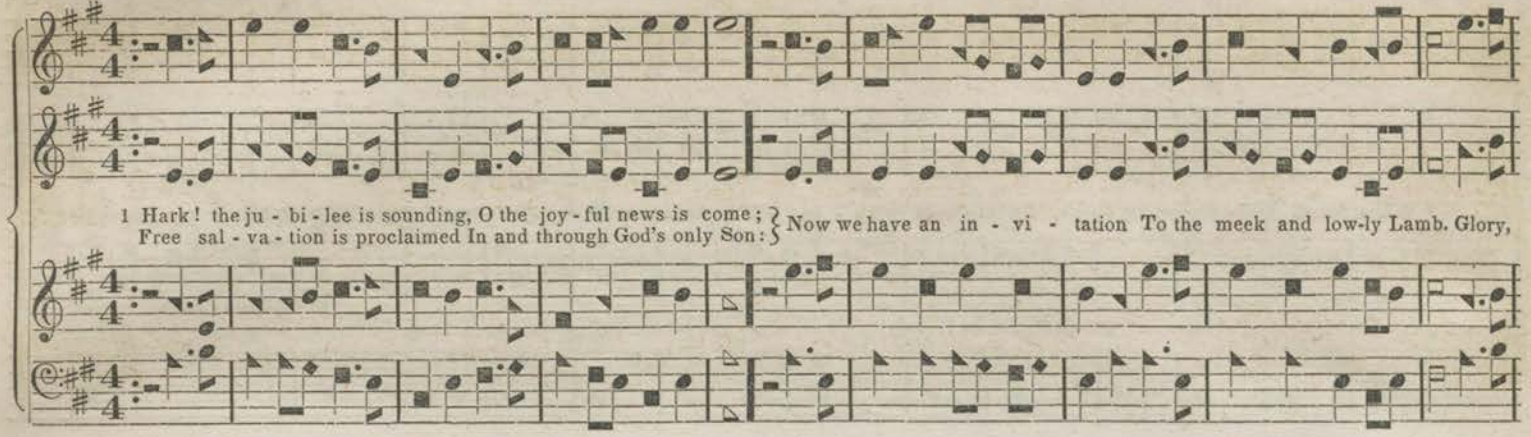
4 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray;
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray.

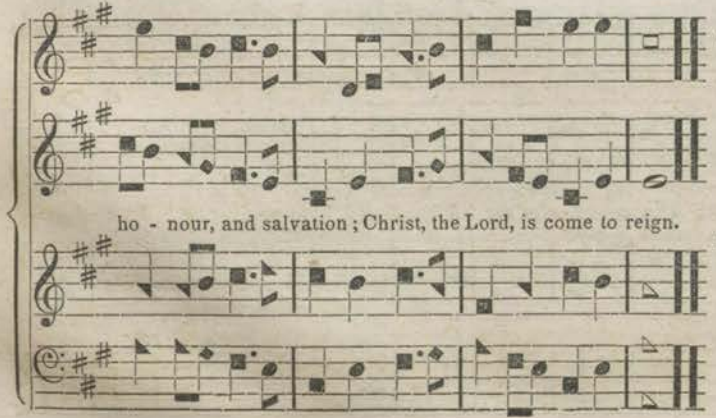
STRATFIELD. C. M.

Through ev'ry age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or
High
Or
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble
earth thy humble footstool laid.
High
Or
1 2
earth thy humble footstool laid. High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid. :||:
High
foot - stool laid.
High
Or


While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es still'd, And may this con - se - crated hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

JUBILEE. P. M.


1 Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sounding, O the joy - ful news is come;
Free sal - va - tion is proclaimed In and through God's only Son:
Now we have an in - vi - tation To the meek and low-ly Lamb. Glory,



2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore,
May his great love now constrain us
His great name for to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honour, &c.

WARRENTON. 8, 7.

CHORUS.
1
2
Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
I am bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

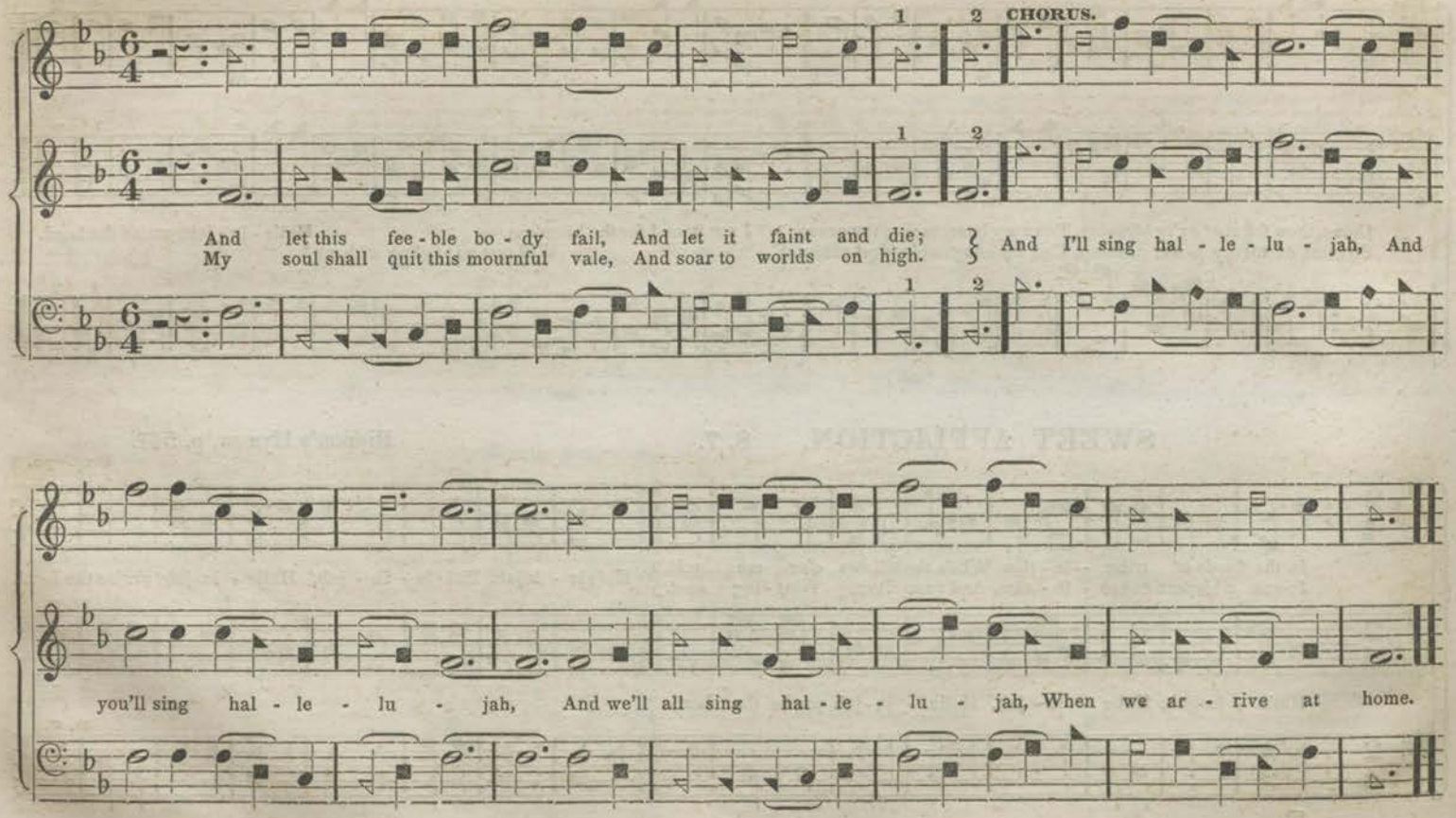
Rippon's Hymns, p. 541.

Da Capo.
In the floods of tribu - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll,
Je-sus whispers conso - la - tion, And supports my faint - ing soul.
Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
D. C.
Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
D. C.

T

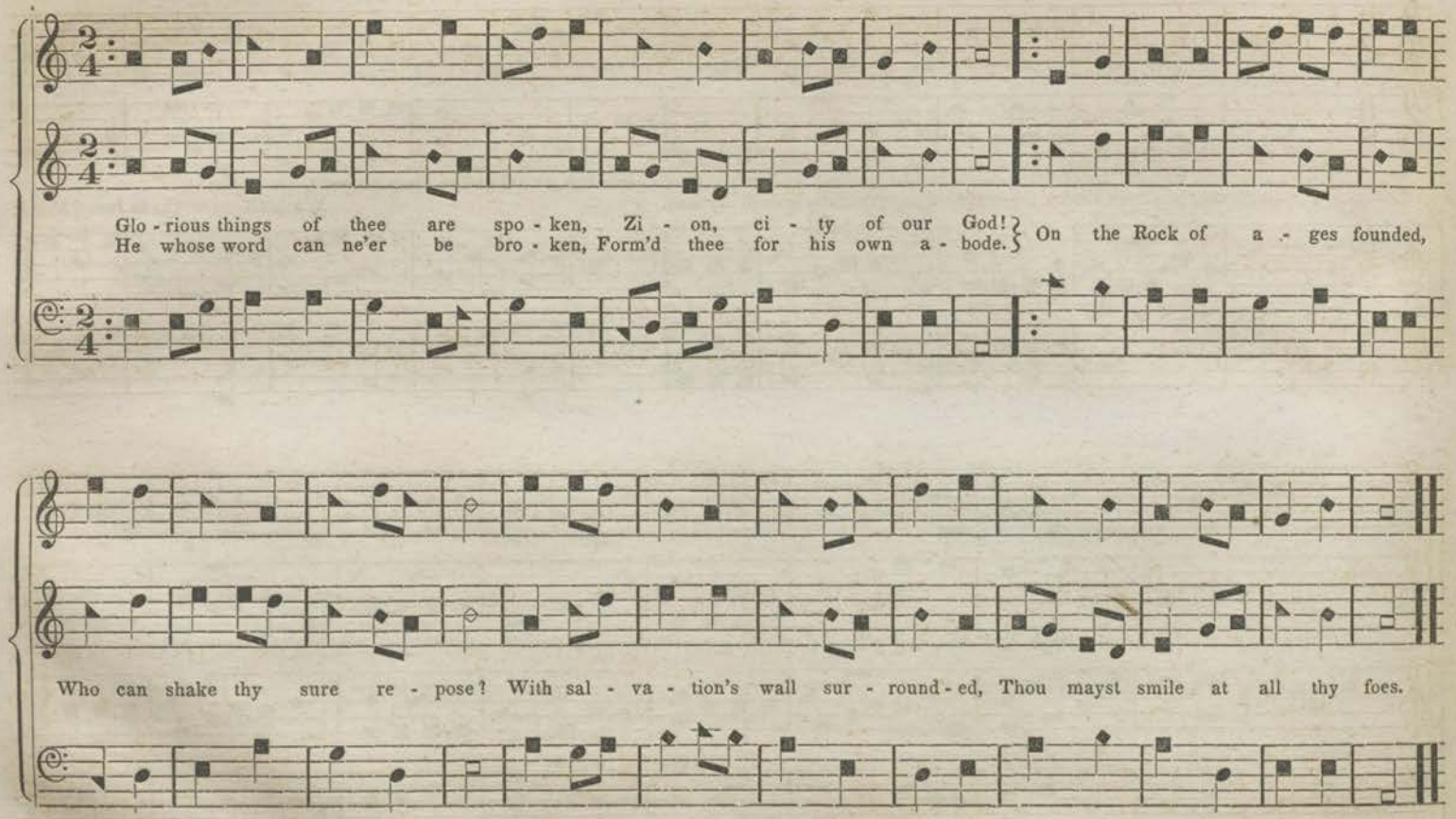
HALLELUJAH. C. M.

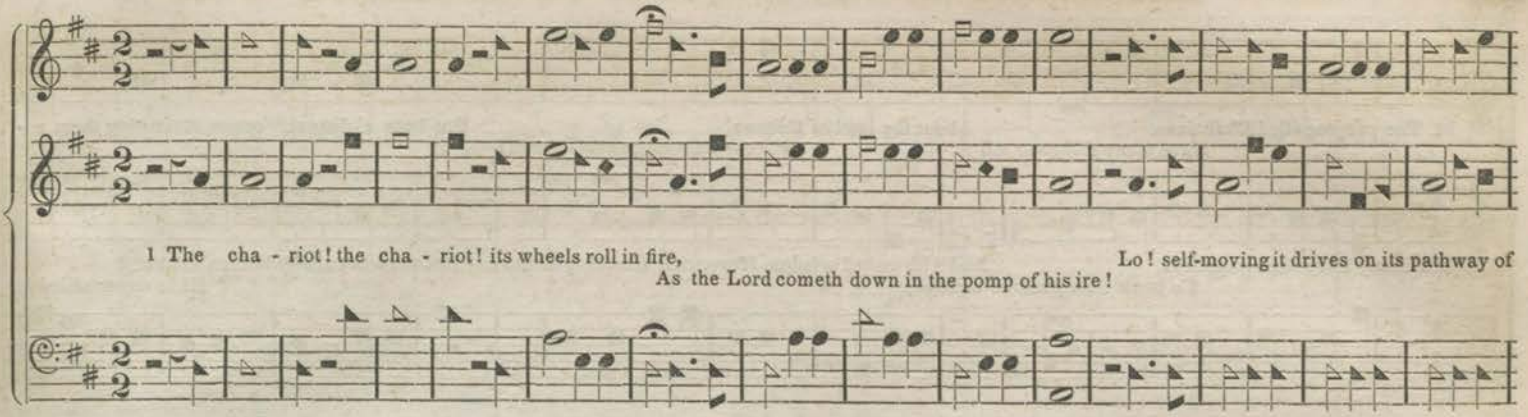
Dover Selection, p. 169.

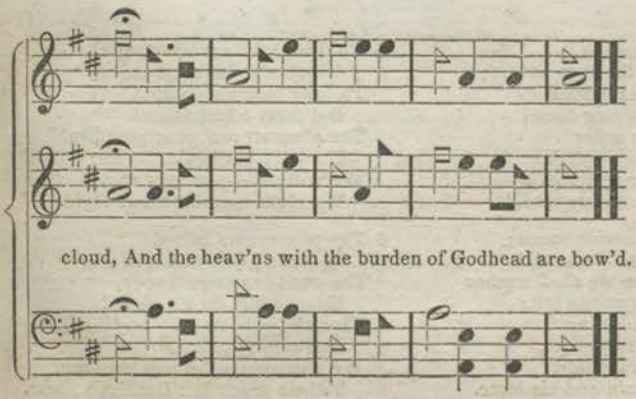

1
2
CHORUS.
And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.

Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word; } Though we are guil-ty, thou art good,
All that has been a-miss forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live. } Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give eve-ry fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace.

JEFFERSON. 8, 7.


Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
On the Rock of a - ges founded,
Who can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.


1 The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire,
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!

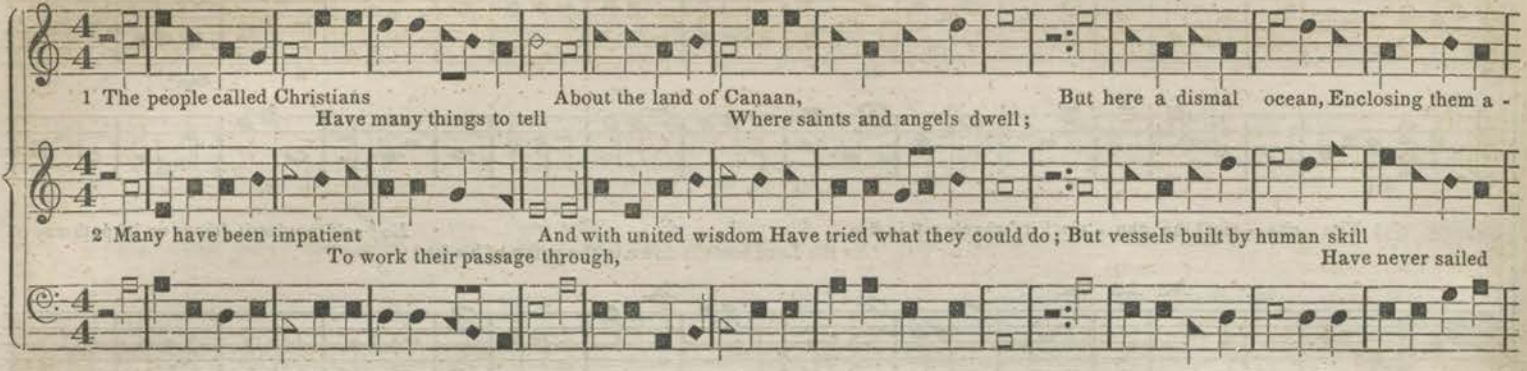


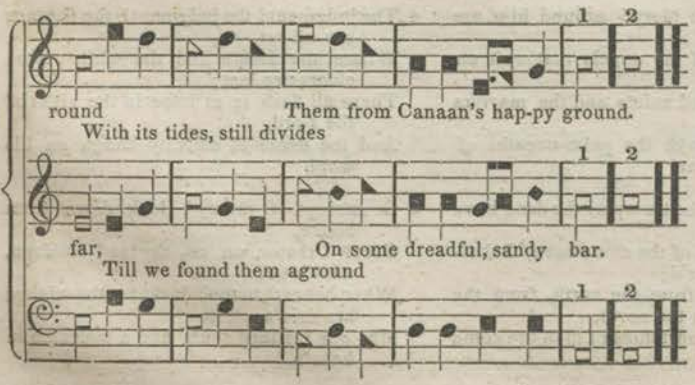
2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.


1 The people called Christians About the land of Canaan, But here a dismal ocean, Enclosing them a -
Have many things to tell Where saints and angels dwell;
2 Many have been impatient And with united wisdom Have tried what they could do; But vessels built by human skill
To work their passage through, Have never sailed


1 2
round Them from Canaan's hap-py ground.
With its tides, still divides
1 2
far, On some dreadful, sandy bar.
Till we found them aground
1 2

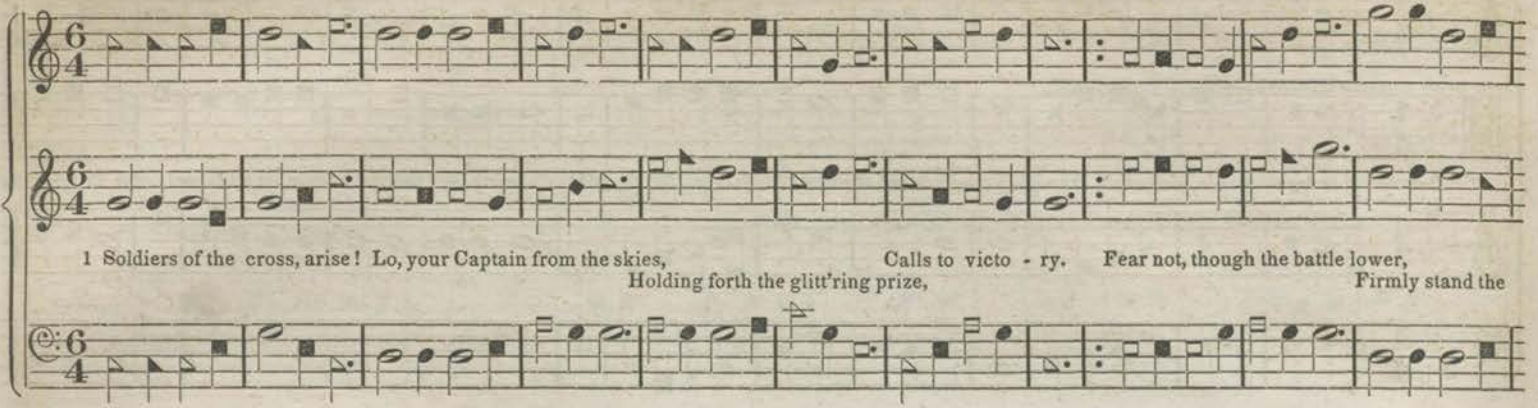
3 The everlasting gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Around the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land."

4 We're now on the wide ocean;
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order peace and love;—
The wind is in our favour,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempests and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come To hear his
justice, and the sin - ner's doom: But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye an - gels, from their distant lands.


1 Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo, your Captain from the skies,
Calls to victo - ry. Fear not, though the battle lower,
Holding forth the glitt'ring prize,
Firmly stand the
trying hour, Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r, Spurn his slavery.

2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;—
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners, turn and live!
Here is freedom worth the name;
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame;
God the crown will give.

1 Good morning, brother pilgrim, What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you towards Jerusalem, To join the heav'nly host?
Pray, wherefore are you smiling, While tears run down your face?
We soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heav'nly place.
And reach that heav'nly place, We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heav'nly place.

2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue.

3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean:
No earthly joy shall charm us
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us
In the distressing day.

4 The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And, in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

5 With streams of consolation,
We're fill'd as with new wine;
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine:
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above,
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love.

THE SAINTS' DELIGHT.

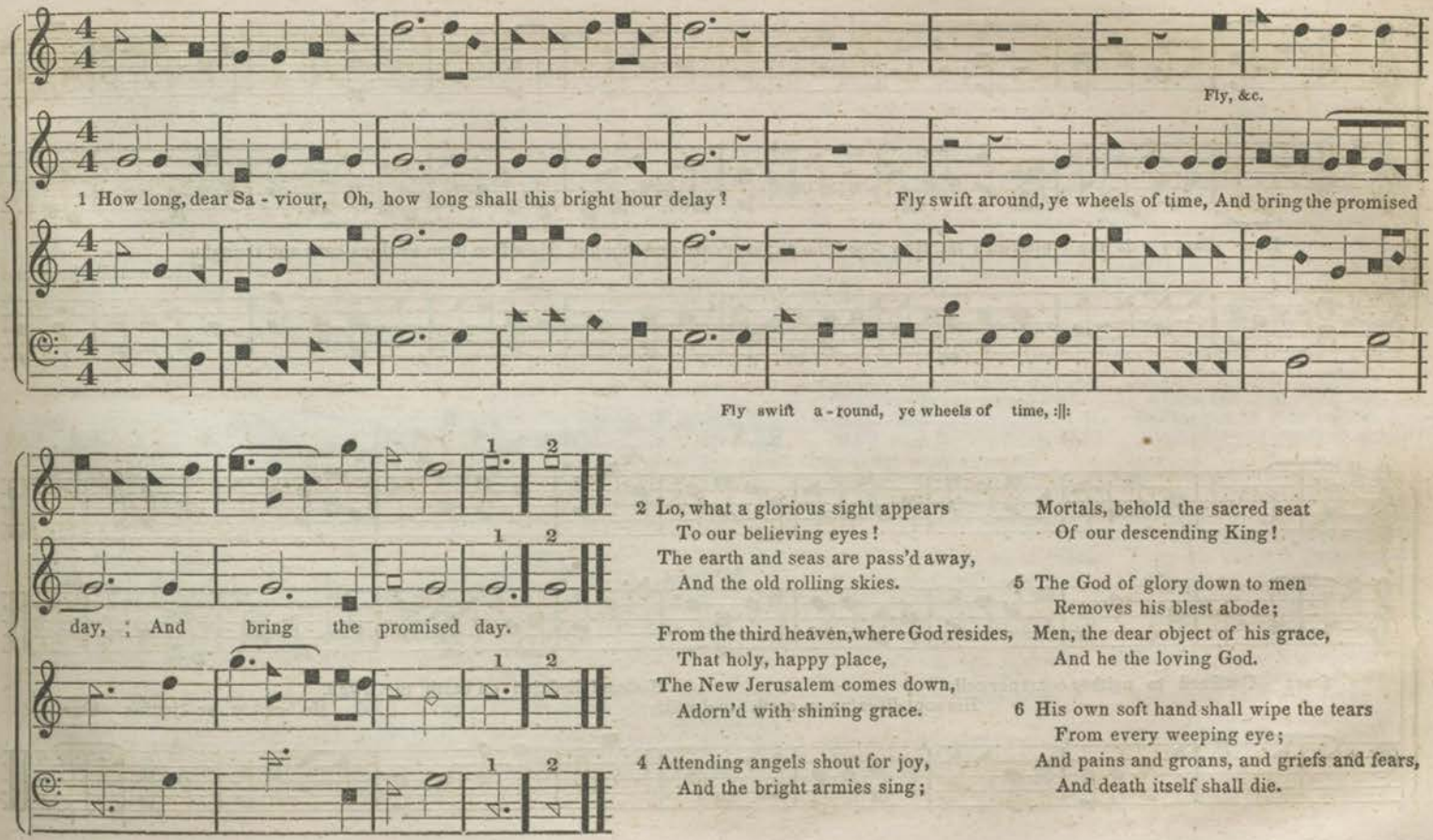
65th hymn, 2d b. Watts *F. Price.*

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home. I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home.
1
2

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.


Fly, &c.
1 How long, dear Sa - viour, Oh, how long shall this bright hour delay! Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised
Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, :||:
day, ; And bring the promised day.

2 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

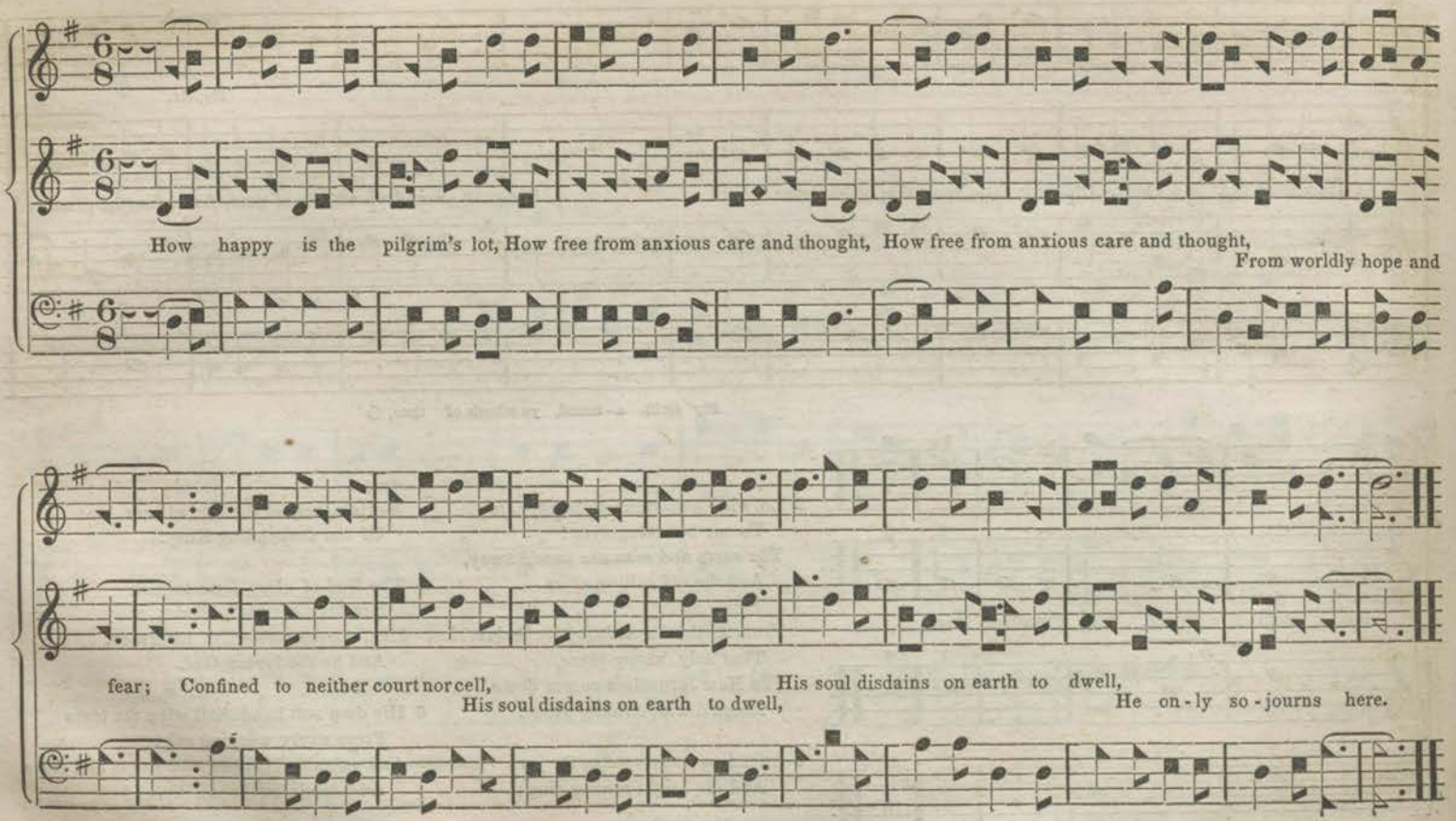
4 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!

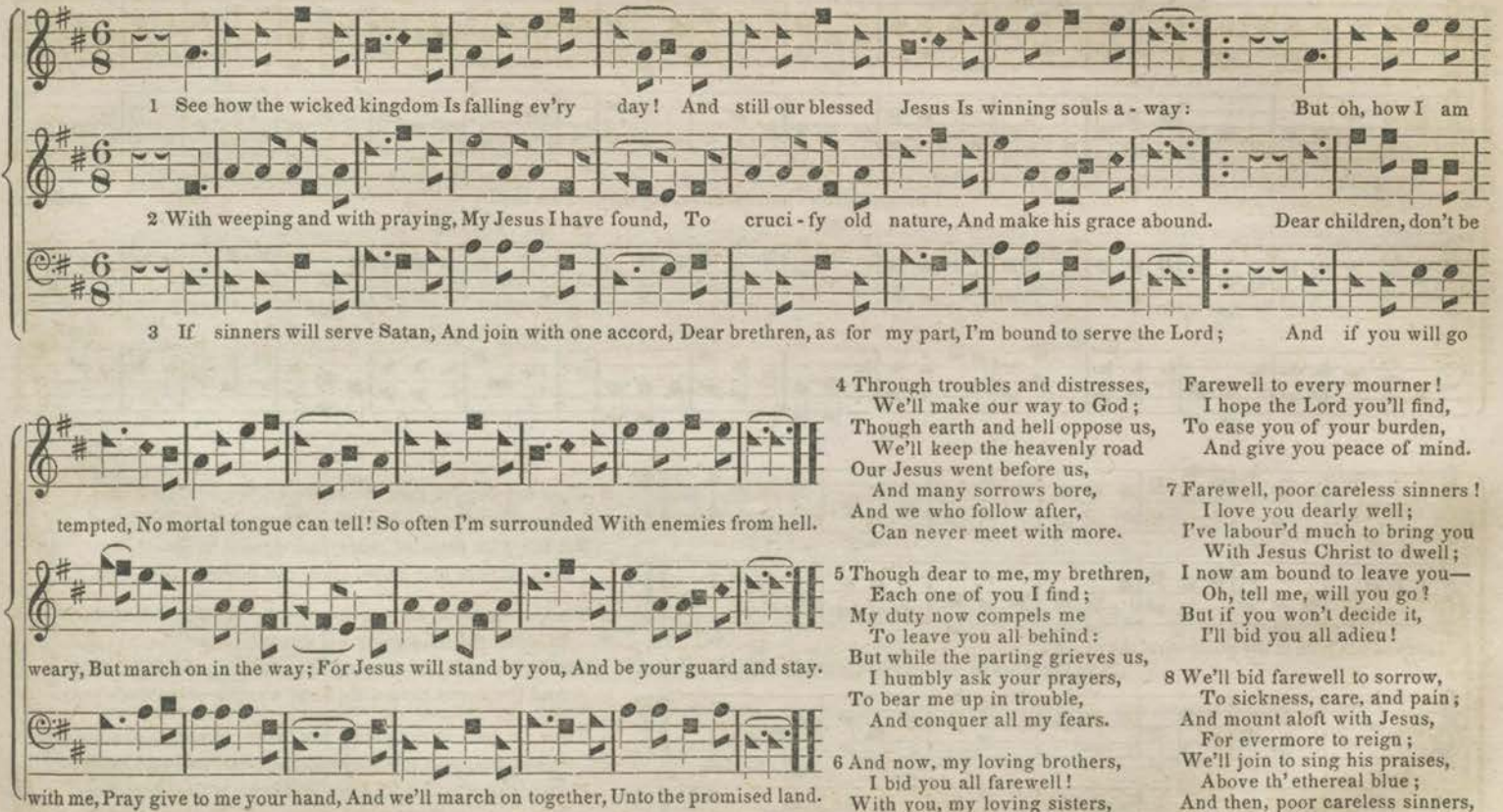
5 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear object of his grace,
And he the loving God.

6 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.

THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 224. *A. Gramblin.*


How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought, How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and
fear; Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He on-ly so-journs here.


1 See how the wicked kingdom Is falling ev'ry day! And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a - way: But oh, how I am
2 With weeping and with praying, My Jesus I have found, To cruci - fy old nature, And make his grace abound. Dear children, don't be
3 If sinners will serve Satan, And join with one accord, Dear brethren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve the Lord; And if you will go
tempted, No mortal tongue can tell! So often I'm surrounded With enemies from hell.
weary, But march on in the way; For Jesus will stand by you, And be your guard and stay.
with me, Pray give to me your hand, And we'll march on together, Unto the promised land.

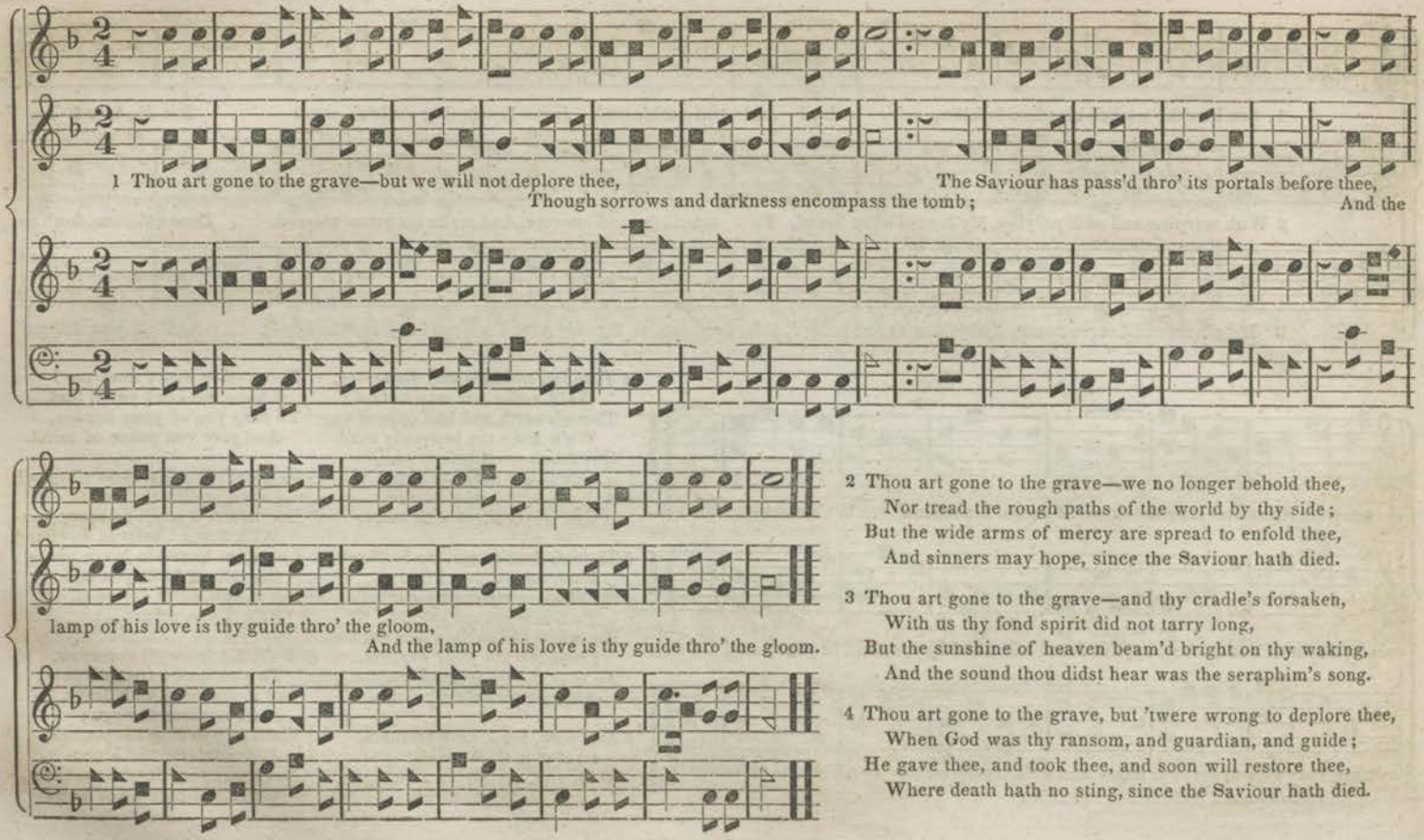
4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Though dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find;
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you, my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell;
I now am bound to leave you—
Oh, tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

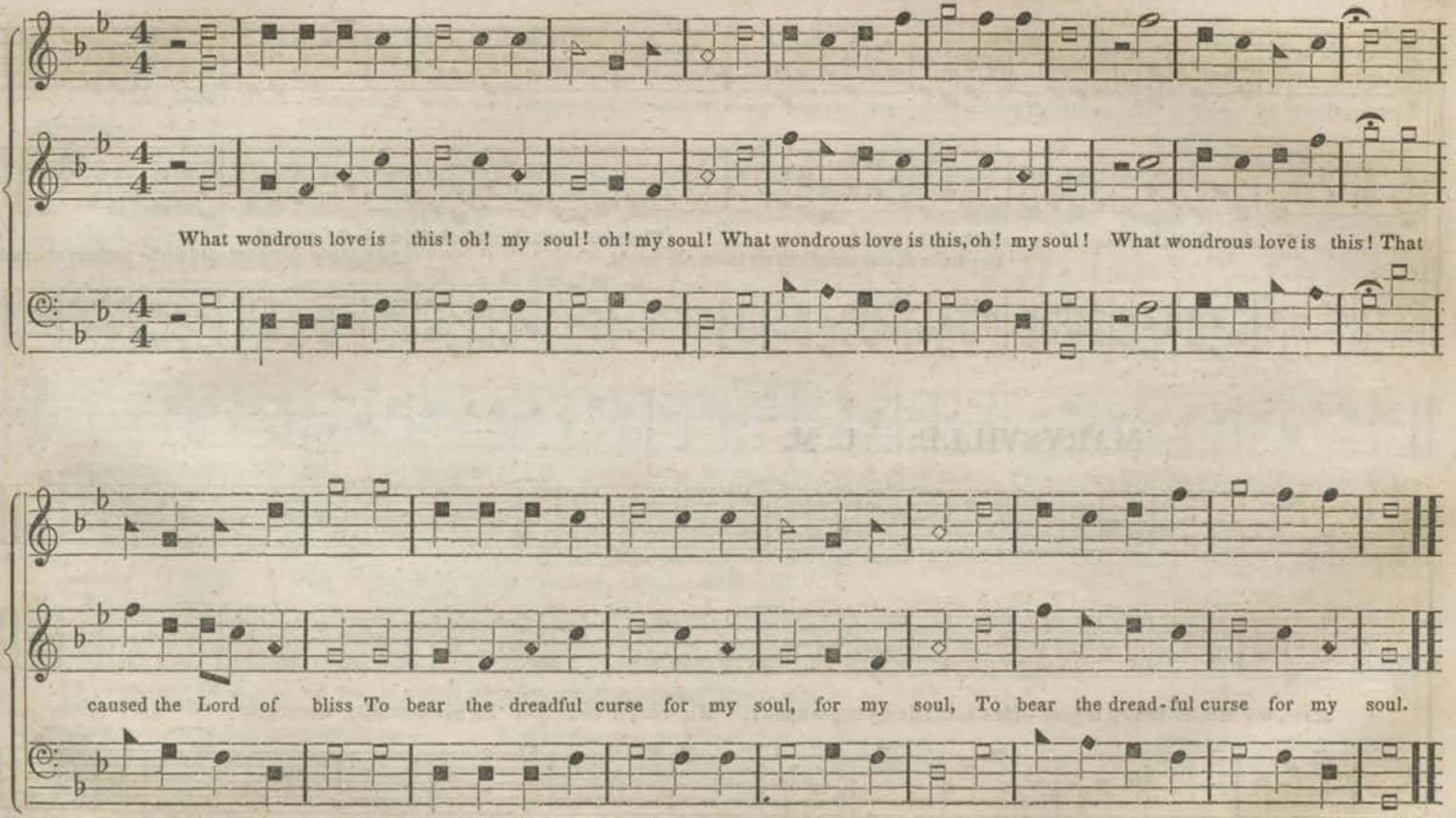
8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain;
And mount aloft with Jesus,
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above th' ethereal blue;
And then, poor careless sinners,
What will become of you?

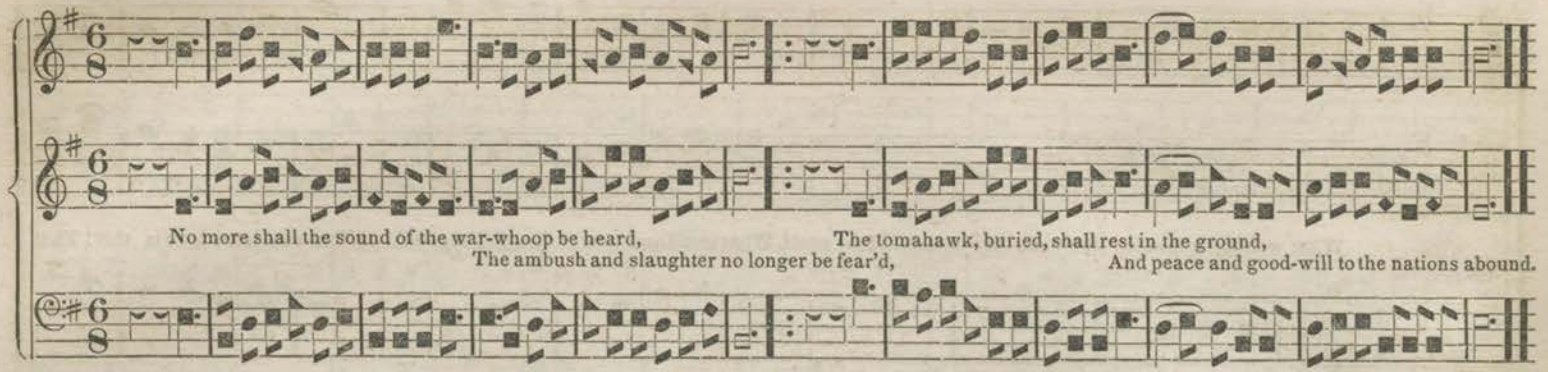

1 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd thro' its portals before thee,
And the
lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

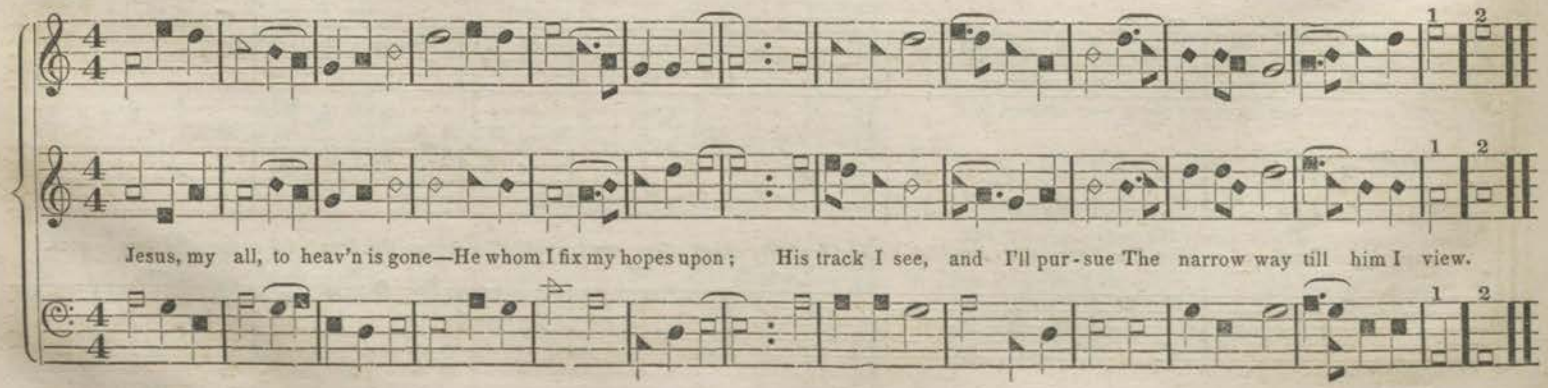
3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

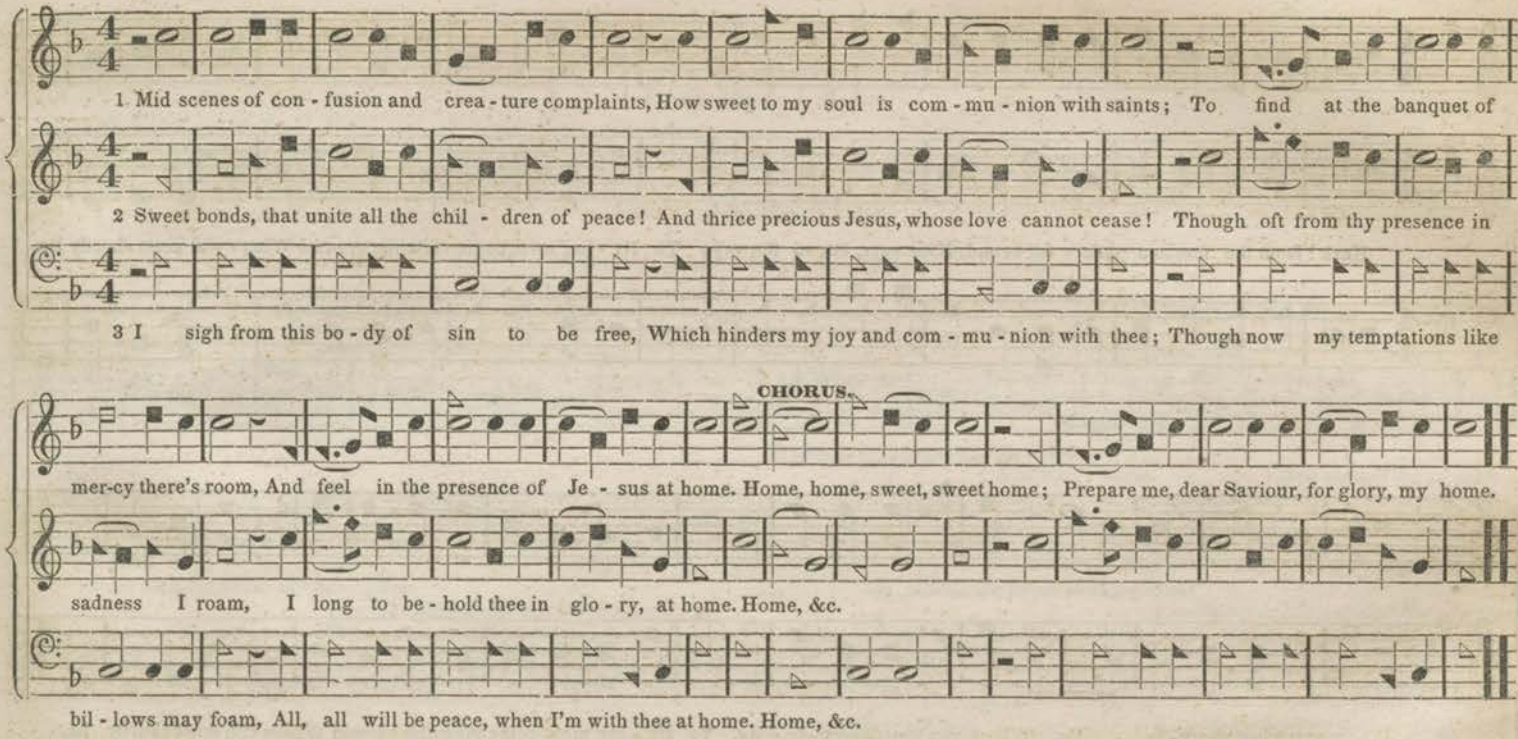
4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.


What wondrous love is this! oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That
caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.


No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd,
The tomahawk, buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

MARYSVILLE. L. M.




1 Mid scenes of con - fusion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the banquet of
2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though oft from thy presence in
3 I sigh from this bo - dy of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com - mu - nion with thee; Though now my temptations like
CHORUS.
mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
sadness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, &c.
bil - lows may foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, &c.

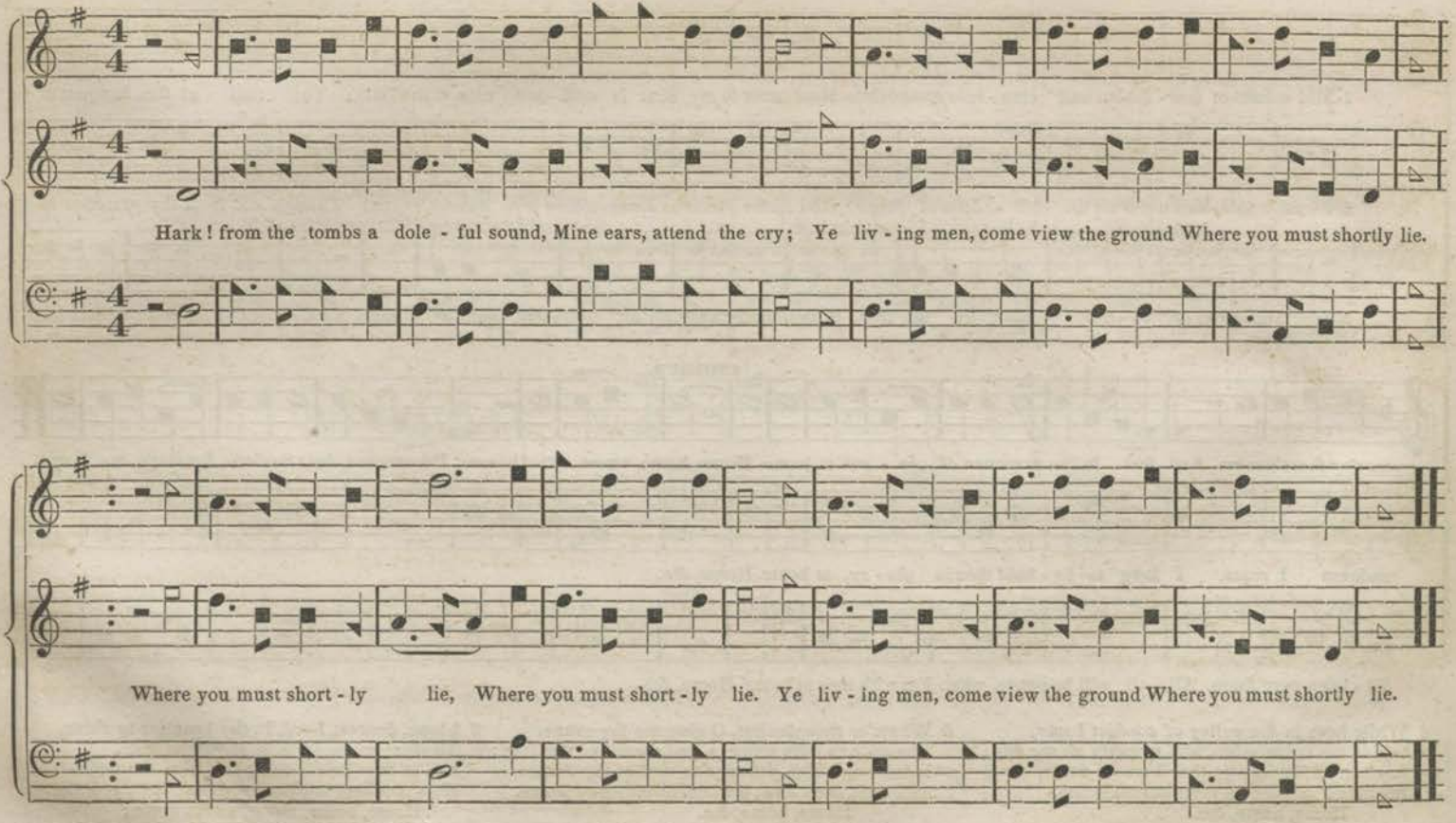
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

PLENARY. C. M.

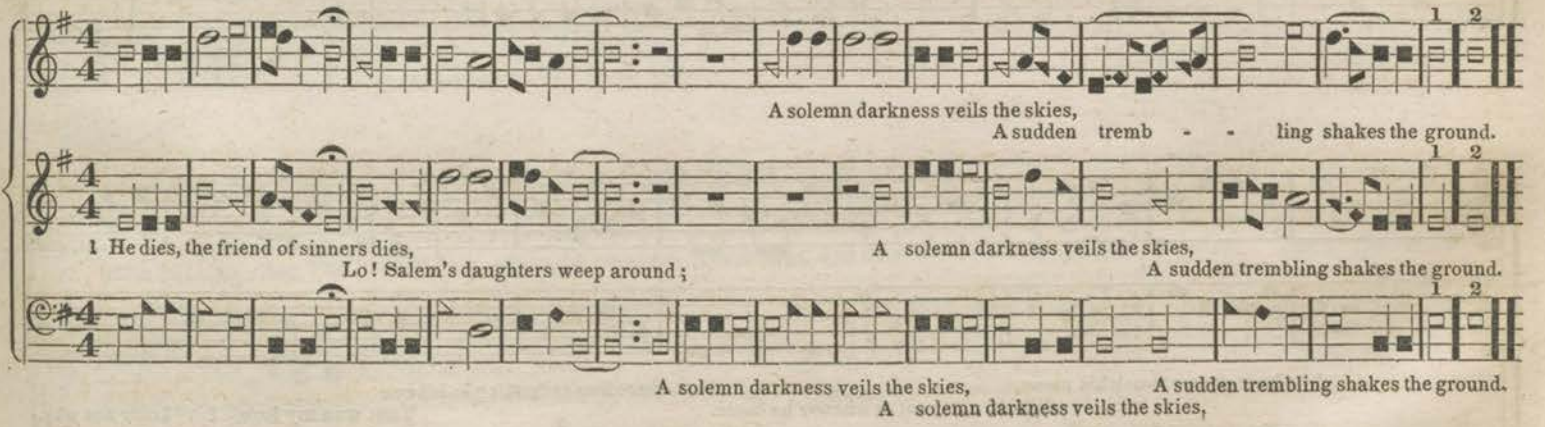
A. Clark.


Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
Where you must short - ly lie, Where you must short - ly lie. Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

PART II.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SINGING SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

MORNING. L. M. Psalmist, 232d Hymn.


A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden tremb - - ling shakes the ground.
1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
A solemn darkness veils the skies,

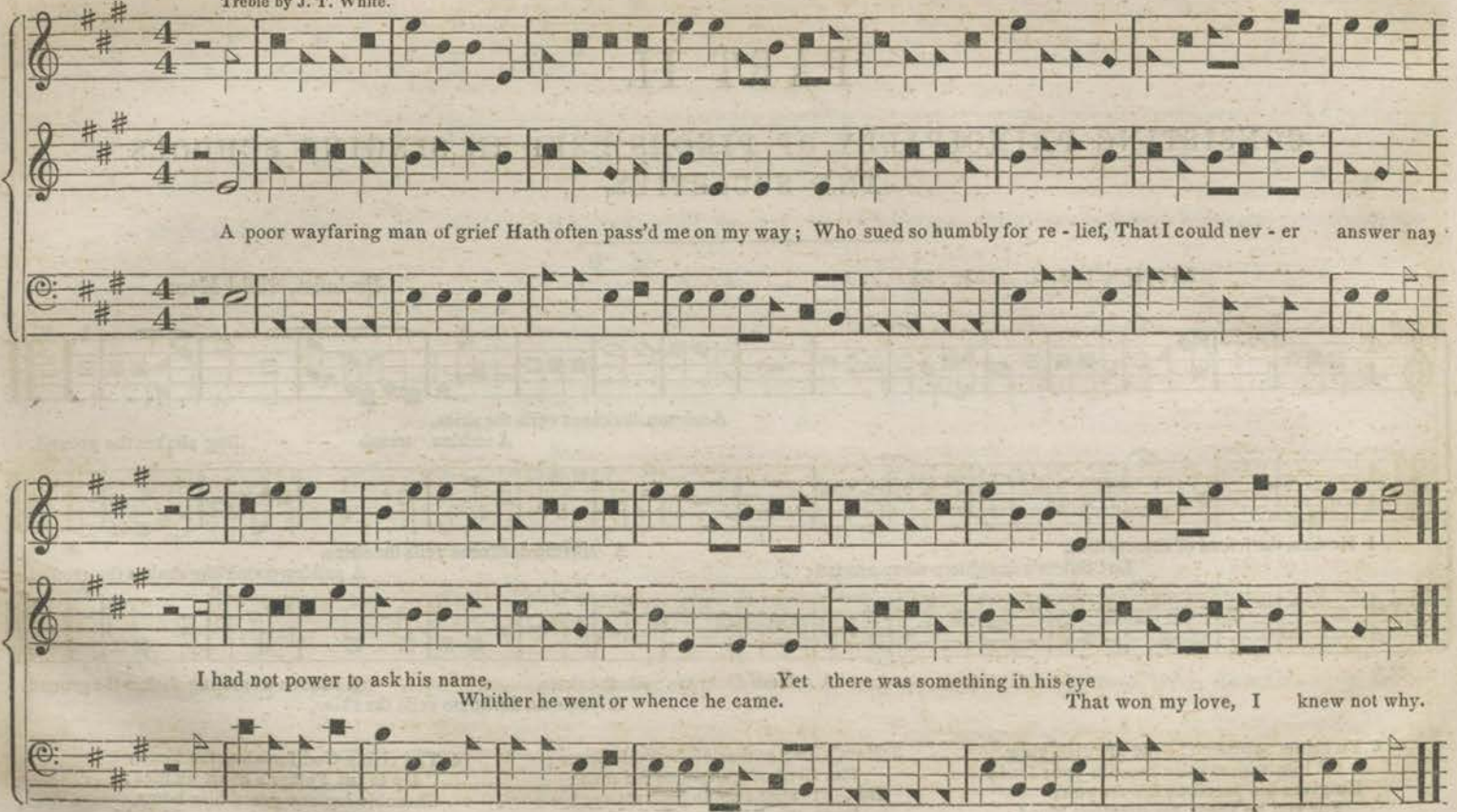
2 Ye saints approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

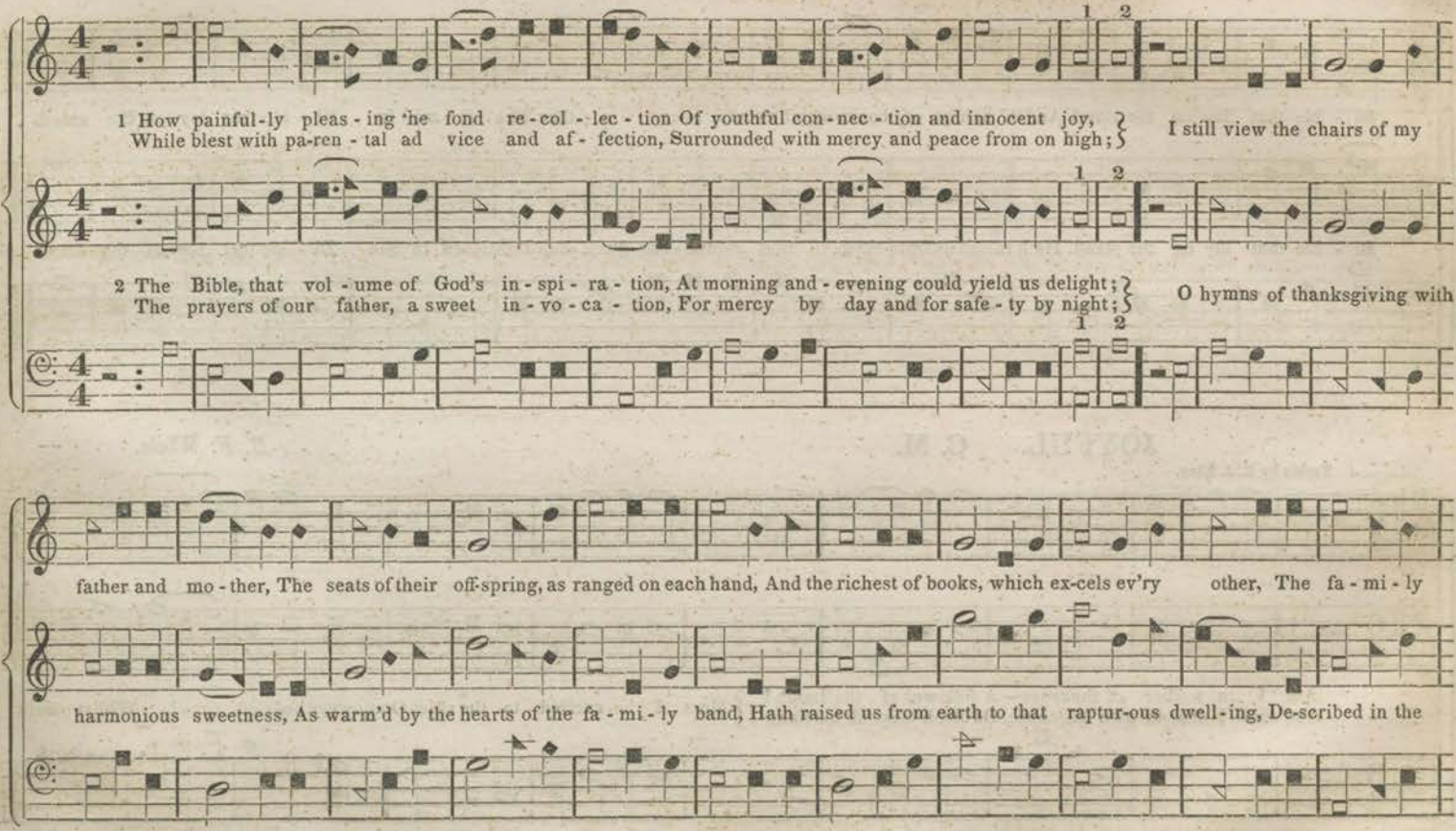
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

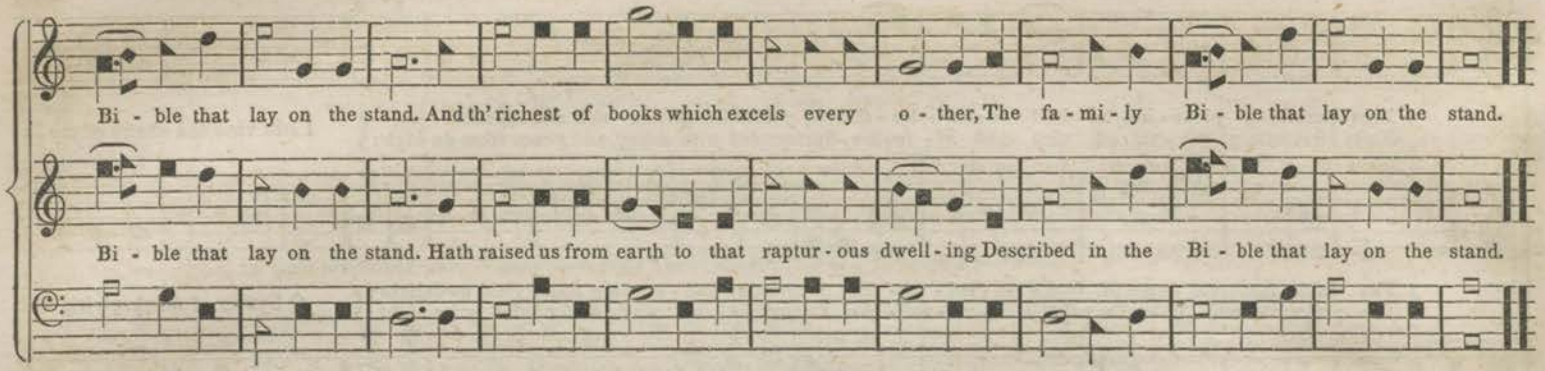
4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

Treble by J. T. White.


A poor wayfaring man of grief Hath often pass'd me on my way; Who sued so humbly for re - lief, That I could nev - er answer nay
I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came.
Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

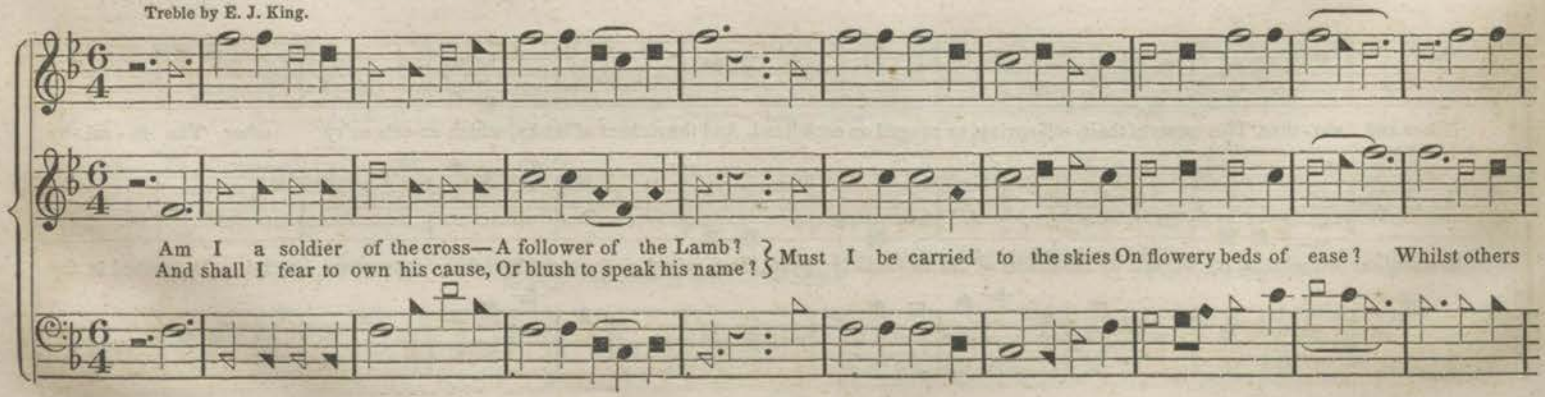

1 How painful-ly pleas - ing the fond re - col - lec - tion Of youthful con - nec - tion and innocent joy,
While blest with pa-ren - tal ad vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my
2 The Bible, that vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morning and - evening could yield us delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet in - vo - ca - tion, For mercy by day and for safe - ty by night;
O hymns of thanksgiving with
father and mo - ther, The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand, And the richest of books, which ex-cels ev'ry other, The fa - mi - ly
harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the fa - mi - ly band, Hath raised us from earth to that raptur-ous dwell-ing, De-scribed in the


Bi - ble that lay on the stand. And th' richest of books which excels every o - ther, The fa - mi - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
Bi - ble that lay on the stand. Hath raised us from earth to that raptur - ous dwell - ing Described in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

JOYFUL. C. M.

B. F. White.

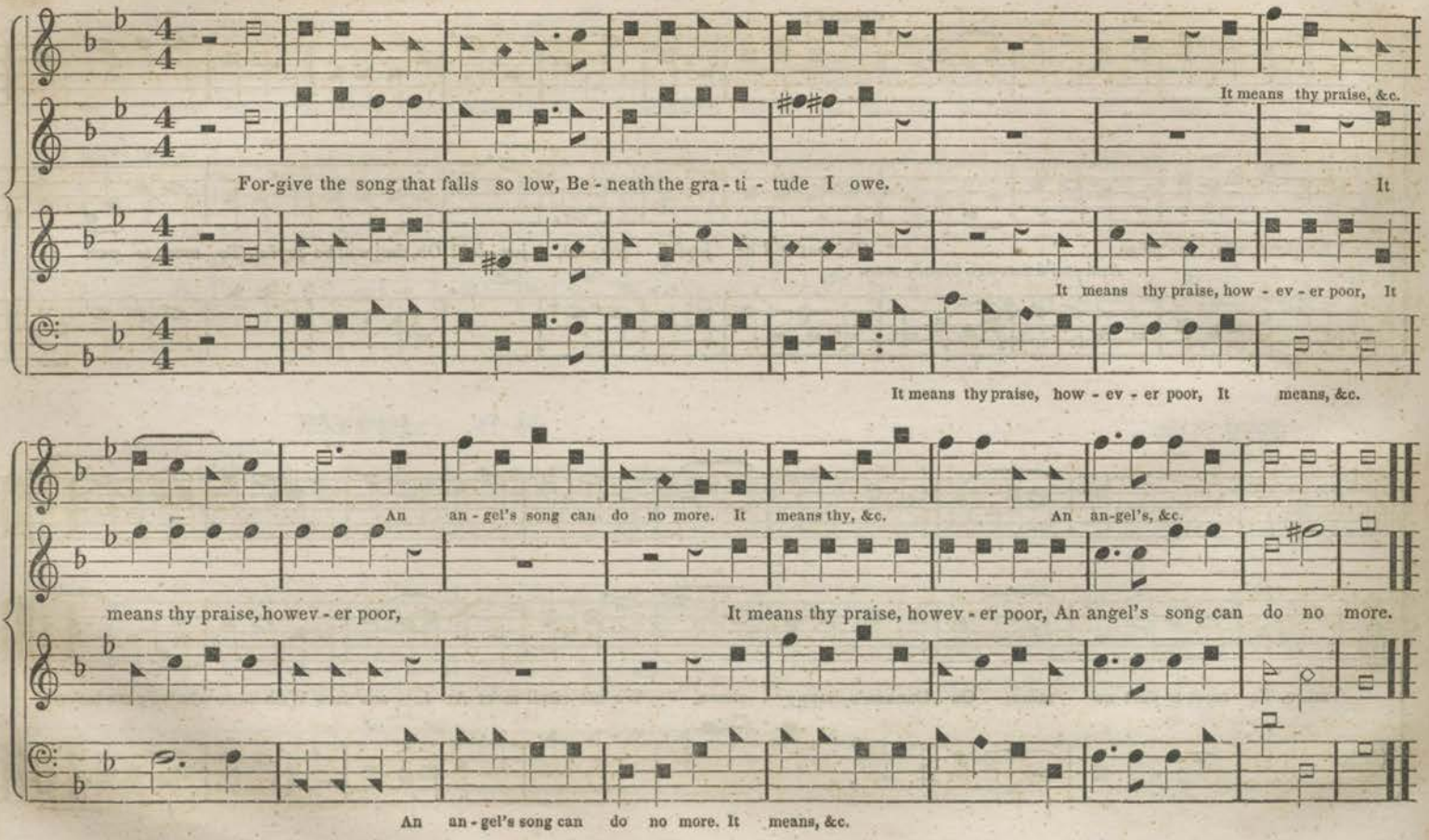
Treble by E. J. King.


Am I a soldier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease? Whilst others

CHORUS.

fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas. Oh, that will be joyful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh, that will be joyful, To meet to part no more. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,— We all shall meet At Je - sus' feet, With those who've gone before.

COWPER. L. M.


It means thy praise, &c.
For-give the song that falls so low, Be - neath the gra - ti - tude I owe.
It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It means, &c.
An an - gel's song can do no more. It means thy, &c.
An an-gel's, &c.
means thy praise, howev - er poor,
It means thy praise, howev - er poor, An angel's song can do no more.
An an - gel's song can do no more. It means, &c.

Come sound his praise a - broad, And hyms of glo - ry sing, Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni -
ver-sal King, He form'd the deep unknown, He gave the seas their bound, The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

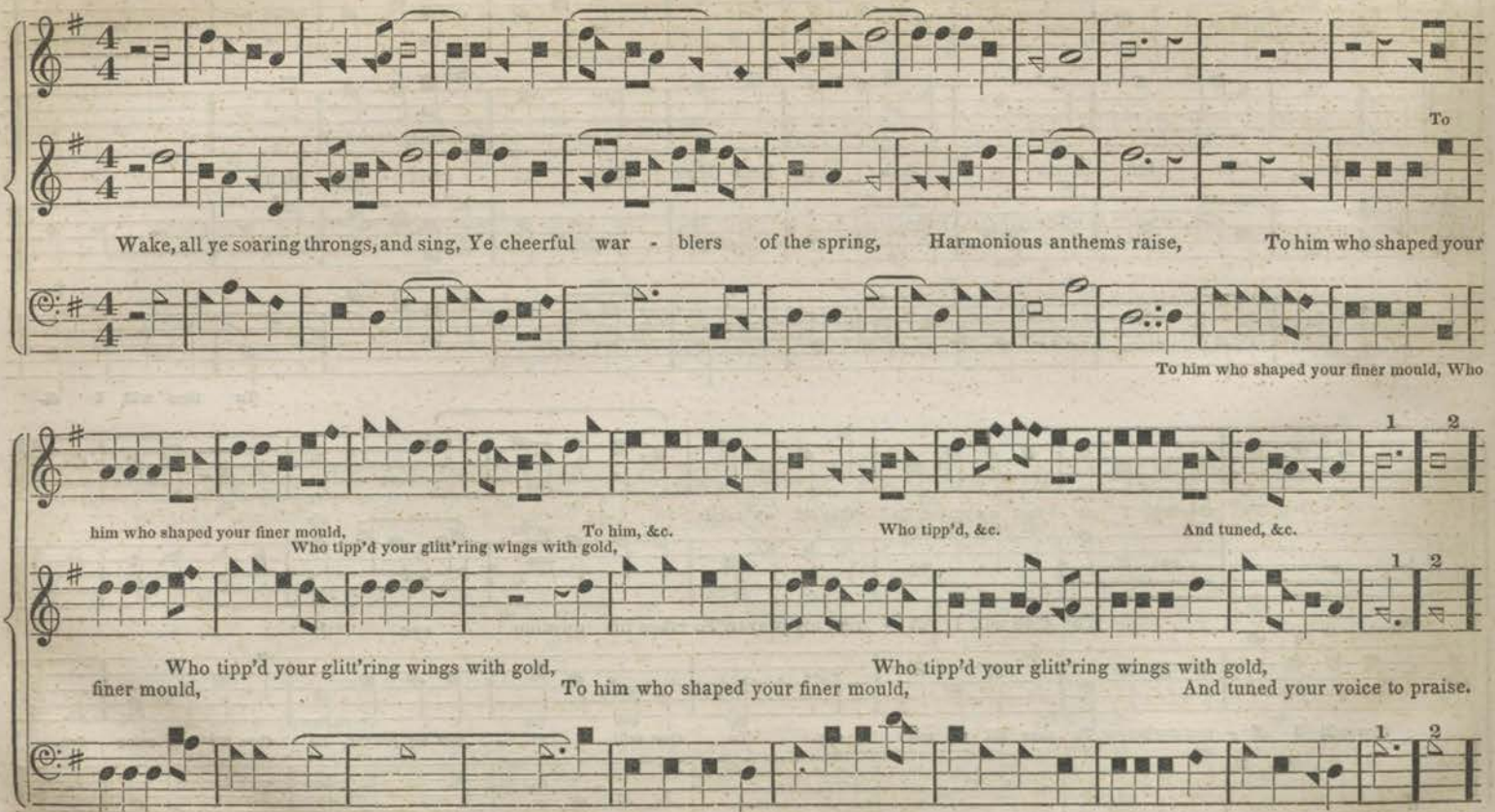
EXHILARATION. L. M.

Dr. T. W. Carter.

CHORUS.

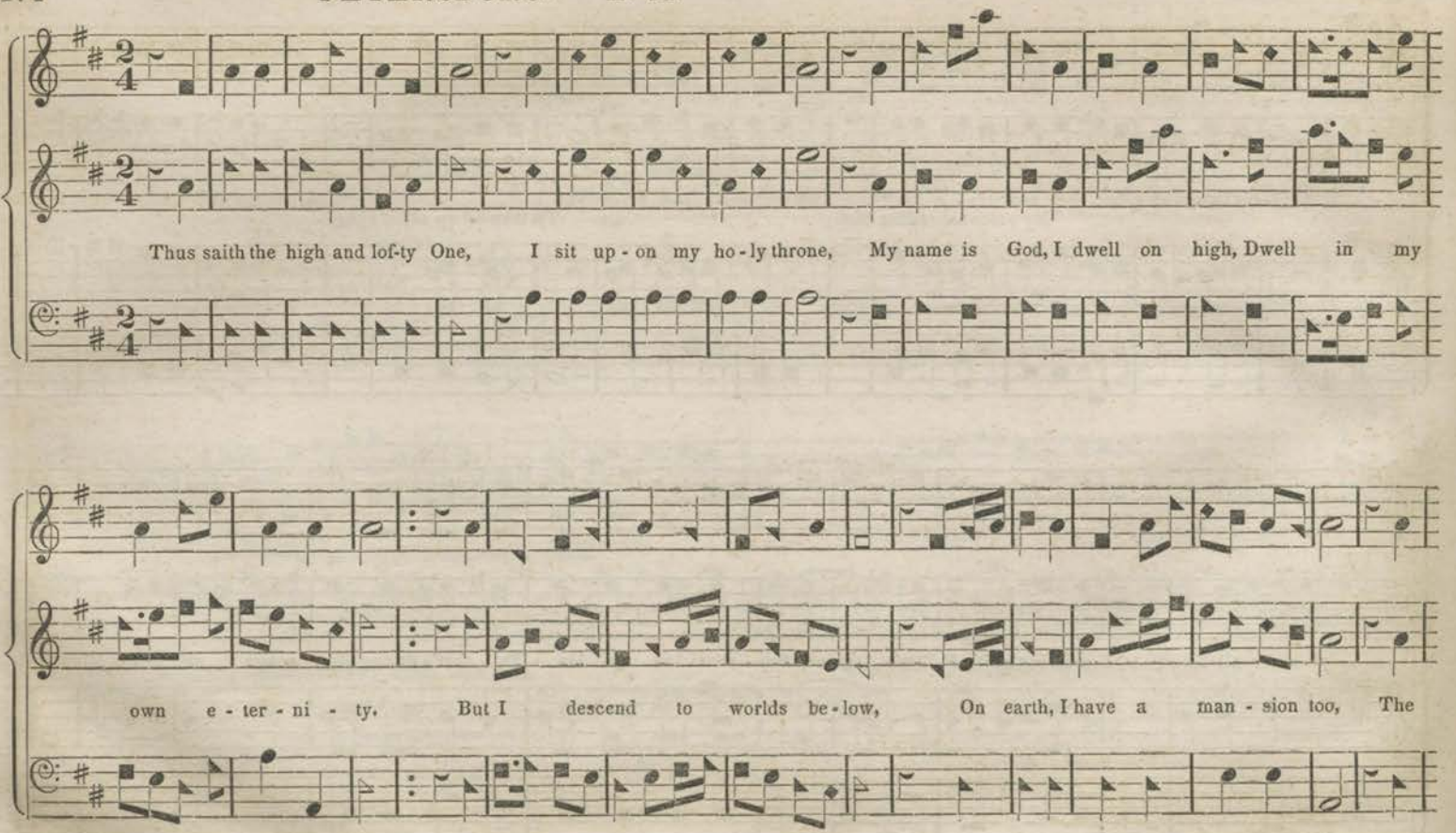
Oh! may I wor - thy prove to see The saints in full pros - per - i - ty. Then my troubles will be over.
To see the bride, the glittering bride, Close seat - ed by her Saviour's side. Then my troubles will be over.
I never shall forget the day when
Jesus wash'd my sins away, And then my troubles will be over, Will be o - ver, Will be over, And re-joicing, And then my troubles will be o - ver.

Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
To
To thee will I di-
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. :‖:
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. :‖:
thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.


To
Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful war - blers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shaped your
To him who shaped your finer mould, Who
1 2
him who shaped your finer mould, To him, &c. Who tipp'd, &c. And tuned, &c.
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
finer mould, To him who shaped your finer mould, And tuned your voice to praise.
tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,

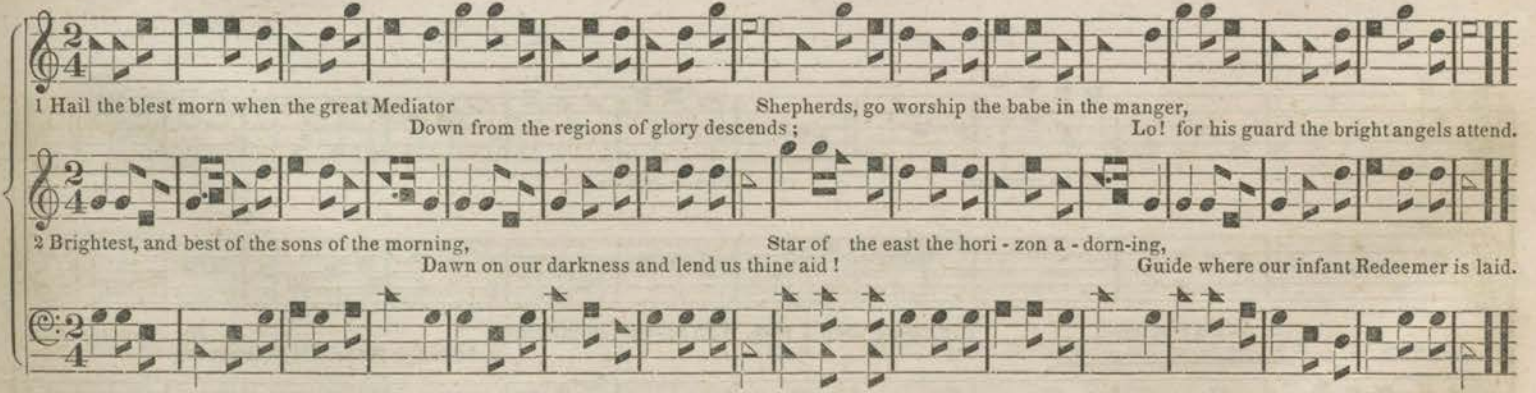
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—
Up to the hills where Christ is gone To
plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.

PETERSBURG. L. M.


Thus saith the high and lof-ty One, I sit up - on my ho - ly throne, My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in my
own e - ter - ni - ty. But I descend to worlds be - low, On earth, I have a man - sion too, The

STAR IN THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

R. Herron.


1 Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
2 Brightest, and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east the hori - zon a - dorn-ing,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

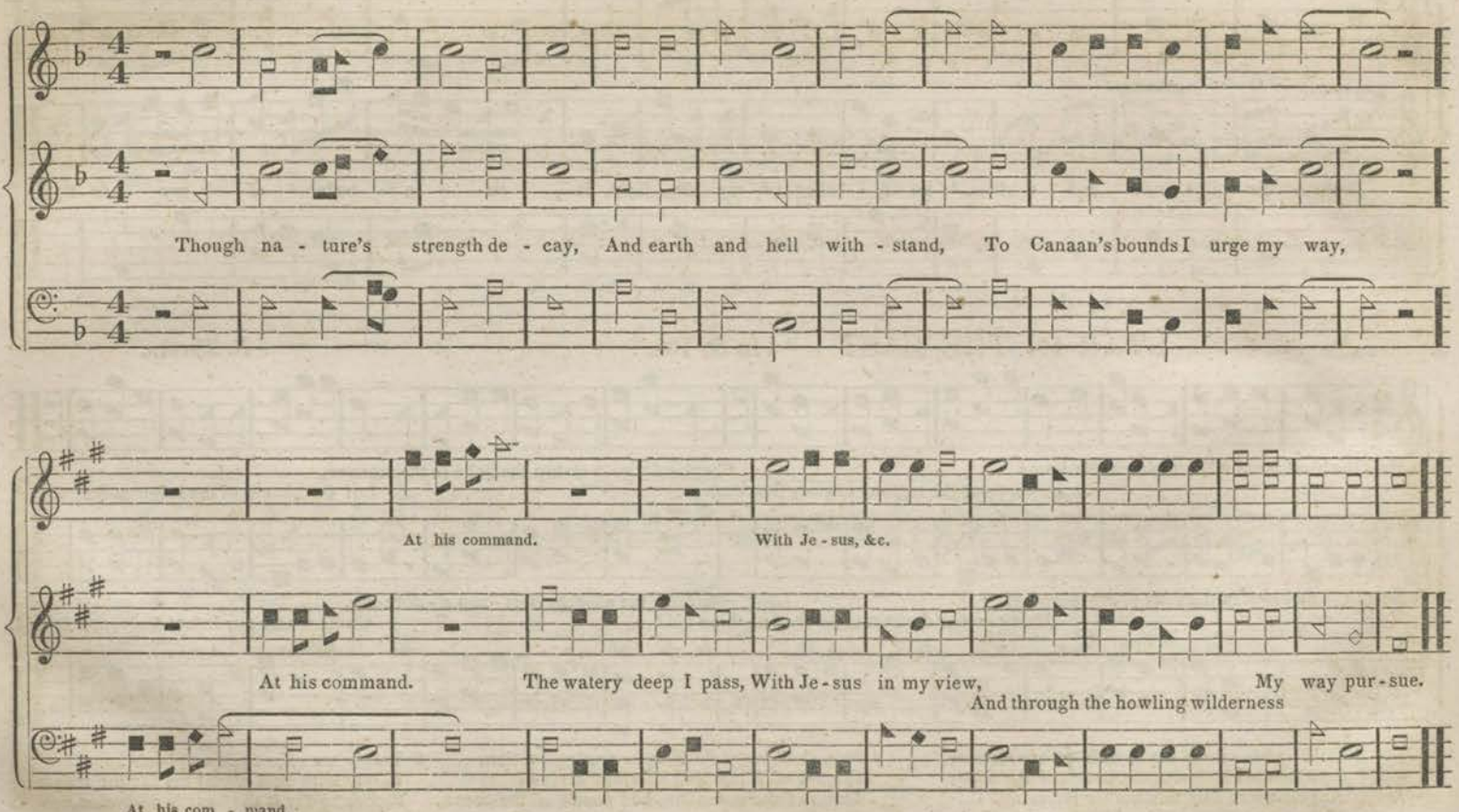
3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

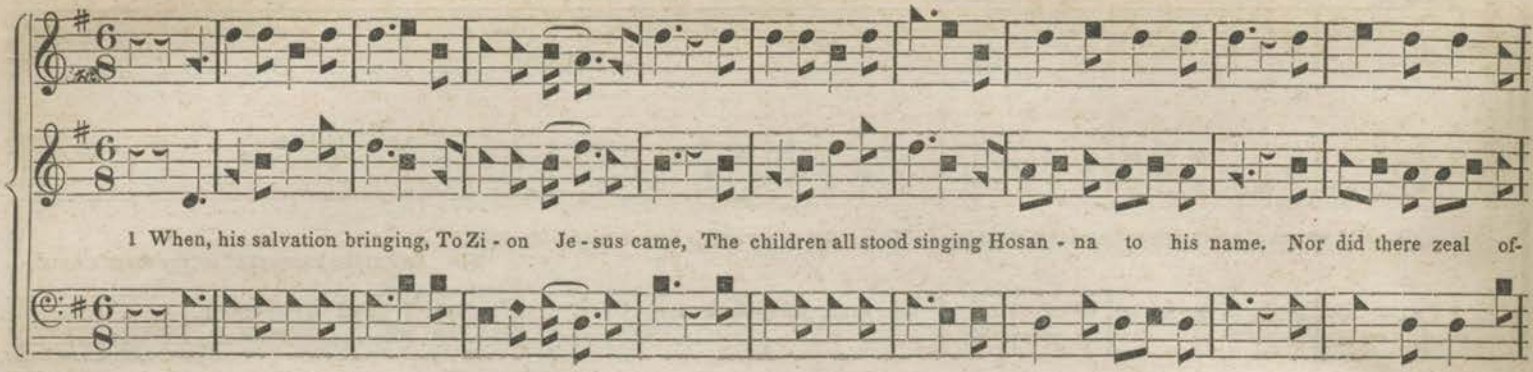
THE GOODLY LAND. P. M.

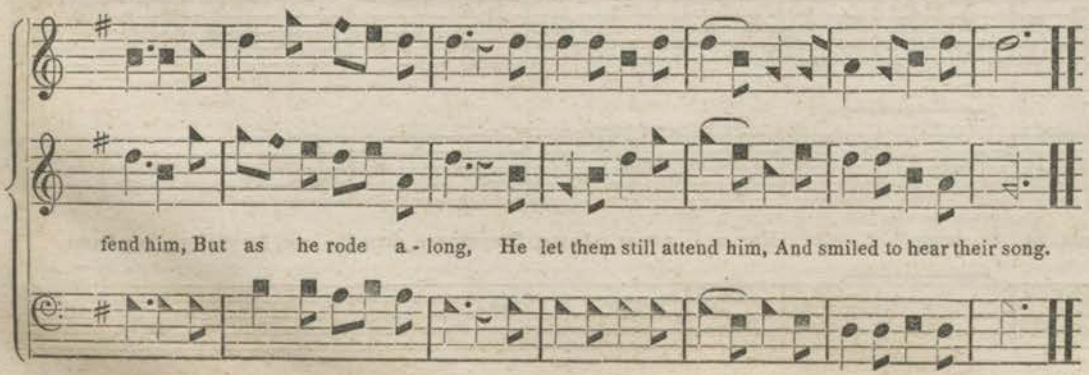
Zion Songster, p. 11. *J. T. White.*


Though na - ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command. With Je - sus, &c.
At his command. The watery deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, My way pur - sue.
And through the howling wilderness
At his com - mand.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

HOSANNA. 7s, 6s.





2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

1 I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve;
And I am re - solved to re - gard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move.
I know I must go through great tribulation,
And many sore conflicts on ev-e - ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spirit, And I shall be a - ble for - ev - er to stand.

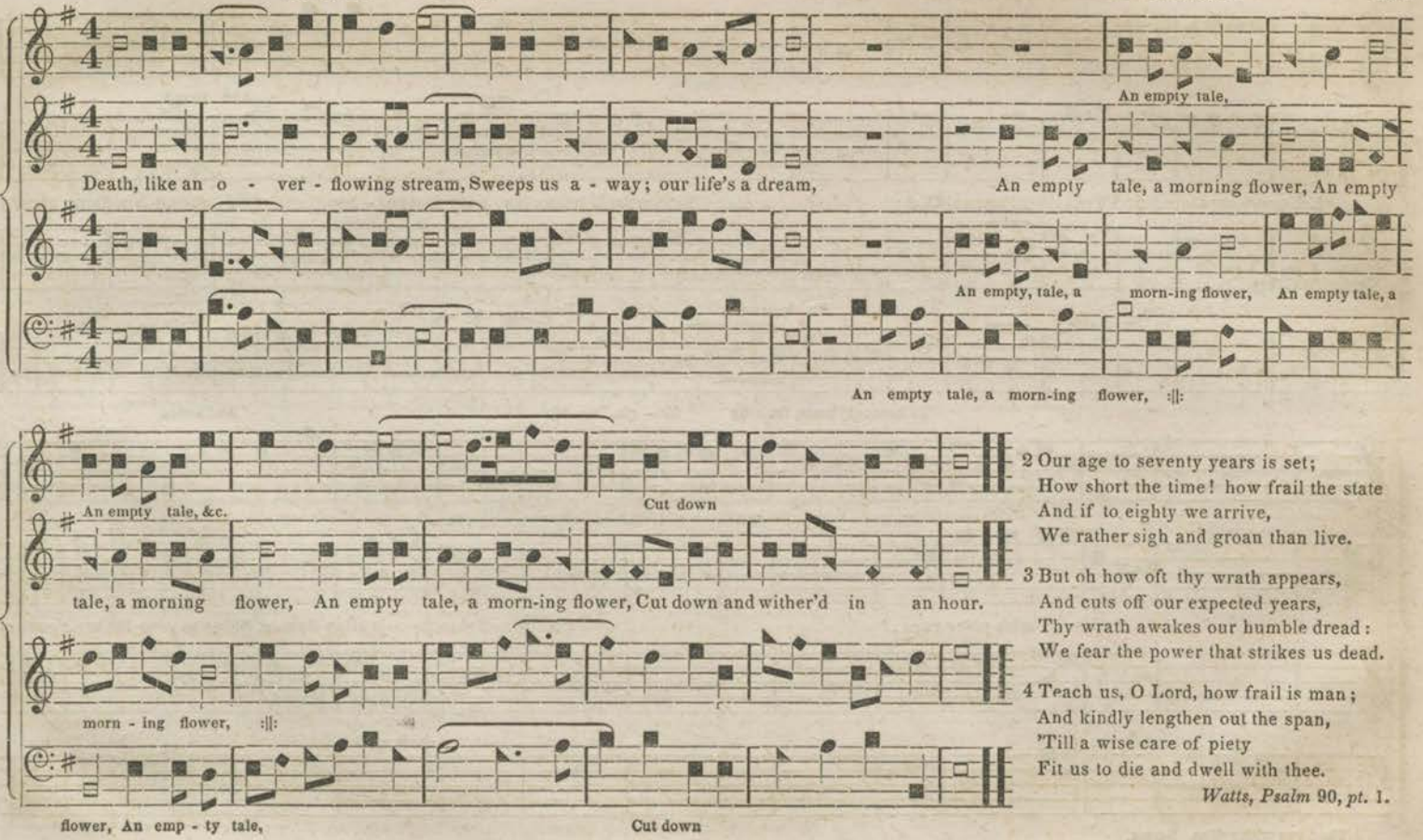
2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle,
And help me my enemies all to subdue.
If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end;
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be.
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine,
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

VERMONT. C. M. D.

In vain we lavish out our lives, To ga = ther emp - ty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.
Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.


An empty tale,
Death, like an o - ver - flowing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty
An empty, tale, a morn-ing flower, An empty tale, a
An empty tale, a morn-ing flower, :||:
An empty tale, &c.
Cut down
tale, a morning flower, An empty tale, a morn-ing flower, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
morn - ing flower, :||:
flower, An emp - ty tale,
Cut down

2 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

3 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

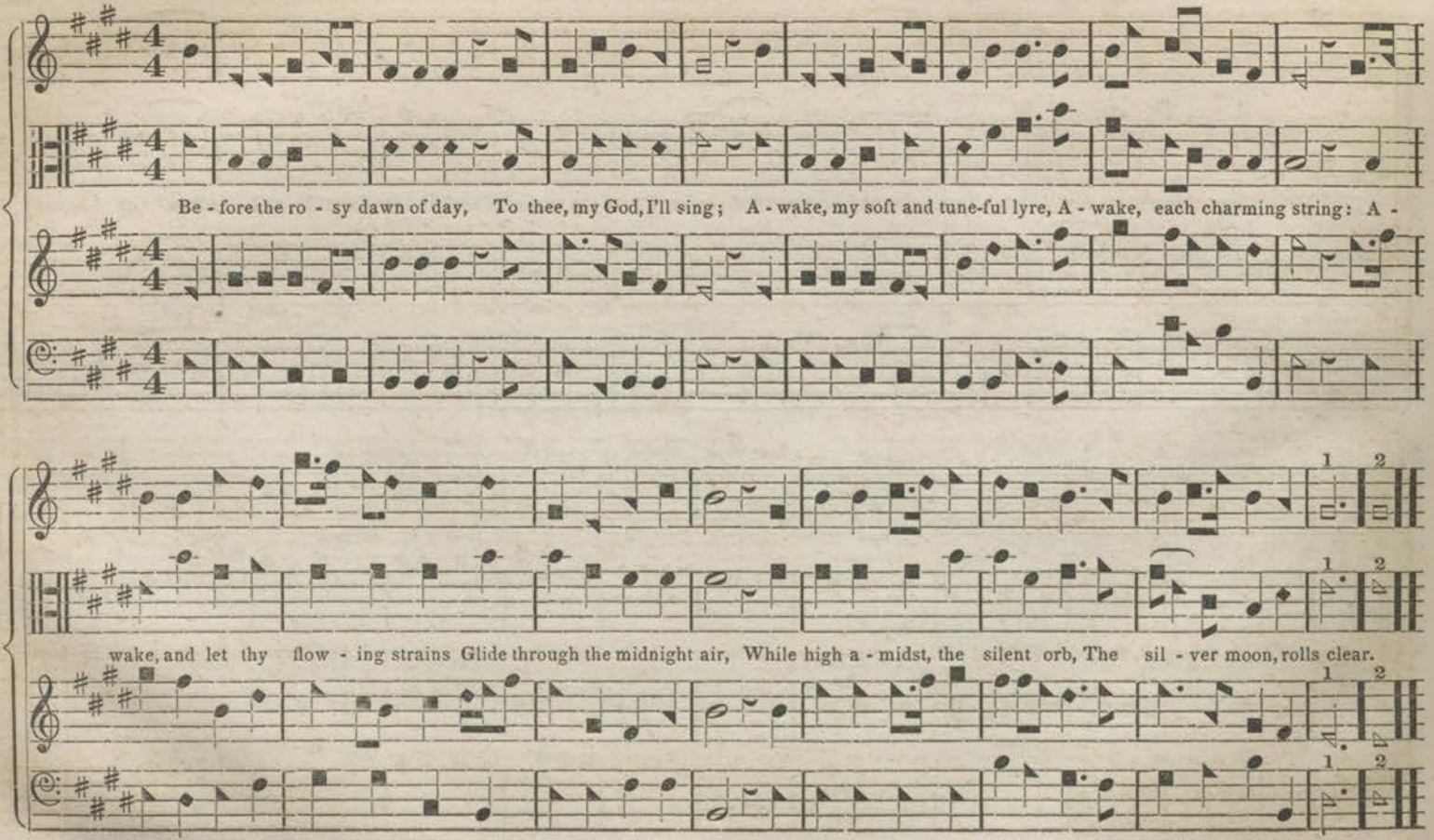
Watts, Psalm 90, *pt.* 1.

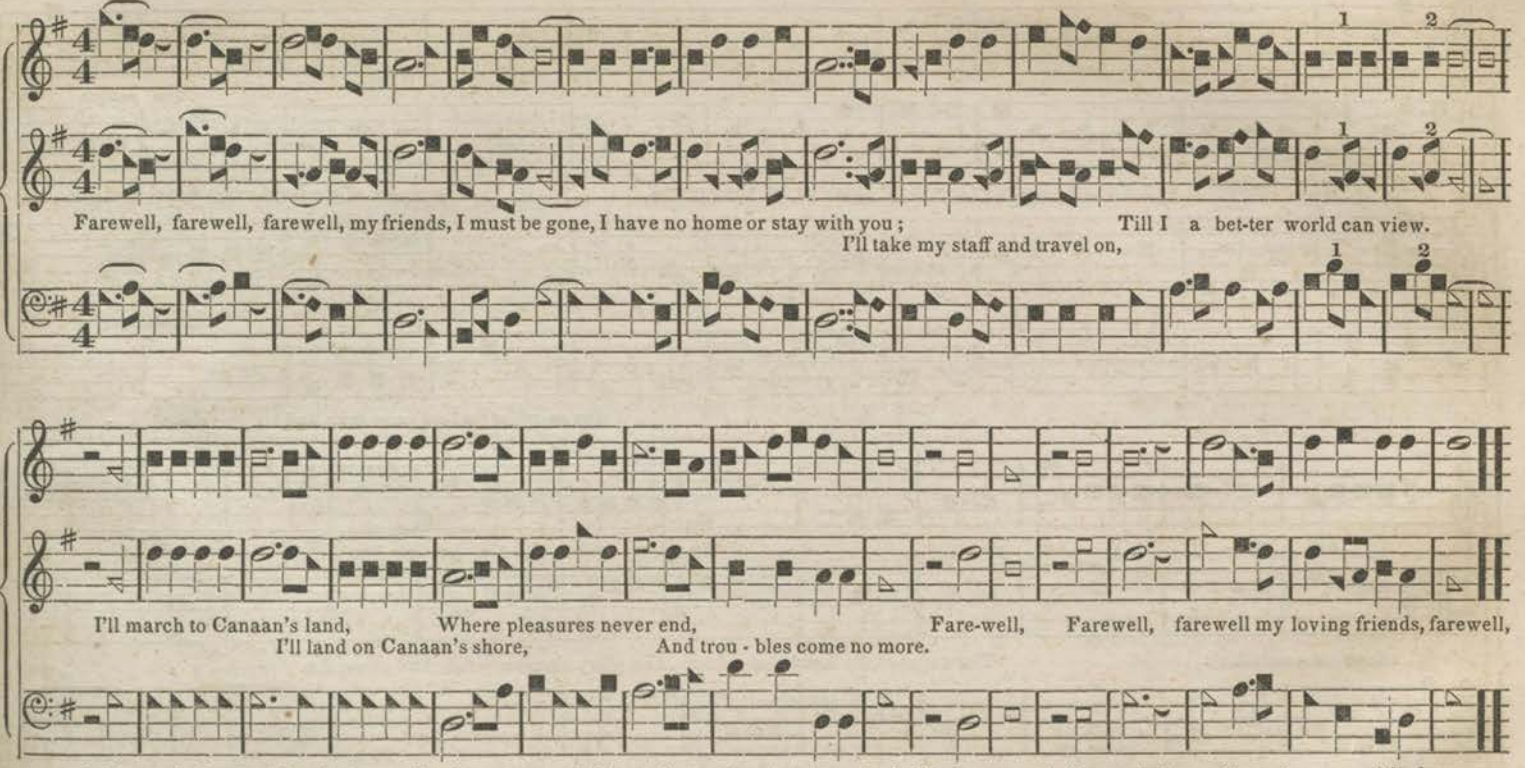
NEWBURGH. S. M.

Ye
And sound
Let every creature join To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name abroad
Ye heaven-ly
Ye
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, :||:
And sound
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise. :||:
And moon with paler rays ;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.
Thou sun with golden beams,

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honour
shine. But, oh, their end, their dreadful end; Thy sanctu-a-ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery bil-lows roll be-low.

ENFIELD. C. M.


Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake, my soft and tune-ful lyre, A - wake, each charming string: A -
wake, and let thy flow - ing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high a - midst, the silent orb, The sil - ver moon, rolls clear.


Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you;
Till I a bet-ter world can view.
I'll take my staff and travel on,
I'll march to Canaan's land,
Where pleasures never end,
Fare-well, Farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
And trou - bles come no more.

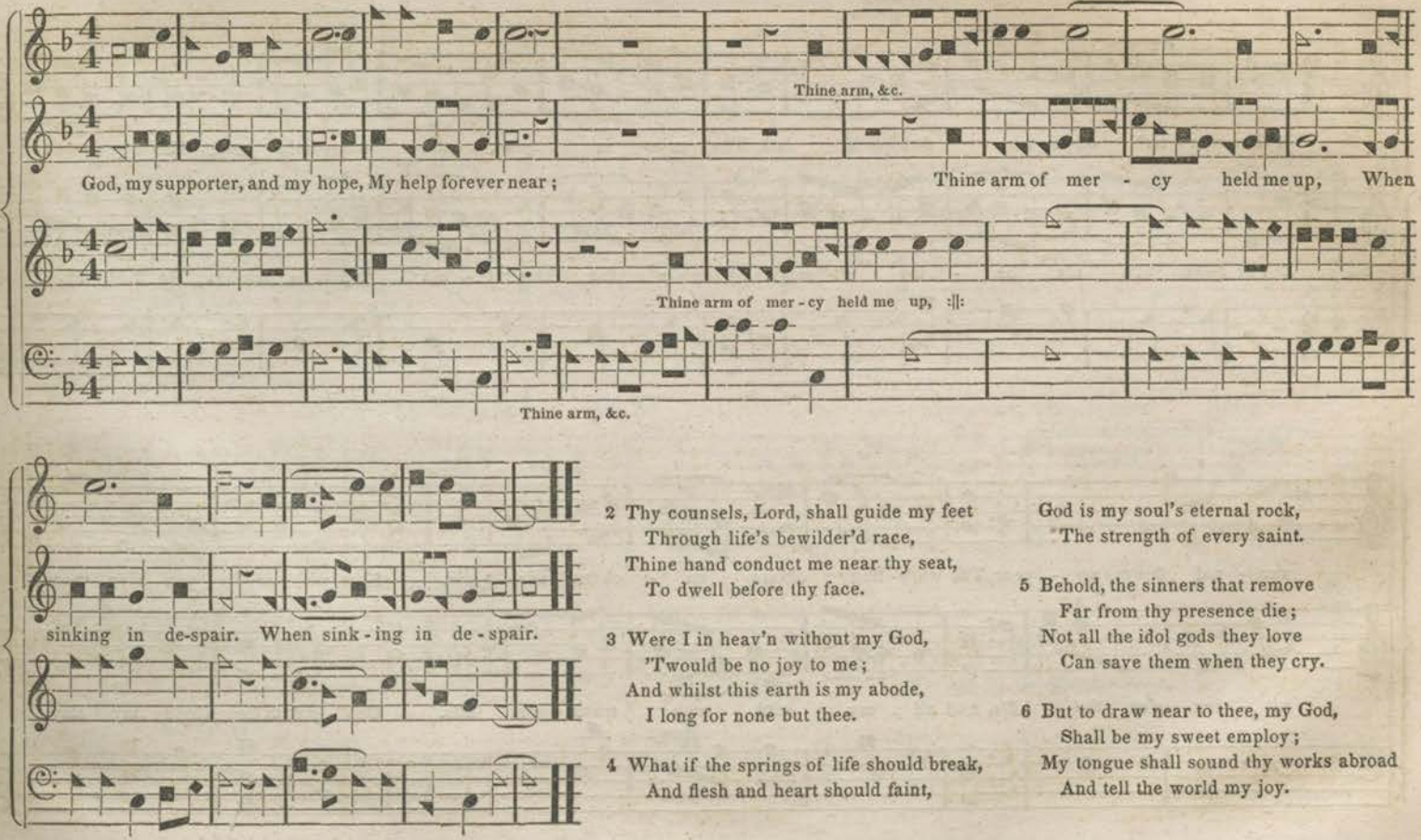
2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

The an-gel,
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry
The an-gel, of the Lord, came down, And glo-ry,
1
2
And glo-ry, And glo-ry, The angel, And glo-ry,
shone a-round. :‖: The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory, &c.
hone around :‖: The an-gel, And glo-ry,


Thine arm, &c.
God, my supporter, and my hope, My help forever near ;
Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When
Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, :||:
Thine arm, &c.
sinking in de-spair. When sink - ing in de - spair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

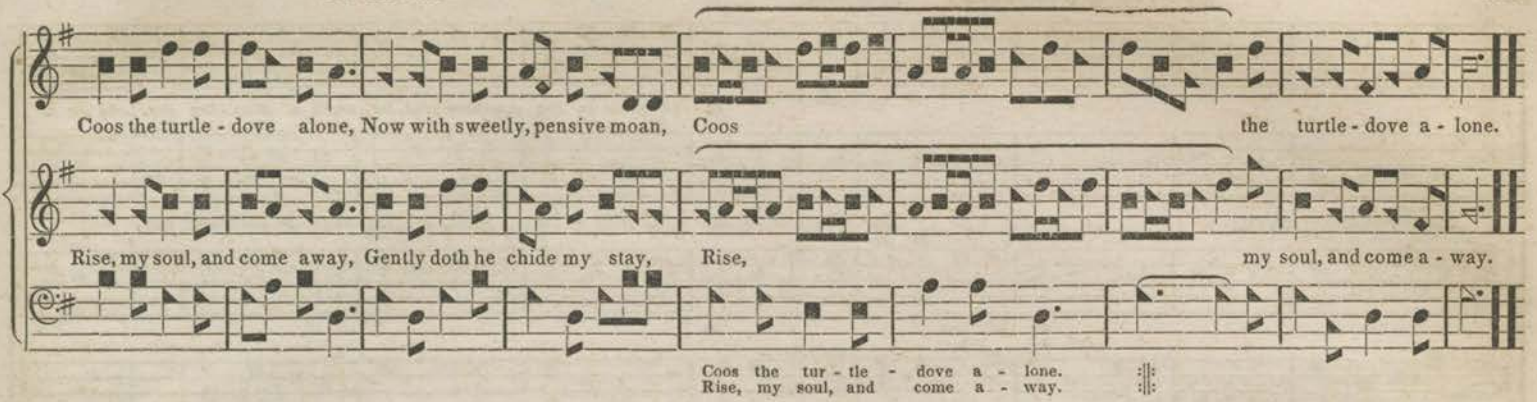
3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

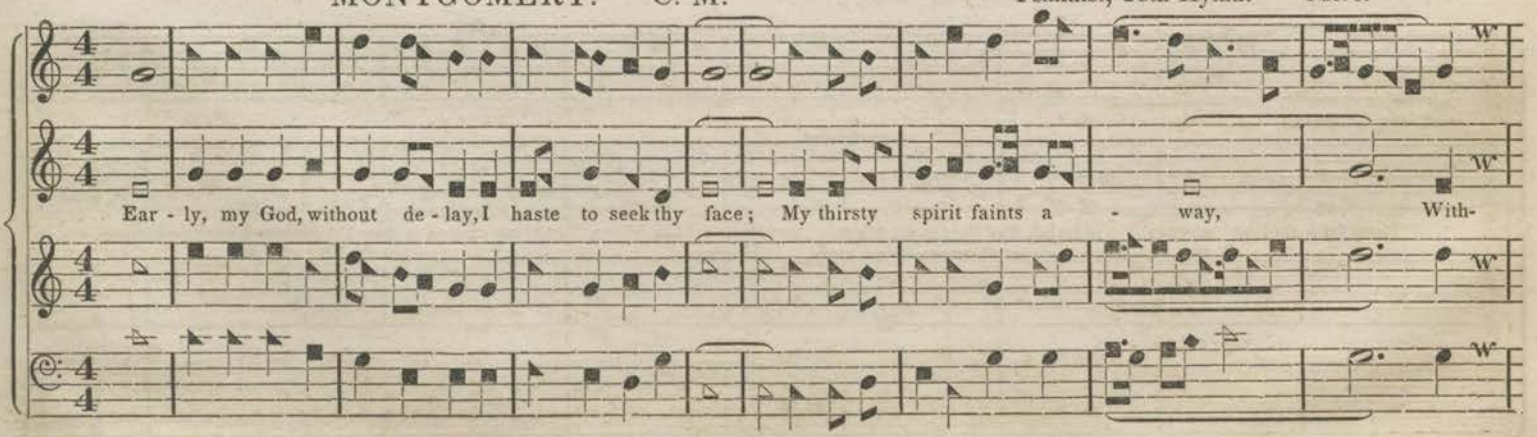
6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

1 The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past; The love - ly
2 The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mount - ain top he bounds; He flies, ex-
ver - nal flowers ap - pear, The warb - ling choirs en - chant our ear. Now, with sweetly pen - sive moan,
ult - ing, o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gent - ly doth he chide my stay,


Coos the turtle - dove alone, Now with sweetly, pensive moan, Coos the turtle - dove a - lone.
Rise, my soul, and come away, Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my soul, and come a - way.
Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone.
Rise, my soul, and come a - way.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Psalmist, 18th Hymn. *More.*



MONTGOMERY. *Concluded.*

So pil - grims on the scorching sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a
out thy cheering grace;
So pilgrims on the scorch - ing sand, Be - neath a burning sky,
So pilgrims, &c. :||:
So pilgrims on the scorching sand, :||:
cool - ing stream at hand, :||:
1 2
Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
Long for, &c.
Long for, &c.

Thy words the rag - ing winds con - trol, And rule the boist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping
bil - lows roll, The roll - - - - ing bil - lows sleep. :‖:
1
2

SCHENECTADY. L. M.

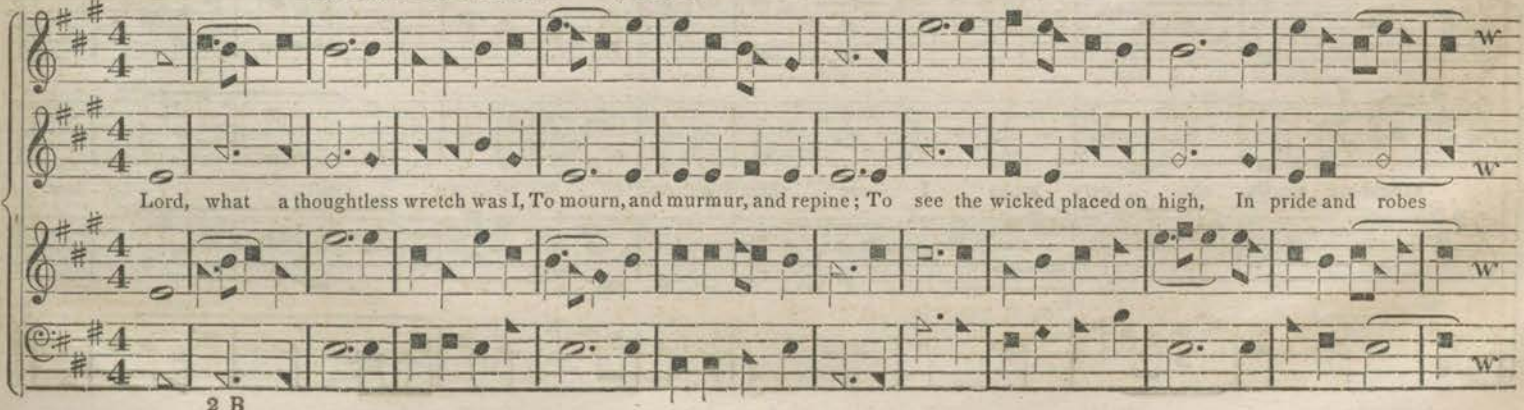
Psalmist, 926th Hymn. *Shumway.*

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev' - ry
E - ter - nal are E - ter - nal truth Thy
tongue. E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word; Thy
E - ternal are E - ternal truth Thy
E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till

SCHENECTADY. *Concluded.*

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Till
praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Till suns shall rise and set no more.
shore, Till Till
suns shall rise and set no more. Till

HUNTINGTON. L. M.

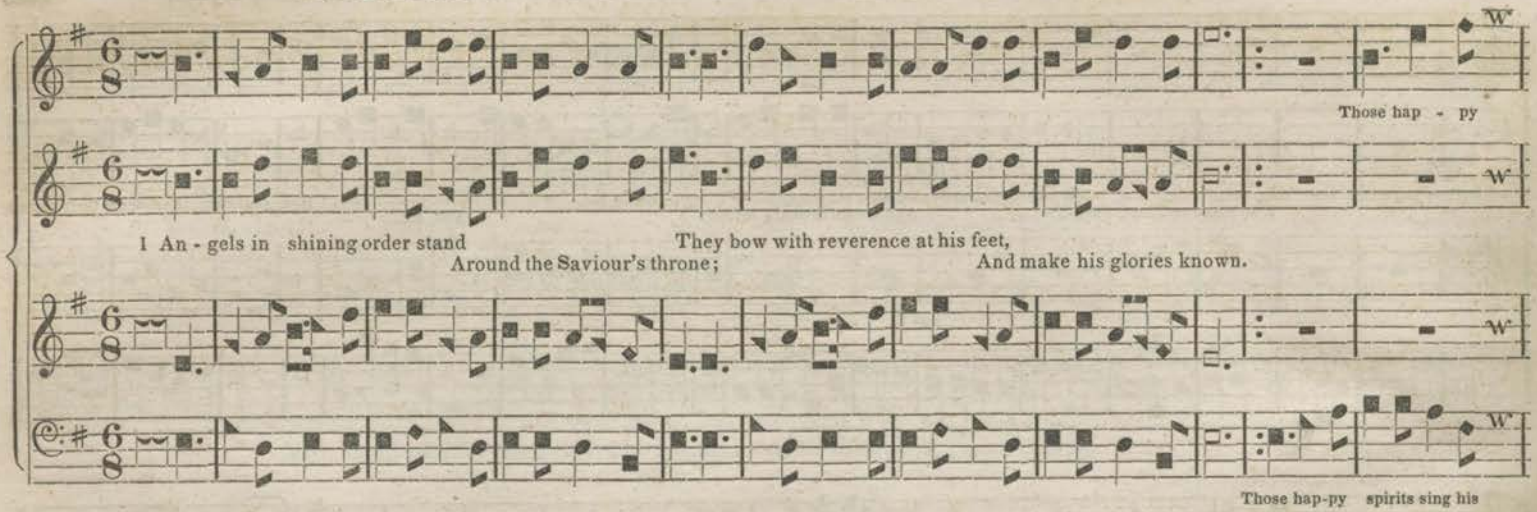


HUNTINGTON. *Concluded.*

But, oh, Thy But— taught me so;
of honour shine. But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; But—
But, oh, Thy But— taught me so;
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctu - a - ry taught me so; But— taught me so;
taught me so; On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!
Who bring, &c.
And, &c.
How charming, charming is their voice!
Zion
He
Zion
How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here! Zion
He
Zion

ALABAMA. C. M.


Those hap - py
1 An - gels in shining order stand
They bow with reverence at his feet,
Around the Saviour's throne;
And make his glories known.
Those hap-py spirits sing his

2 The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear, delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

3 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place;
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it's true
That Jesus died for me.

4 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.

5 Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.

6 My guilt was on my Surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.

spirits, &c. To all But I For
Those To all But I For
Those To all But I For
praise, To all e - ter-ni - ty; But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me.

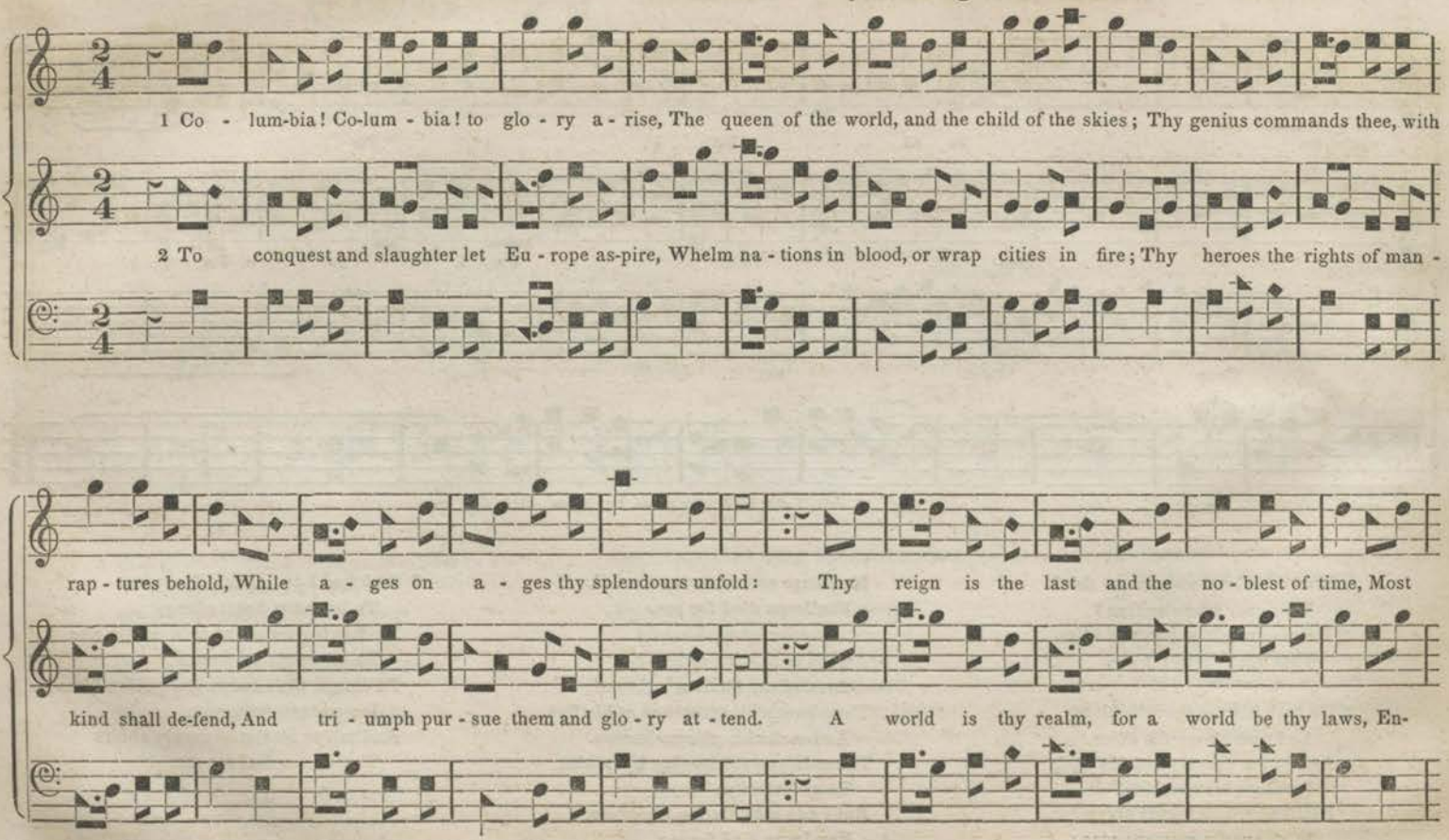
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

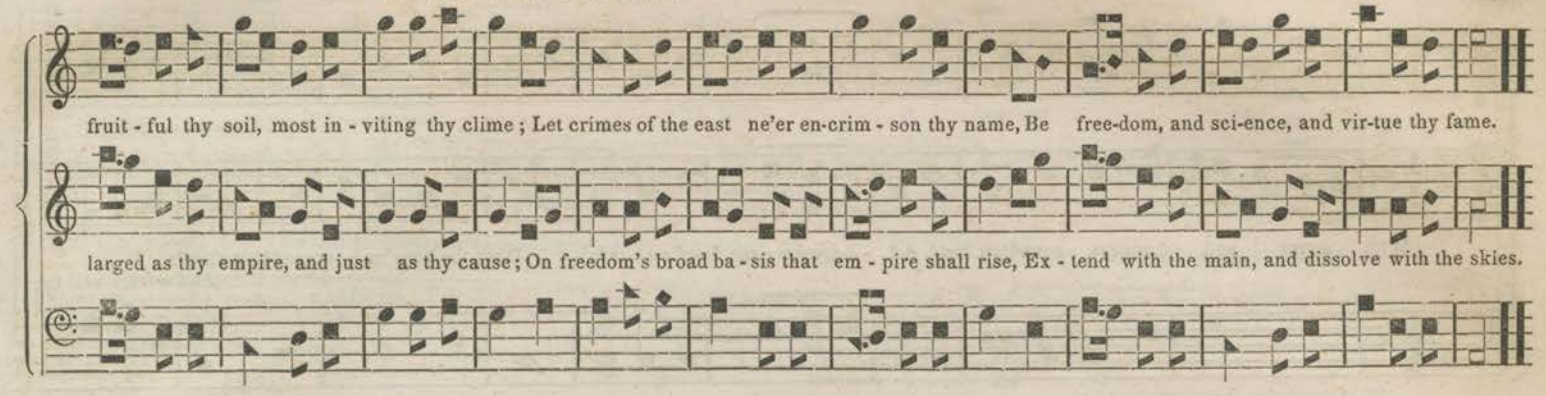
7 He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God,
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea;
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.

8 Angels in shining order sit
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

9 Oh! had I but an angel's voice
To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would rise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
That Jesus died for me.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. 11s. Words by Dr. Dwight. *Miss M. T. Durham.*


1 Co - lum-bia! Co-lum - bia! to glo - ry a - rise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies; Thy genius commands thee, with
2 To conquest and slaughter let Eu - rope as-pire, Whelm na - tions in blood, or wrap cities in fire; Thy heroes the rights of man -
rap - tures behold, While a - ges on a - ges thy splendours unfold: Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most
kind shall de-fend, And tri - umph pur - sue them and glo - ry at - tend. A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws, En-


fruit - ful thy soil, most in - viting thy clime ; Let crimes of the east ne'er en-crim - son thy name, Be free-dom, and sci-ence, and vir-tue thy fame.
larged as thy empire, and just as thy cause ; On freedom's broad ba - sis that em - pire shall rise, Ex - tend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

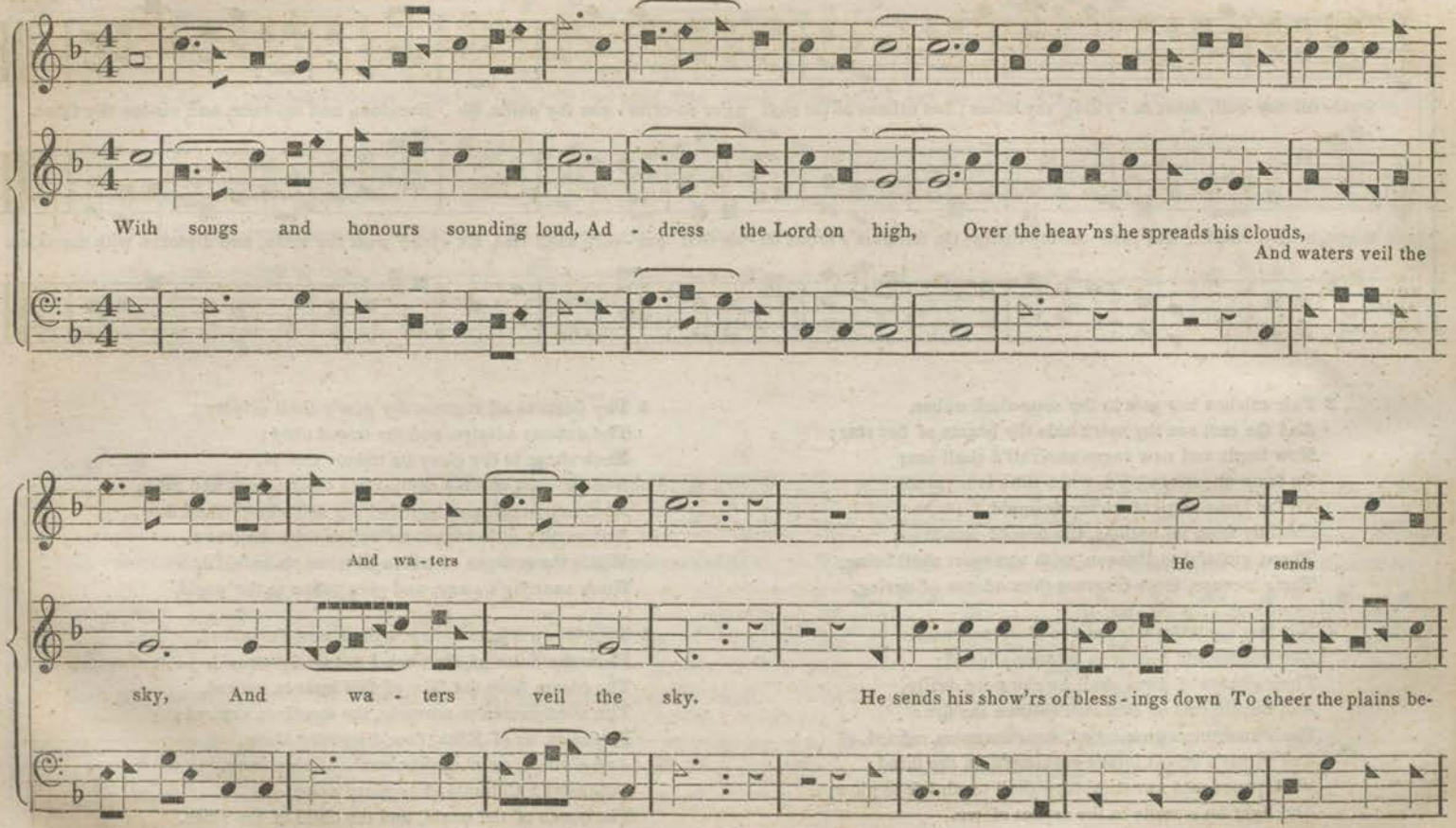
3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

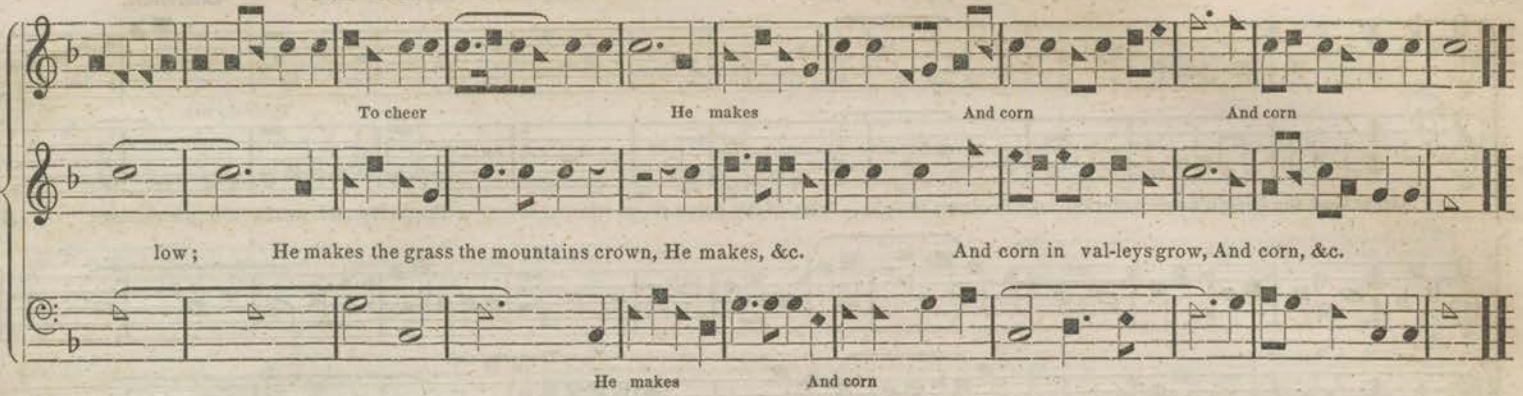
5 Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display;
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

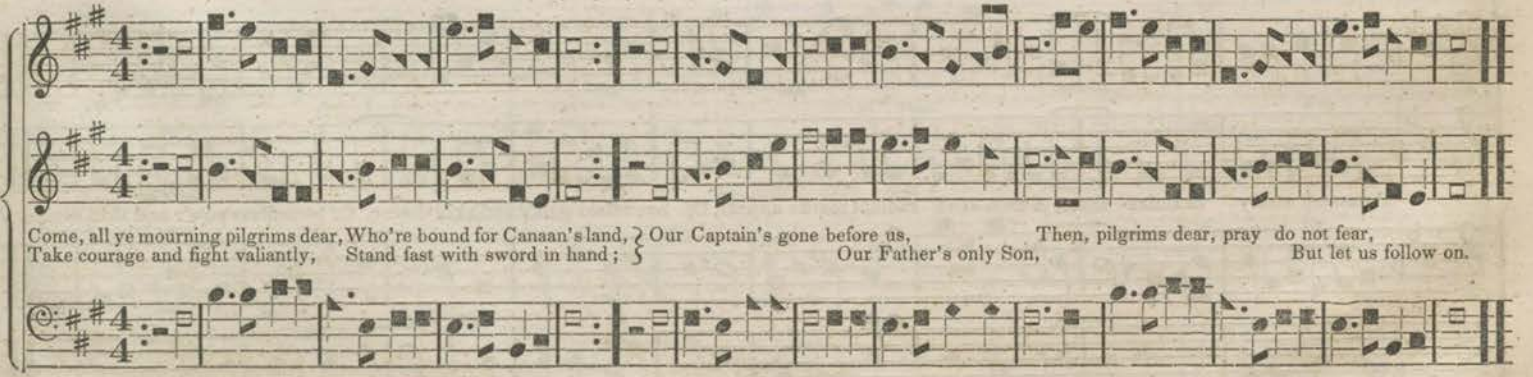
EDOM. C. M.


With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds,
And waters veil the
And wa - ters
He sends
sky, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-

EDOM. *Concluded.*



PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.


Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, } Our Captain's gone before us, Then, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; } Our Father's only Son, But let us follow on.

NEW LEBANON. 8s.

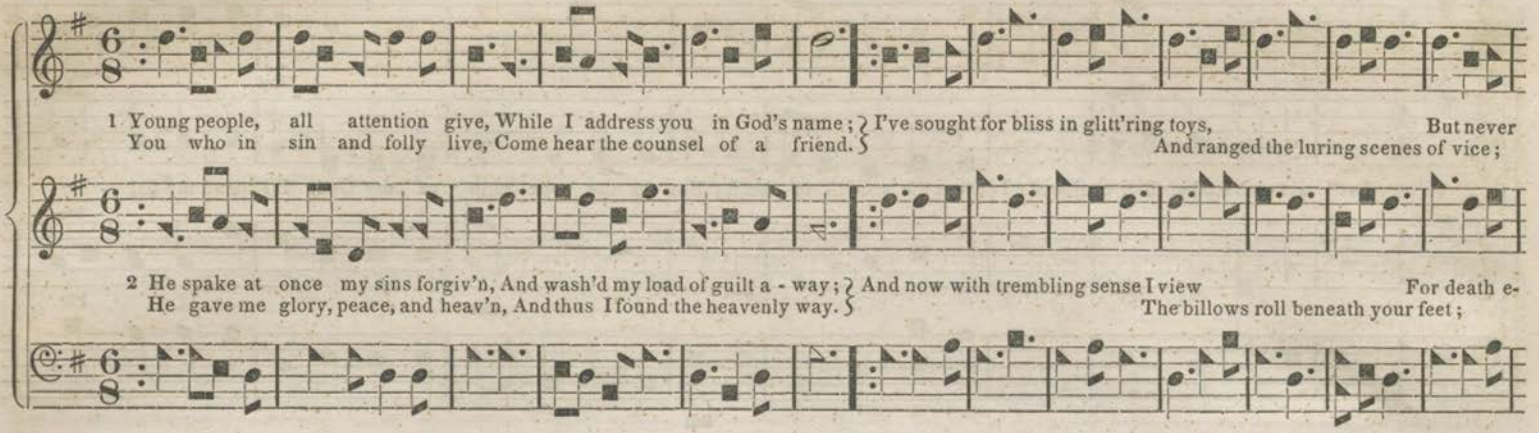
Sherman.

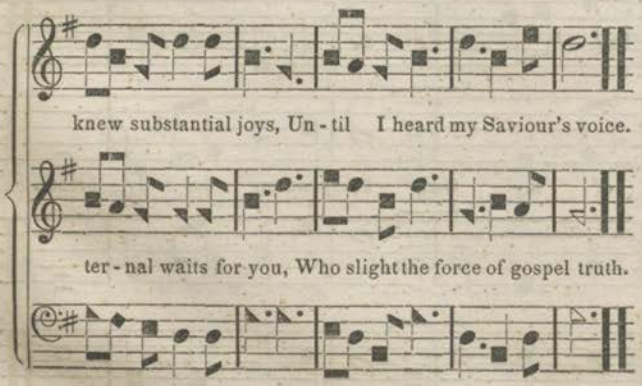
There thy rich
Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame Declares the glo - ries of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine; A
There thy rich
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
thousand starry beauties there, A thou-sand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

But
Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly
But
I'll
But
I'll
breath, But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath.
spend my dai - ly breath;

MISSION. L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 266. *A. Grambling.*


1 Young people, all attention give, While I address you in God's name; I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, But never
You who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend. And ranged the luring scenes of vice;
2 He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a - way; And now with trembling sense I view For death e-
He gave me glory, peace, and heav'n, And thus I found the heavenly way. The billows roll beneath your feet;

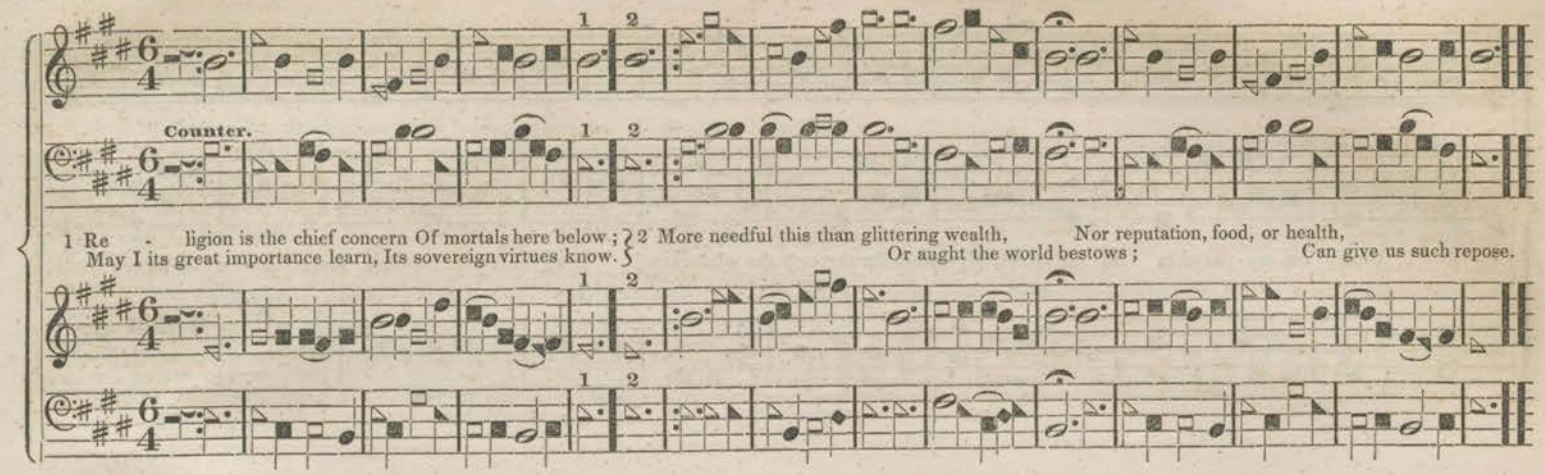


3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward,


Counter.
1 Re - ligion is the chief concern Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know.
2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

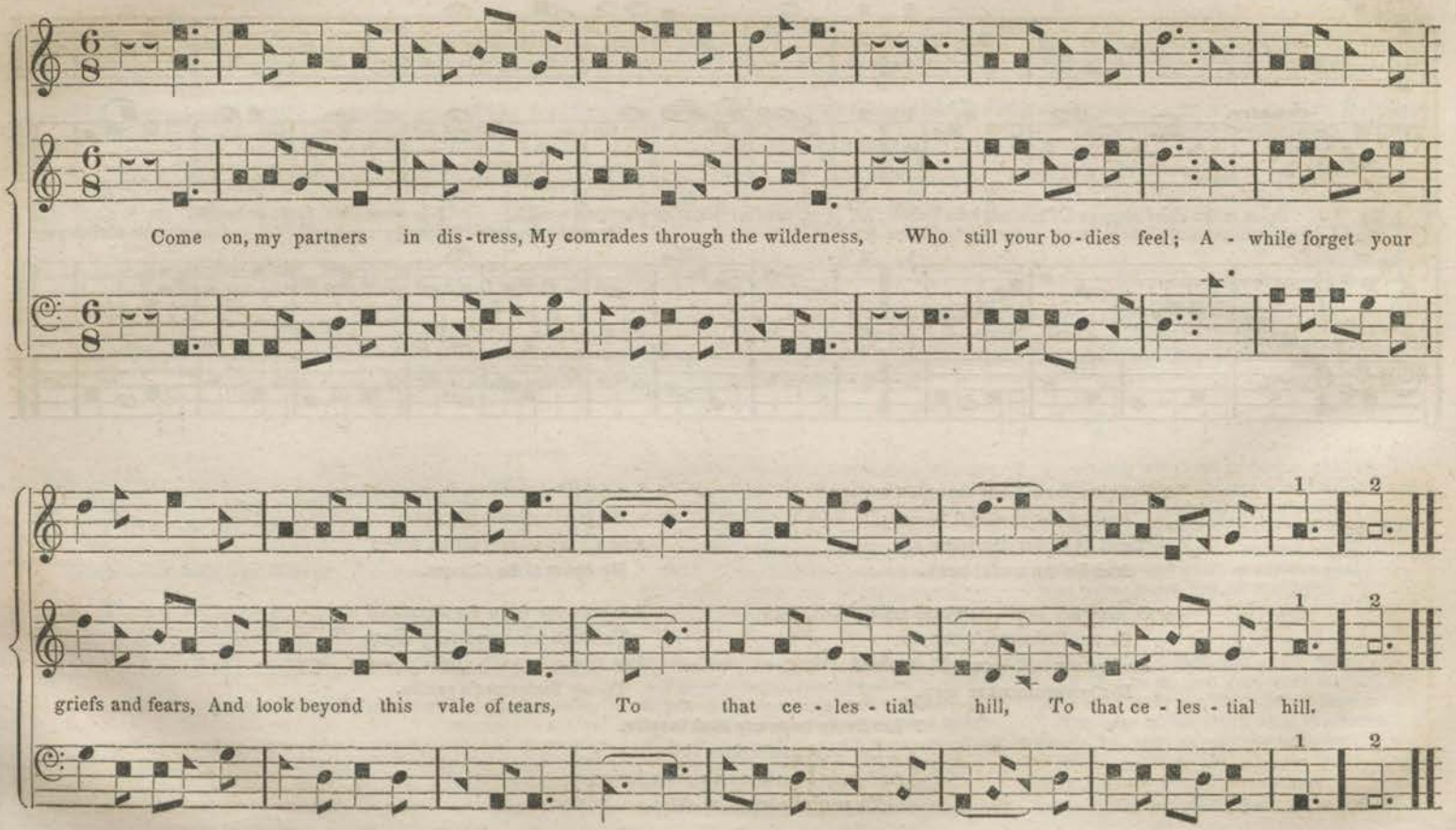
4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

CONSOLATION NEW. 8, 8, 6.


Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bo-dies feel; A-while forget your
griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill, To that ce-les-tial hill.

1 Come, lit - tle children, now we may Par-take a lit - tle mor-sel,
For lit - tle songs and little ways A - dorn'd a great a - postle.
A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It
2 A little faith does mighty deeds, Quite past all my recount-ing;
Faith, like a lit - tle mustard seed, Can move a lof - ty mountain.
A lit - tle chari - ty and zeal, A lit - tle trib - u - la - tion, A

3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less,
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love,
The emblem was intended.

4 The title of the little Lamb
Unto our Lord was given;
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.
A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

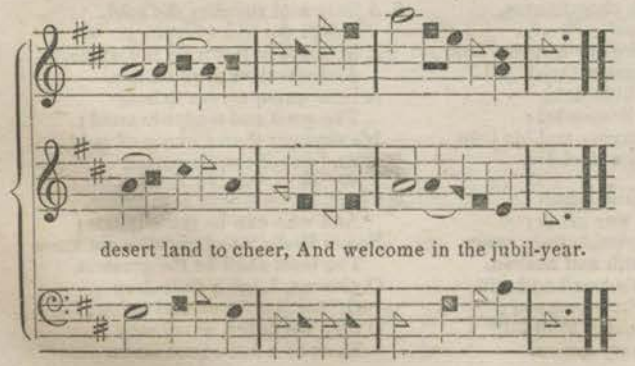
5 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold,
And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,
And who can be the straitest;
For in God's kingdom, all must know
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union;
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion.

THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M.

Dover Selection, p. 154.

1 Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighb'ring valleys echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove, The token of your Saviour's love!
She comes the

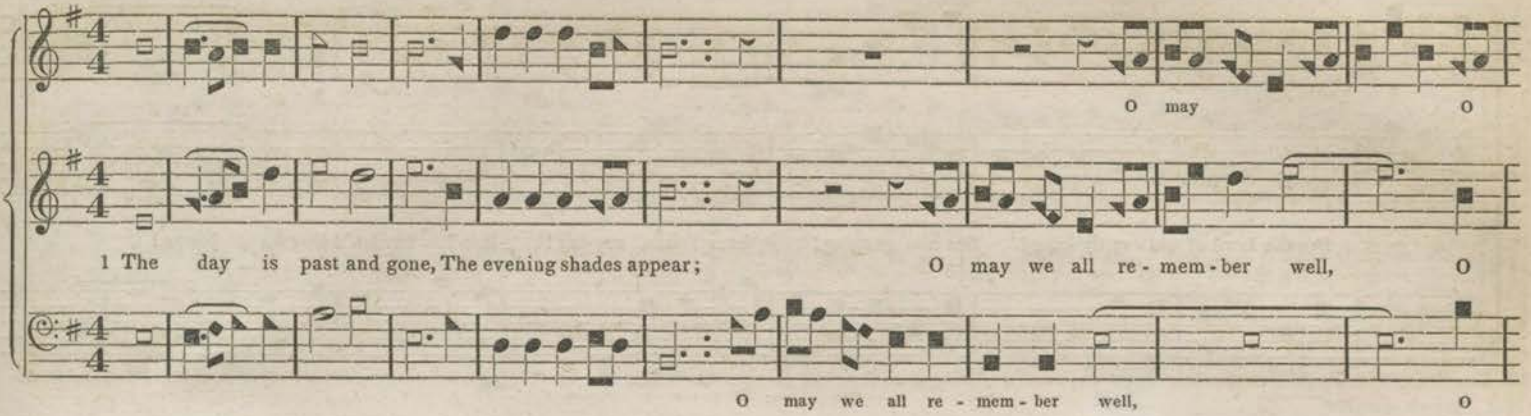


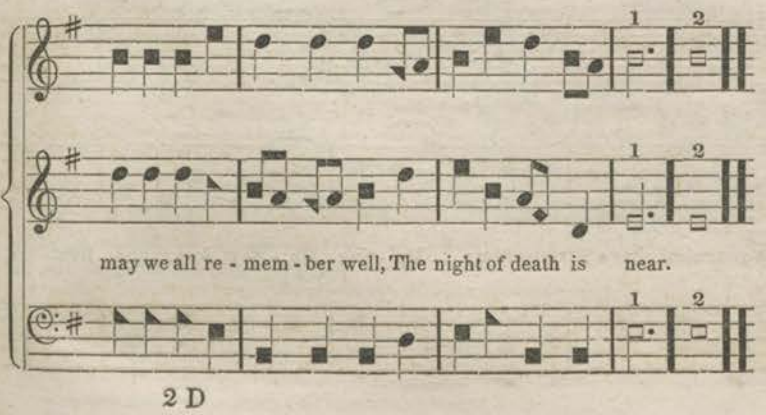
2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
"The resurrection's drawing nigh:"
Behold, the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God.
O yes! and I will join that band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.





2 D

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

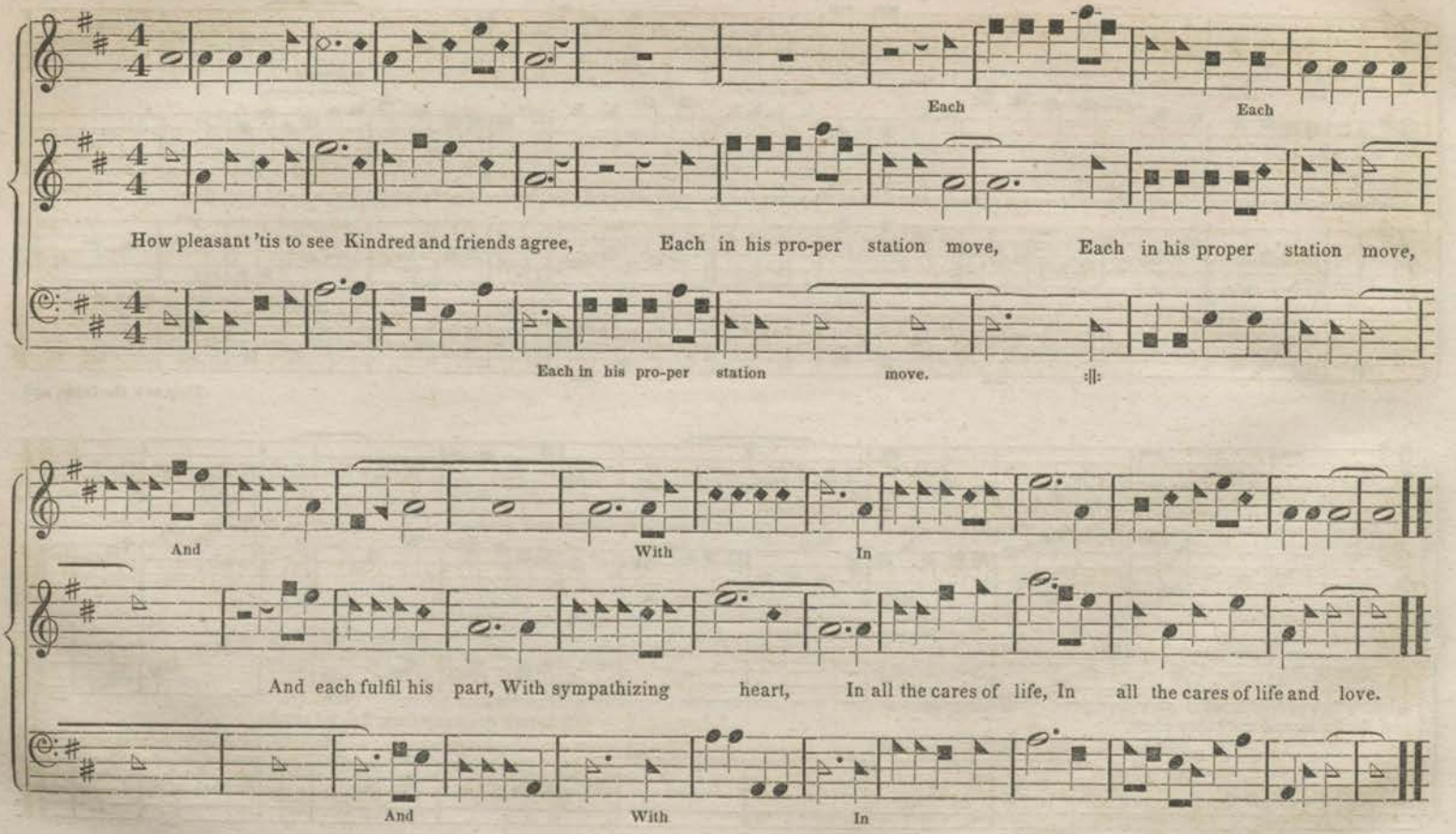
4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

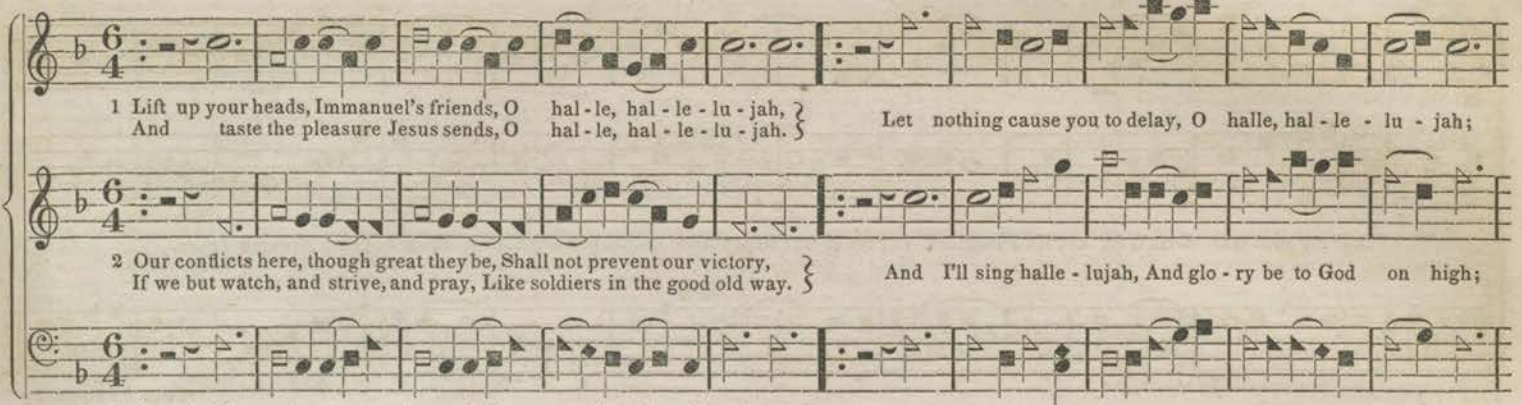
5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

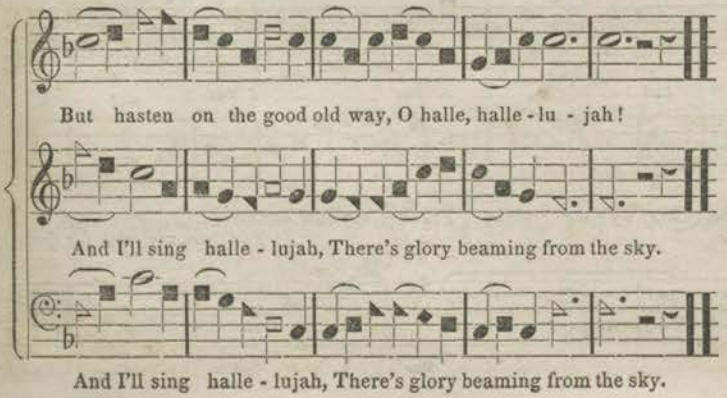
LENA. 8, 7.

See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasping! hear him cry-ing! See his burden'd bo-som heave!
Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th'oppress'd and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there. They
They sow the fields, and
They sow
Whose
Their race
They sow
Their race
sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;


Each
Each
How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in his pro-per station move, Each in his proper station move,
Each in his pro-per station move.
And
With
In
And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.
And
With
In


1 Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
Let nothing cause you to delay, O halle, hal - le - lu - jah;
2 Our conflicts here, though great they be, Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray, Like soldiers in the good old way.
And I'll sing halle - lujah, And glo - ry be to God on high;
3 O good old way, how sweet thou art! May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say, We're marching on the good old way.
And I'll sing halle - lujah, And glo - ry be to God on high;


But hasten on the good old way, O halle, halle - lu - jah!
And I'll sing halle - lujah, There's glory beaming from the sky.
And I'll sing halle - lujah, There's glory beaming from the sky.

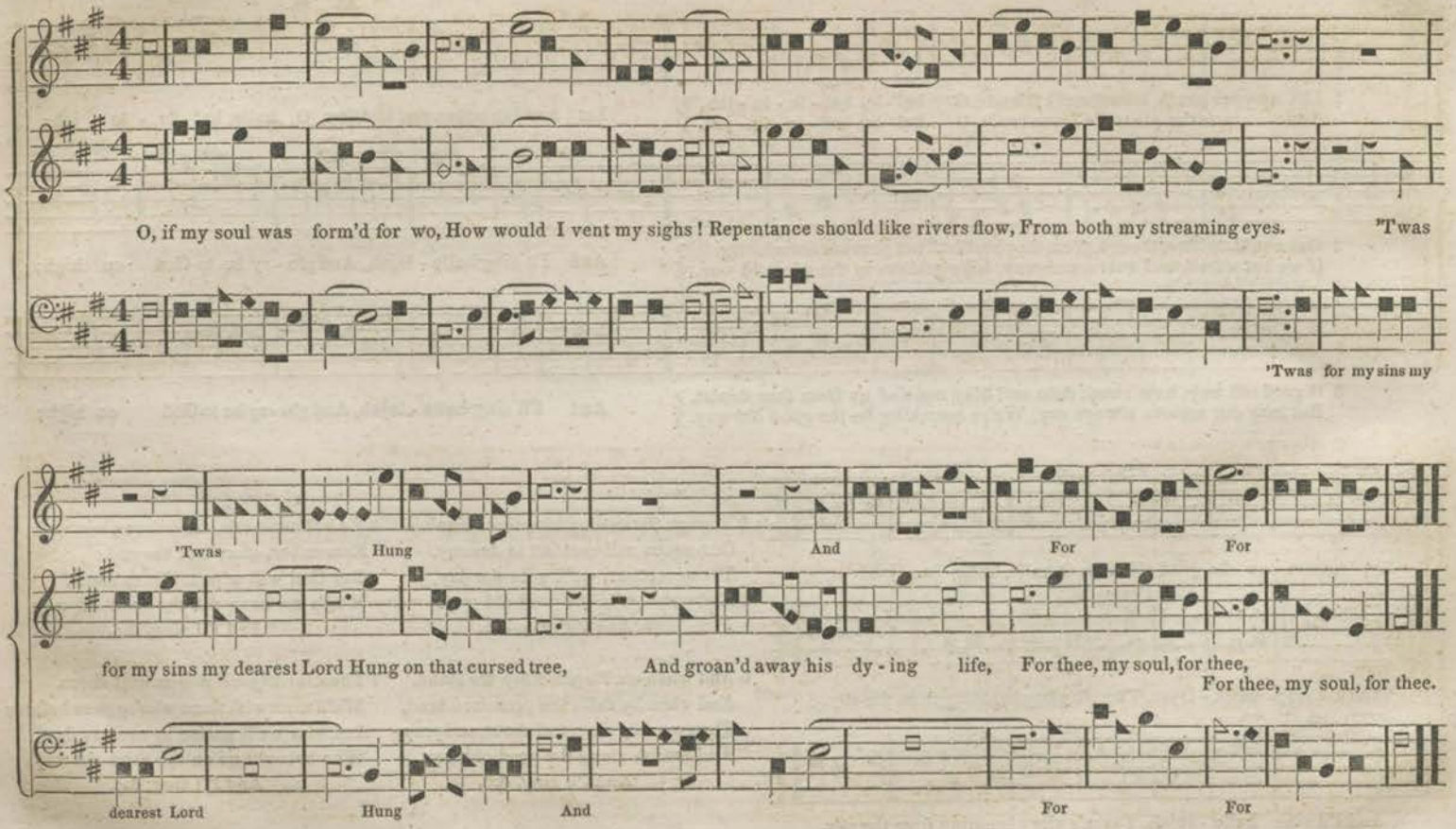
4 Though Satan may his power employ
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
Remember, glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before;
And him we'll praise in endless day,
Who brought us on the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

REPENTANCE. C. M.


O, if my soul was form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas
'Twas for my sins my
'Twas Hung And For For
for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, And groan'd away his dy - ing life, For thee, my soul, for thee,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
dearest Lord Hung And For For

Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say;
I want your souls with Christ to live, In ever - last - ing day;
Remember, you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy
Remember To
Remember To
shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your, &c.
Remember To
shade;

DELIGHT. P. M.

Coan, Guilford, Ct.

Thou
No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a - way, If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun and
Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To
art To guard
Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon, by night or noon. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon.
thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon.
guard my head by night or noon.
Thou

To
Great God, at - tend while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
To
To
Ex-
To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thousand
thee on earth, Exceeds
To
To
Ex - ceeds
spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - sand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
ceeds a thousand days of mirth.
To
To
Ex - ceeds
days of mirth.
To spend one day with thee on earth,
To
Ex - ceeds

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

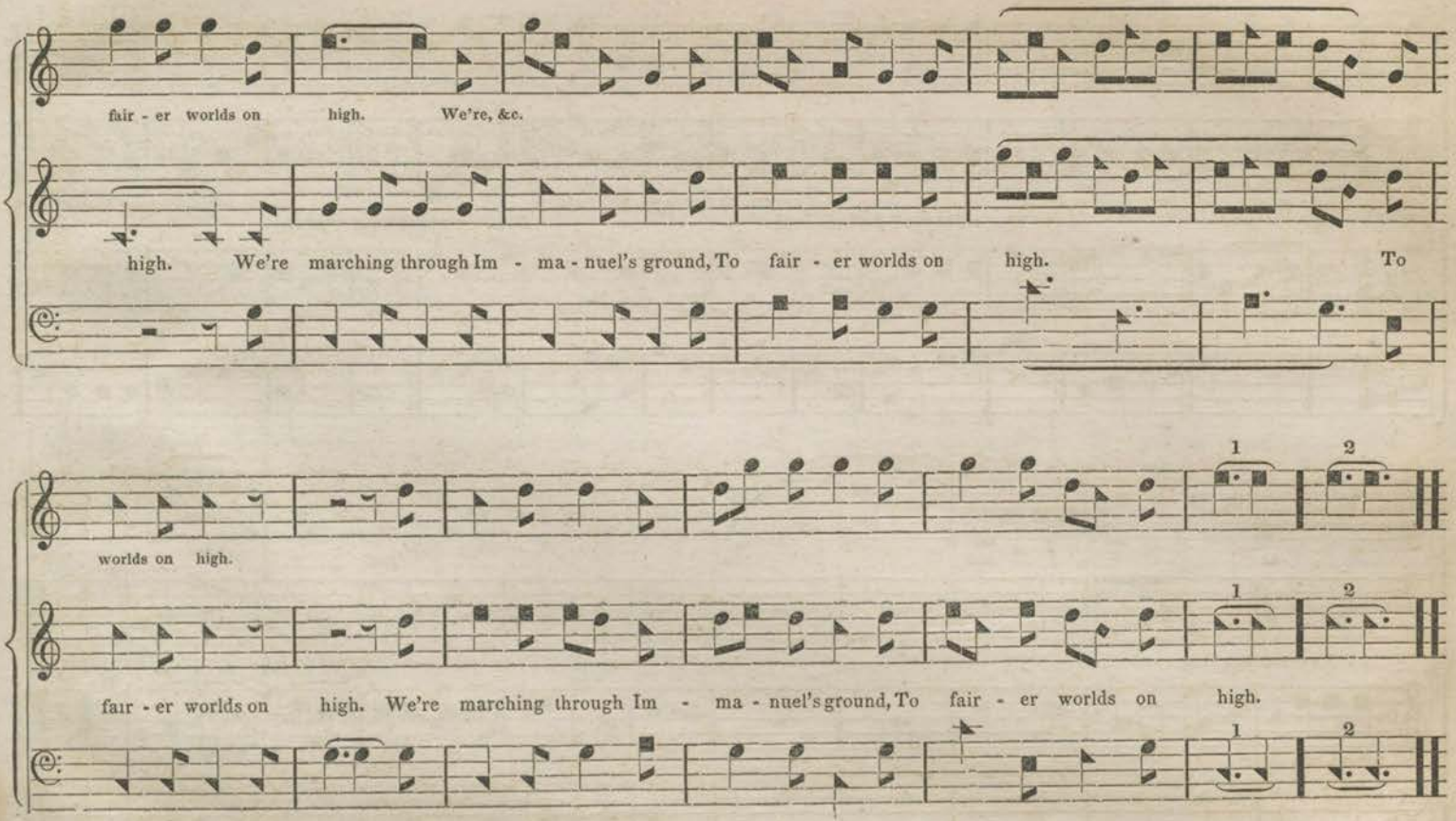
There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high, And here my spi - rit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
And here
And
And
And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it
And
Till
Till
fly
Till
And here

God shall bid it fly,
fly,
fly,
fly, fly, fly, fly, Till
fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly,
fly, fly, fly,
fly,
Till
God shall bid it fly. And here my spi - rit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

MOUNT ZION. S. M.

Brown.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
Then let your songs, &c. And We're To
Then let your songs a - bound, And eve-ry tear be dry: We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on
Then let your songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry: We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.


fair - er worlds on high. We're, &c.
high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high. To
worlds on high.
fair - er worlds on high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.
1
2

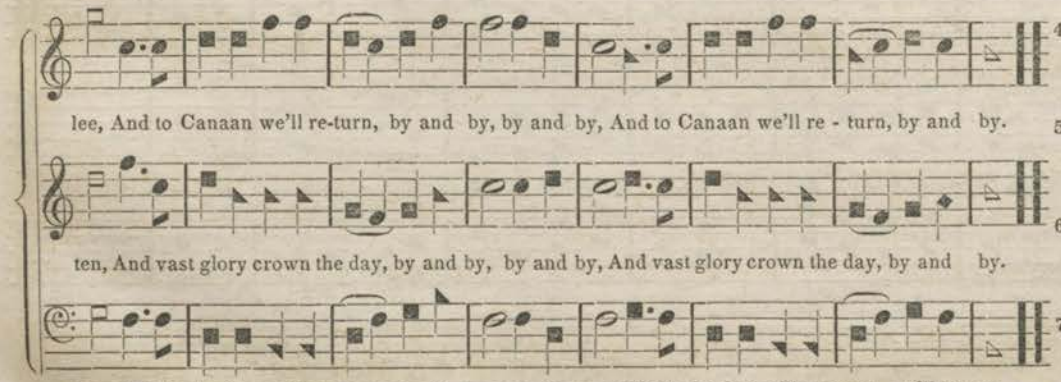
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rul'st the boist'rous sea;
The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way.
At thy command the winds arise, And
At
At
And
The
And
swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.
winds a-rise, And
The
And
1
2

1 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Beth-le-hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is born a Prince and
Saviour; O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor-ship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

1 Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious jubi-
2 Our deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, by and by, Our deliv'rer he shall come, by and by; And our sor-rows have an end,
With our threescore years and
3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on, Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo, Sinai's God is


lee, And to Canaan we'll re-turn, by and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll re - turn, by and by.
ten, And vast glory crown the day, by and by, by and by, And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
near, While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on, While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, We are come.

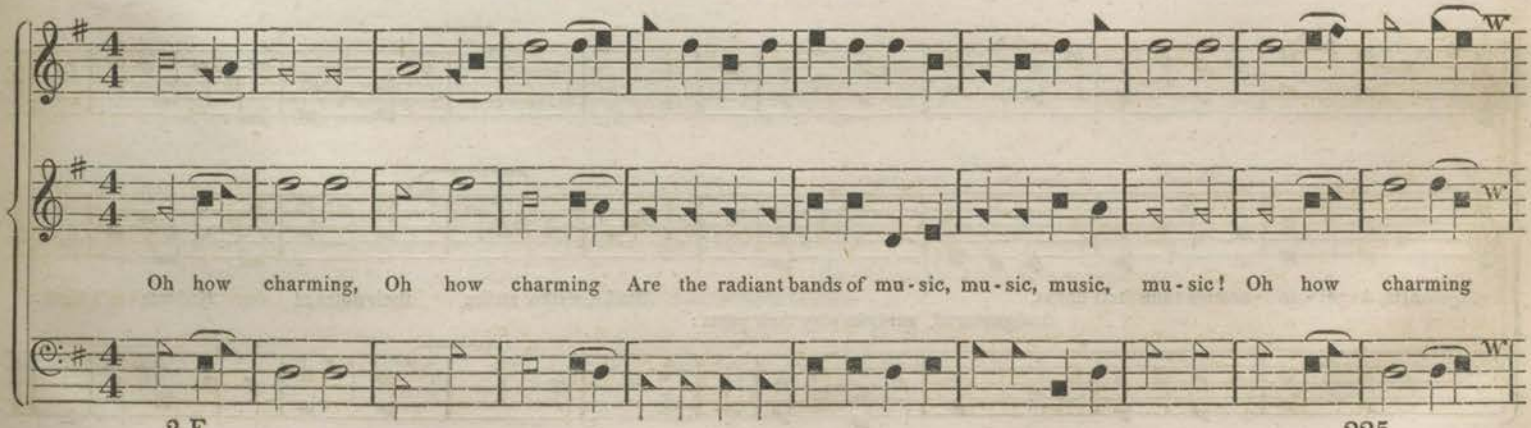
6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

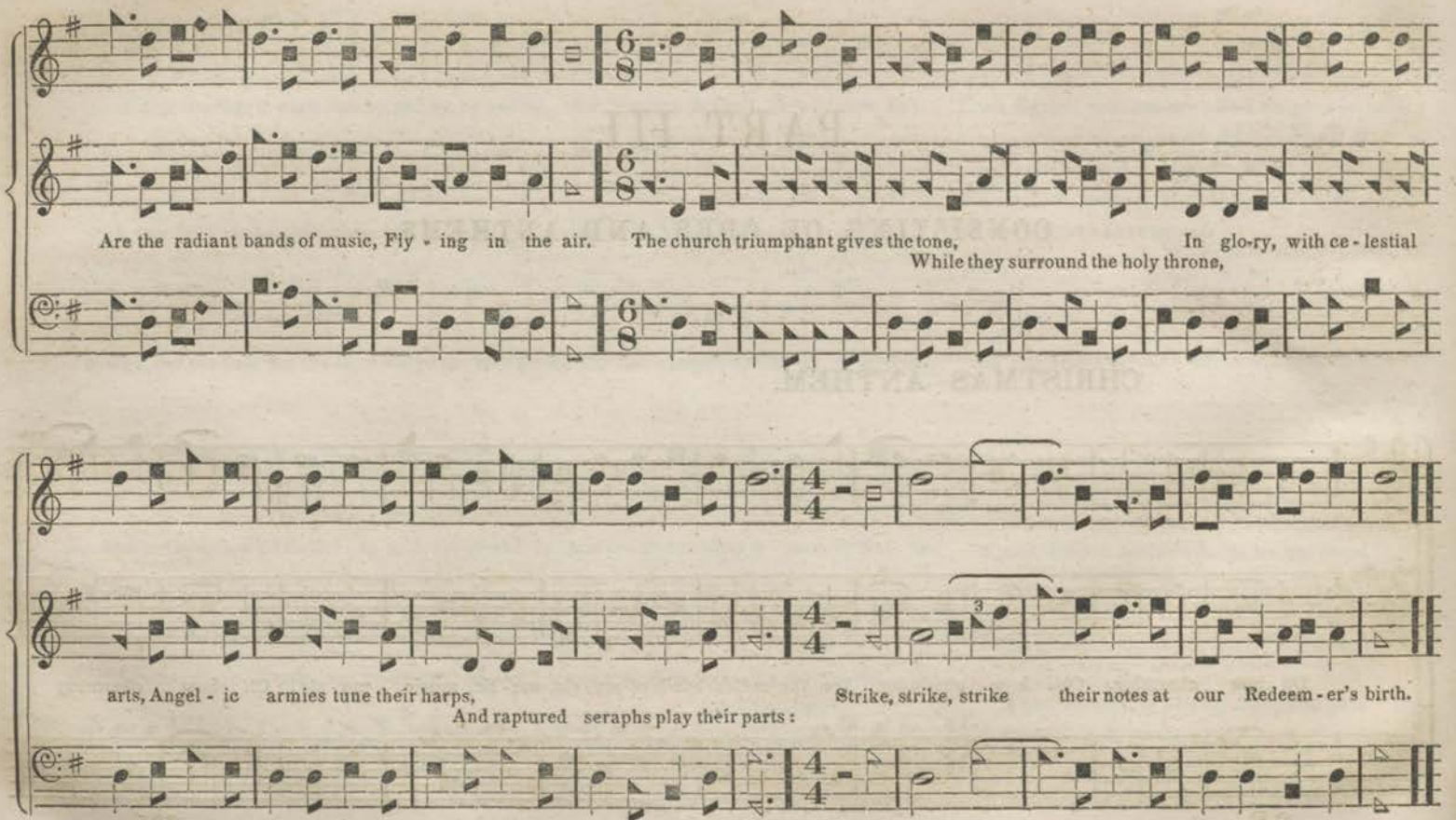
PART III.

CONSISTING OF ODES AND ANTHEMS.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. *Continued.*


Are the radiant bands of music, Fly - ing in the air. The church triumphant gives the tone, In glo-ry, with ce - lestial
While they surround the holy throne,
arts, Angel - ic armies tune their harps, Strike, strike, strike their notes at our Redeem - er's birth.
And raptured seraphs play their parts :

I began life's journey when young,
And the glittering prospect charm'd my eyes;
I saw joy af-ter joy successive rise
A - long the extended plain.
But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach the purposed aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

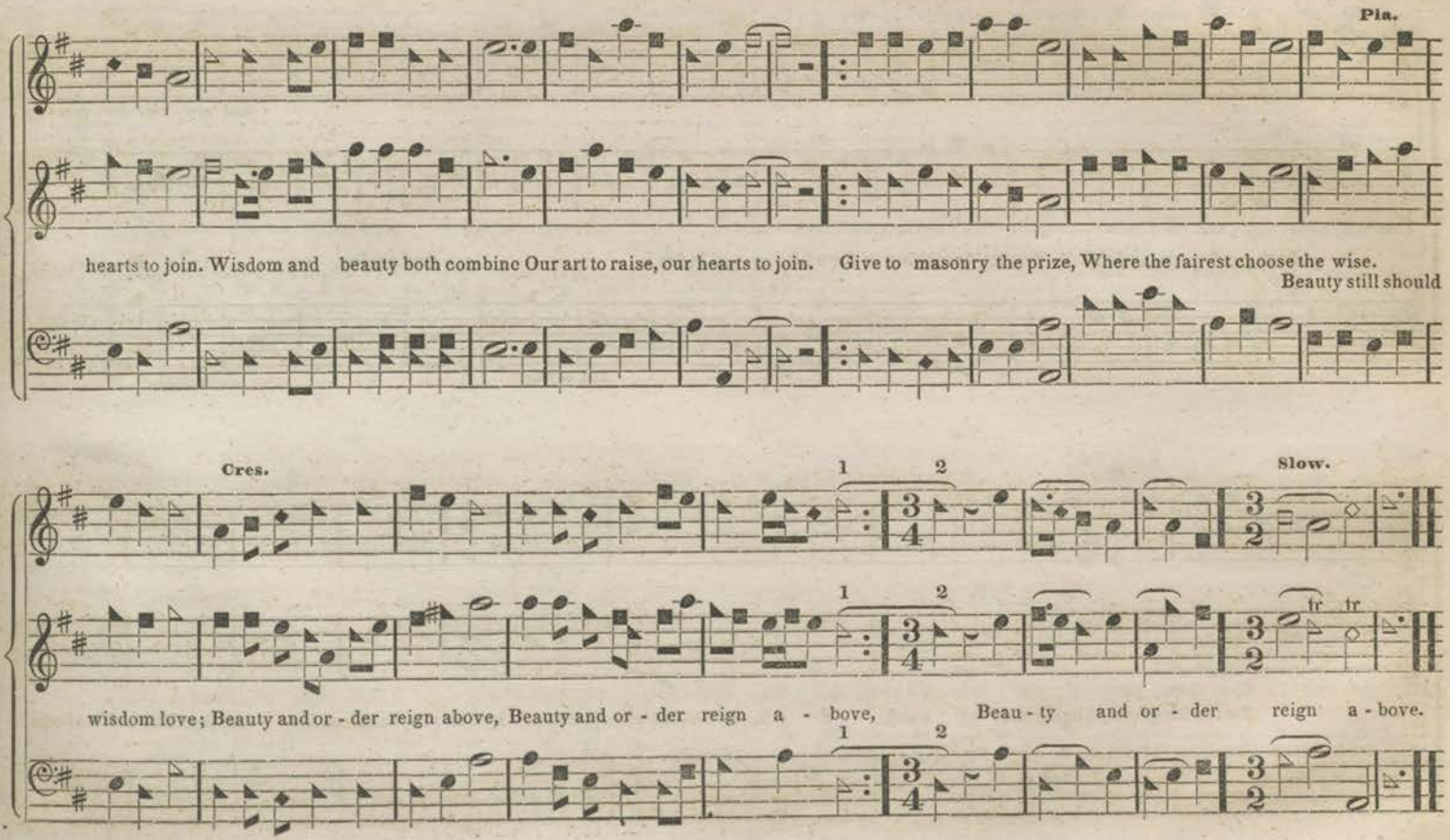
MASONIC ODE.

Treble by E. J. King.

Sacred to heav'n behold the dome appears;
Lo! what au - gust solemni - ty it wears;
Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame,
And
beau - teous Sheba shall re - port its fame.
When the queen of the south shall return To the climes which acknowledge her

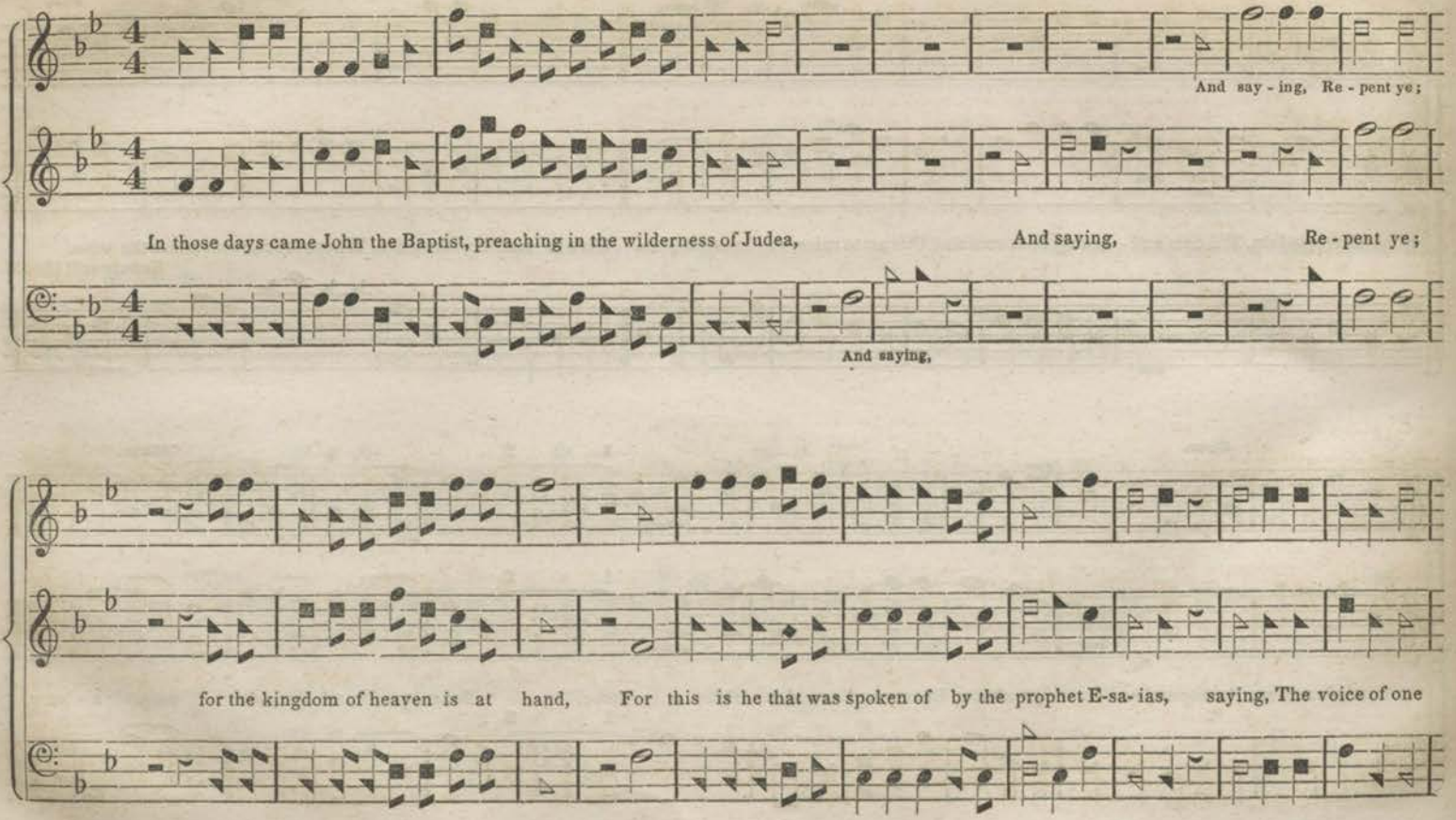
sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely burn, Well worthy my journey! I've seen De-
The princess, with transport, shall say A monarch both graceful and wise,
Fort.
1
2
serving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares With equal sense your happiness and cares.

Of riches much, but more of wisdom see; Proportion'd workmanship and ma - son - ry. Oh charming She - ba, there behold What
massive stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is your art, Yet richer is your art. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our


Pia.
hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to masonry the prize, Where the fairest choose the wise.
Beauty still should
Cres.
1
2
Slow.
wisdom love; Beauty and or - der reign above, Beauty and or - der reign a - bove, Beau - ty and or - der reign a - bove.
tr
tr

BAPTISMAL ANTHEM.

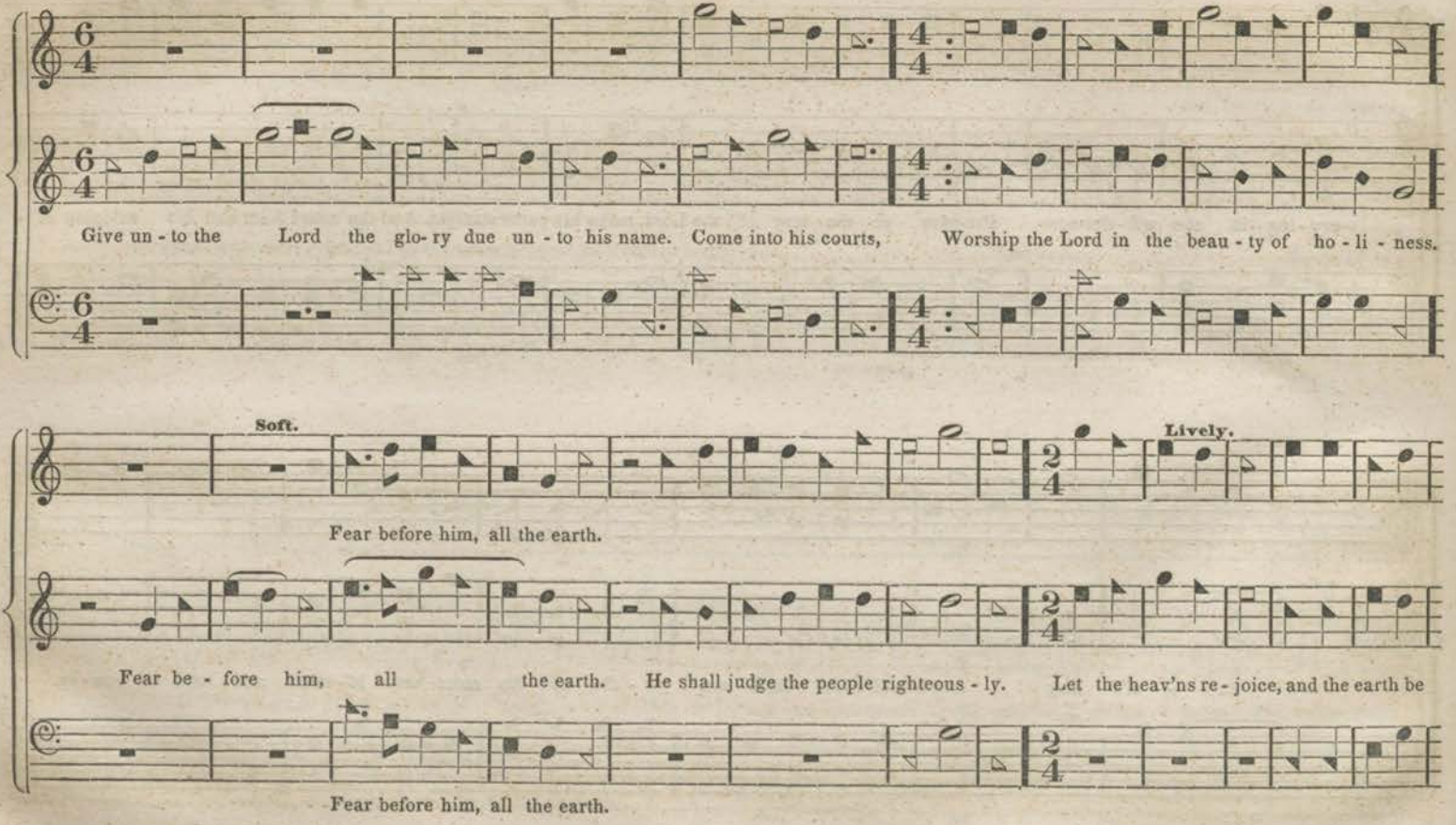
Matthew 3d chapter. *B. F. White.*


And say - ing, Re - pent ye;
In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,
And saying,
Re - pent ye;
And saying,
for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,
For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet E-sa- ias,
saying, The voice of one

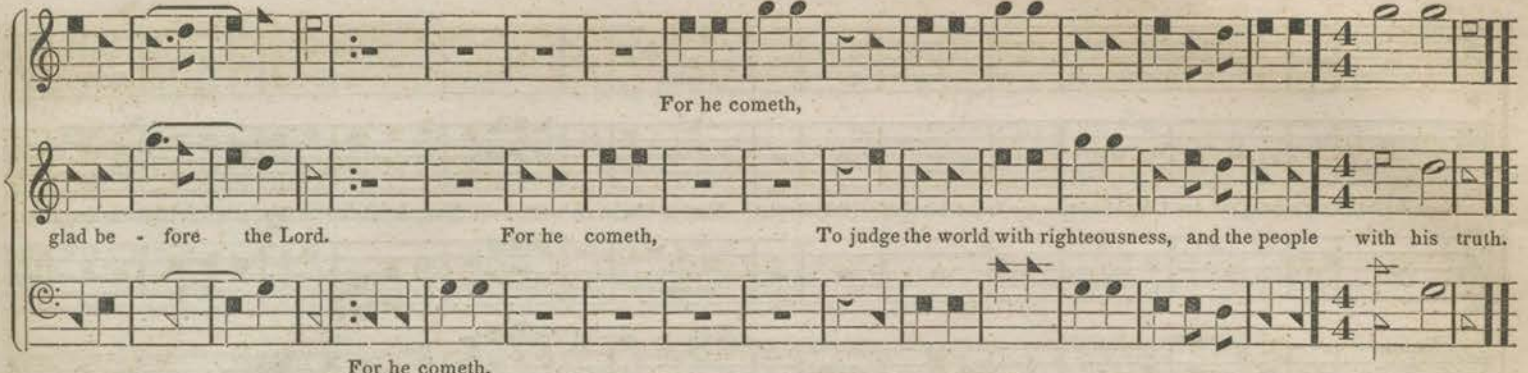
cry - ing in the wil - der-ness, Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his rai-ment of
cam - el's hair and bound with a leath - ern gir - dle, and his meat was lo - custs and wild hon - ey.

REVERENTIAL ANTHEM.

96th Psalm. *E. J. King.*


Give un - to the Lord the glo- ry due un - to his name. Come into his courts, Worship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness.
Soft.
Lively.
Fear before him, all the earth.
Fear be - fore him, all the earth. He shall judge the people righteous - ly. Let the heav'ns re - joice, and the earth be
Fear before him, all the earth.

REVERENTIAL ANTHEM. Concluded.


For he cometh,
glad be - fore the Lord. For he cometh, To judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.
For he cometh,

EASTER ANTHEM. Young's Night Thoughts, 4th Night. *Billings.*

EASTER ANTHEM. Continued.

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept.
Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lu- jah. And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? hear it, ye
And did he rise? And did he rise?

nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, :||: :||: :||: He burst the bars of death! :||: :||: And triumph'd o'er the grave.
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, :||: then first hu-

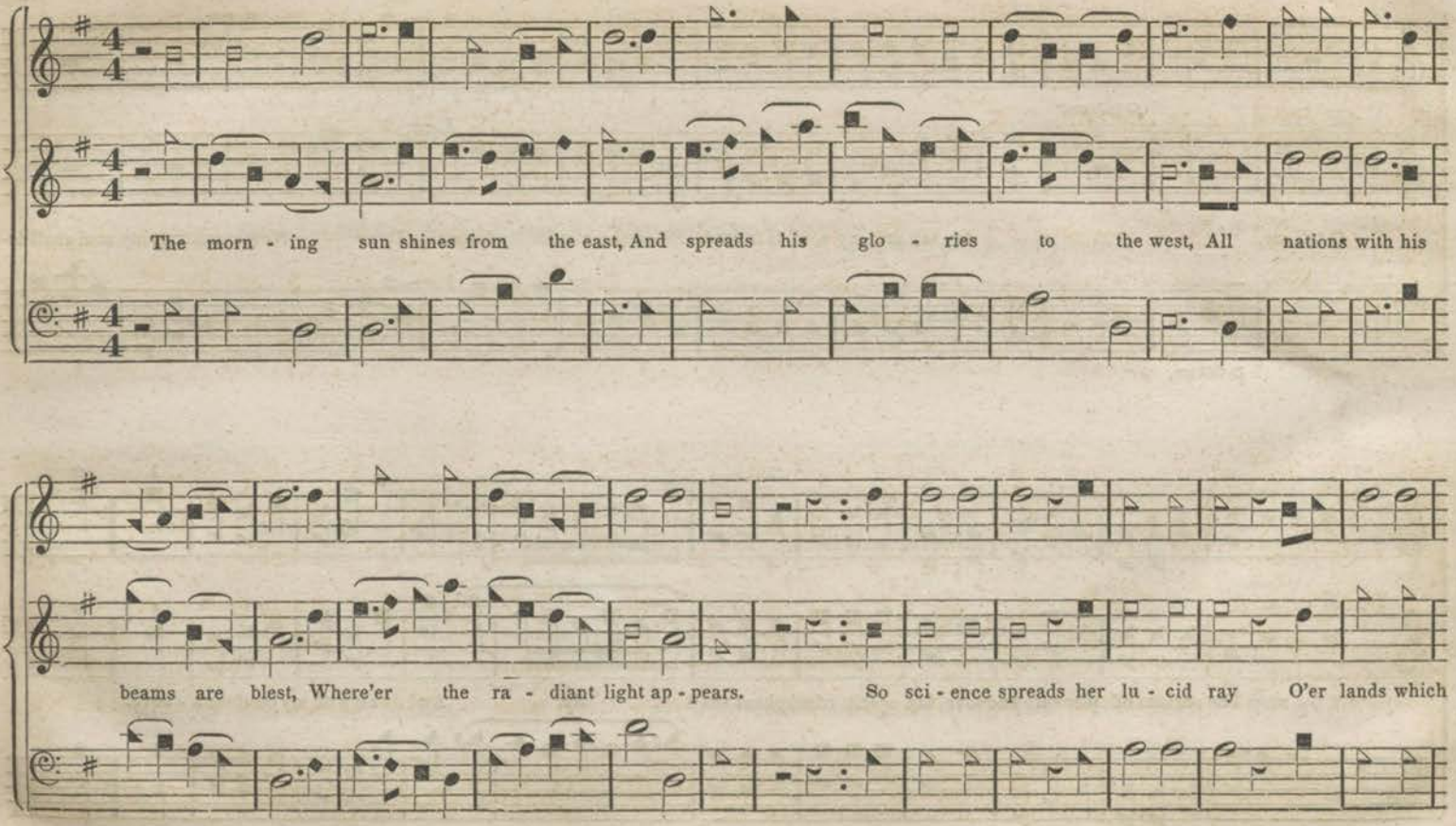
EASTER ANTHEM. *Concluded.*

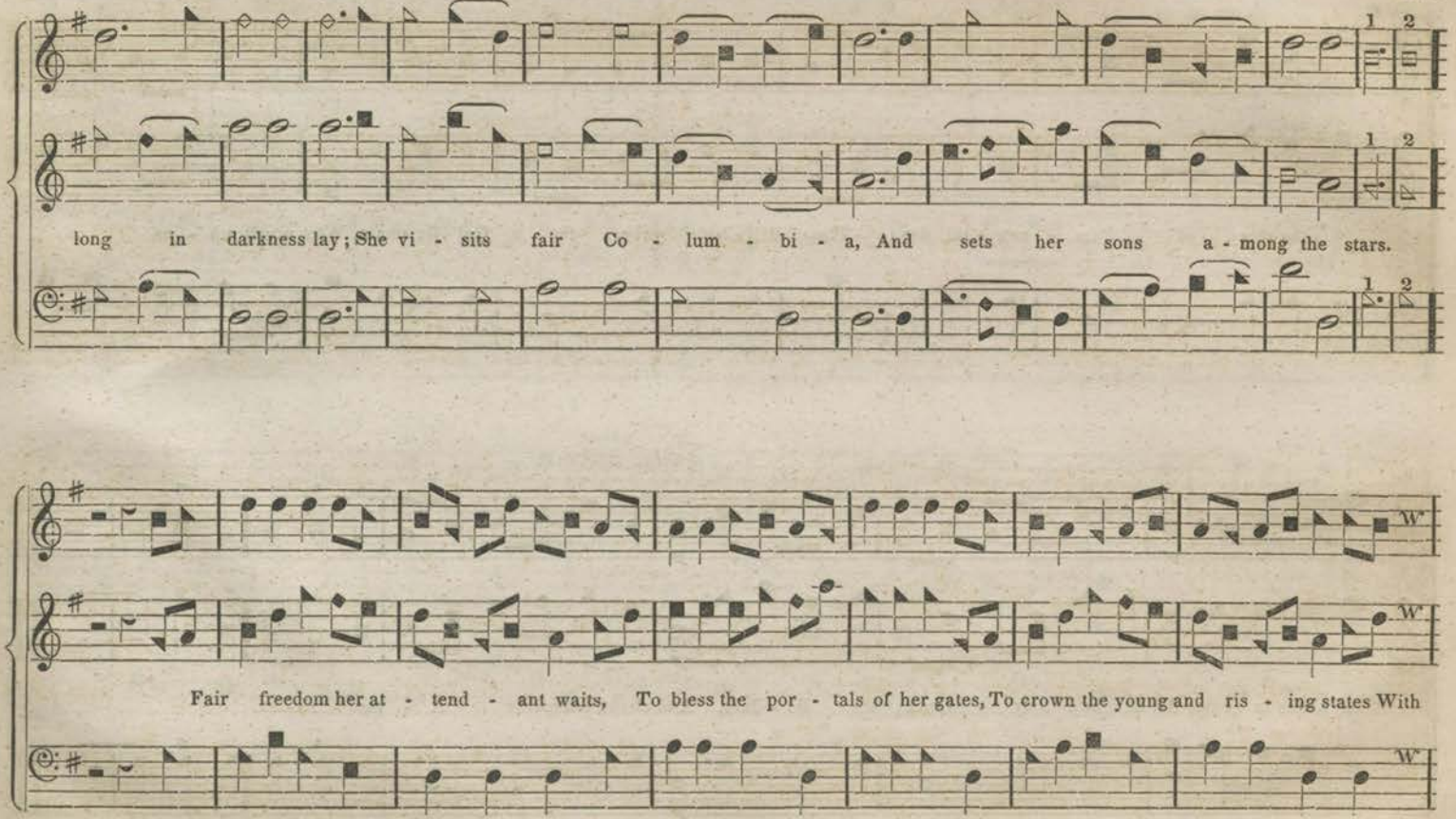
mani - ty tri - umphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im-mor - tal hail,
hail, Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

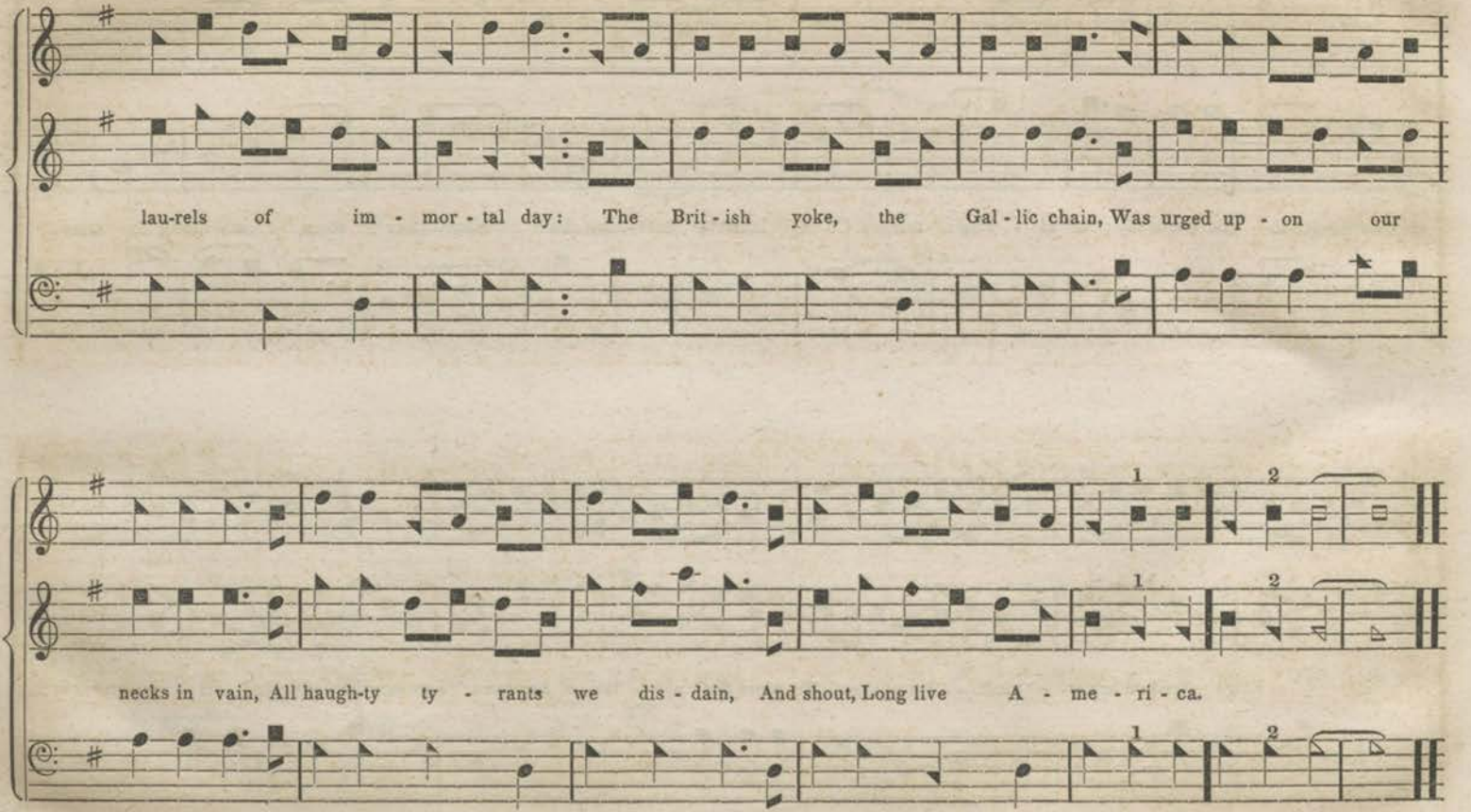
Slow.
Soft.
David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,
O my son! Would to God I had died, For thee, O Ab-salom, my son, my son!

Slow.
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bo-dy must soon be removed, No more to be envied or
And mould'ring, lie buried in dust,
Soft and slow.
loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And steal-ing my sen-ses a-way?

Brisk.
O tell me,
O tell me,
O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay?
Now mounting, my soul shall de-
O tell me,
scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.


The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his
beams are blest, Where'er the ra - diant light ap - pears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which


long in darkness lay; She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.
Fair freedom her at - tend - ant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing states With

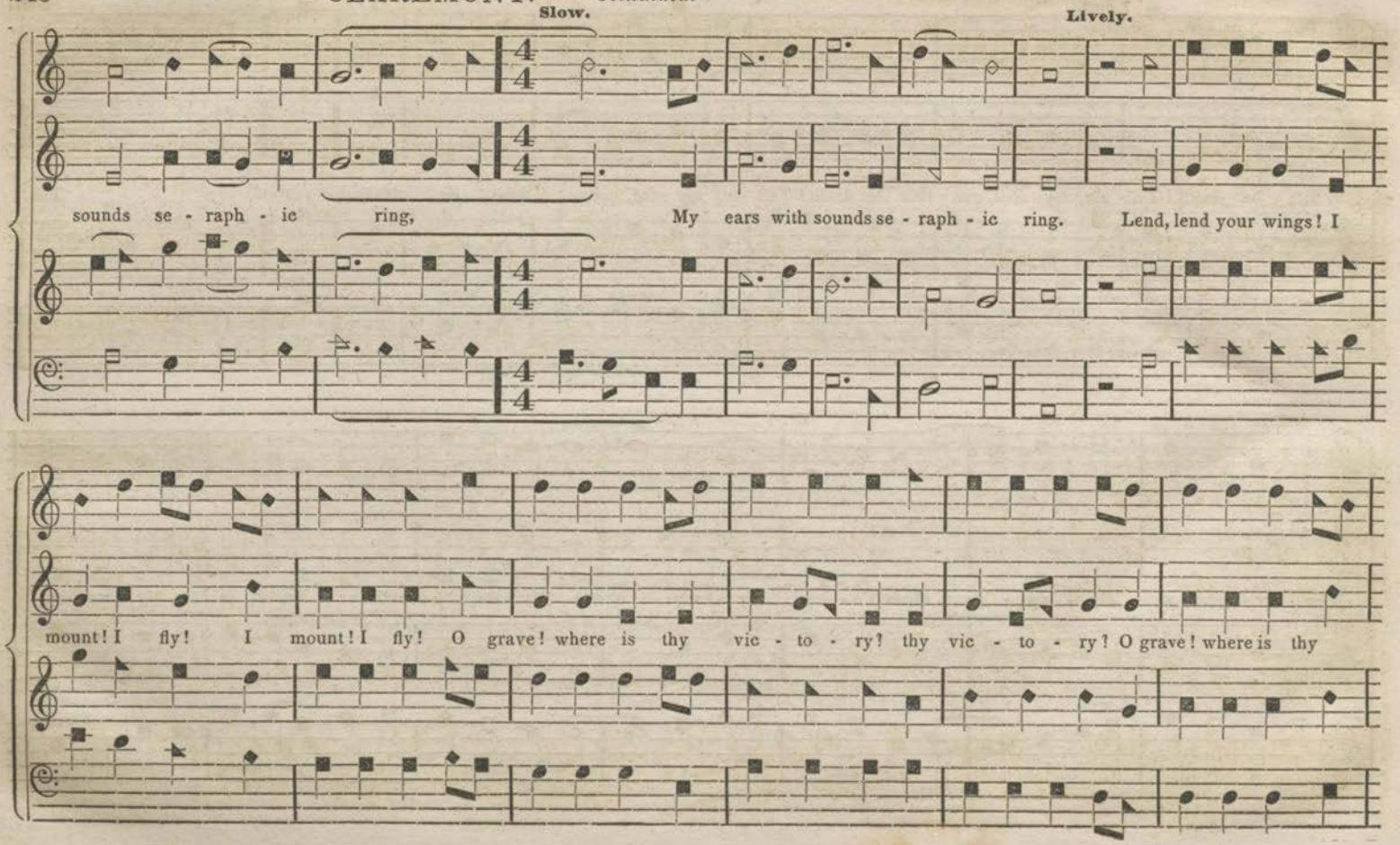

lau-rels of im - mor - tal day: The Brit - ish yoke, the Gal - lic chain, Was urged up - on our
necks in vain, All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis - dain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri - ca.
1
2

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'-ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life.

Hark! Hark! Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away; Sis-ter spi-rit,
Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sis-ter spi-rit, come a-way.
What
Drowns
come away. What is this absorbs me quite—Steals my senses, shuts my sight? Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can

Loud.
Soft.
this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death. The
world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring, My ears with

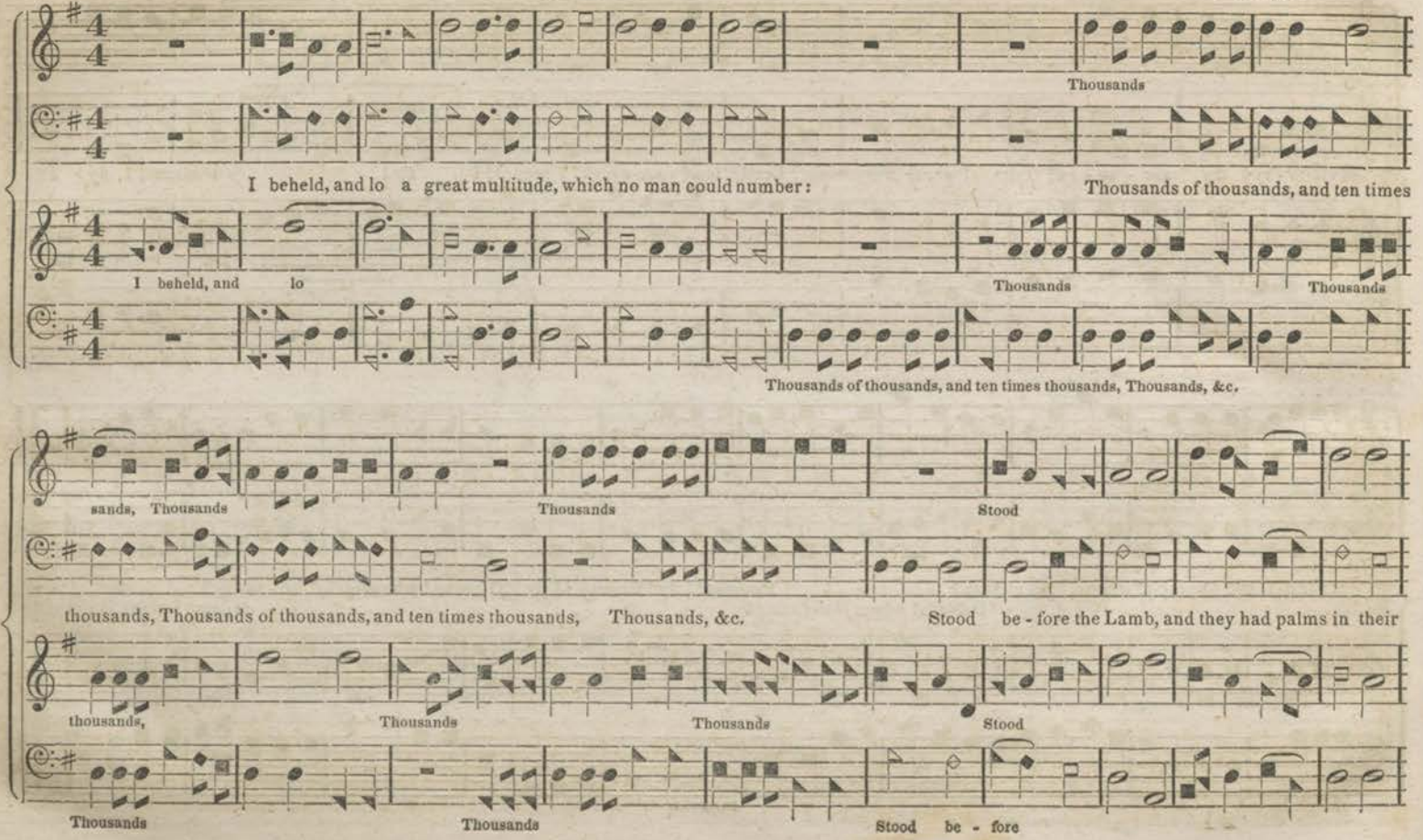
CLAREMONT. *Continued.*


Slow.
Lively.
sounds se - raph - ic ring, My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I
mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry! thy vic - to - ry! O grave! where is thy

vic-to - ry! thy vic - to - ry! O death! where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I
mount! I fly, I fly! O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?
I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry?
O death! where is thy sting?

HEAVENLY VISION.

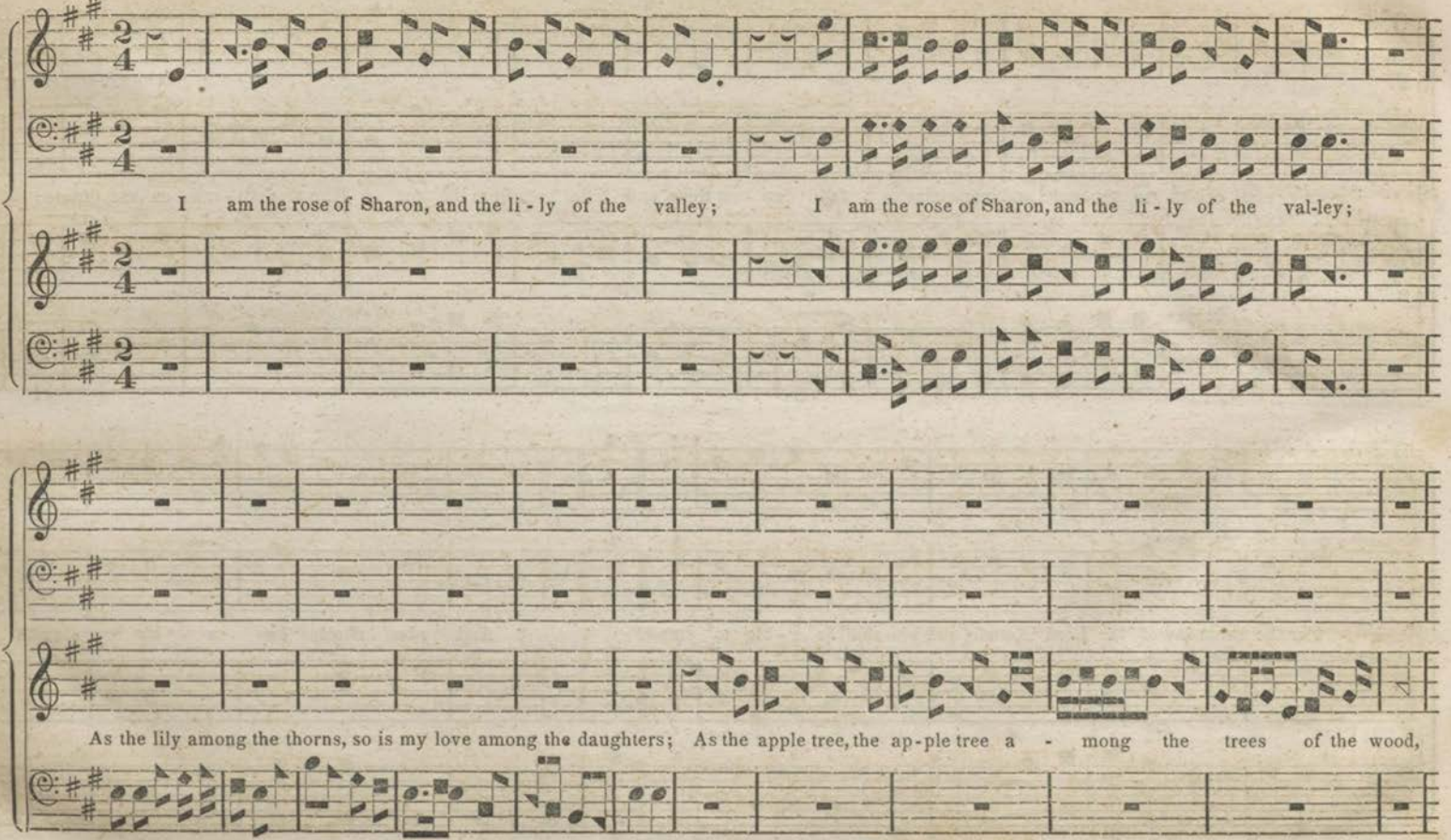
Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*



hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and
is to come, Which was, &c.
And I heard a mighty an - gel fly - ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

cry - ing with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo, Be un - to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, ga - ther - ed themselves to-

gether, and cri-ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up-on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitt-eth on the throne;
For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be a-ble to stand!
And who shall be a-ble to stand!


I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the valley; I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the val-ley;
As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters; As the apple tree, the ap-ple tree a - mong the trees of the wood,

I sat
so is my beloved among the sons, so is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight,
I sat
I sat
And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste, And his fruit, and his fruit, &c.
He brought me to the banqueting house,

his banner over me was love, He brought me to the banqueting-house, his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with
apples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusa-lem,

By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-
wake, awake, a - wake, a - wake my love, till he please. The voice of my beloved, Be - hold! he cometh,

leaping upon the mountains, skipping, :‖: :‖: :‖: leaping upon the mountains, skipping up - on the hills. My beloved spake, and
said un - to me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way. For lo, the winter is

past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the rain is over, the
rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

My
I am
My friends,
I am going, I am
My friends, I am going a long and te - dious jour-ney, Never to re - turn. I am going, I am going a long and
My friends,
I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. I am
long and
I am
Nev - er
Never to re - turn.
I am
Nev-er
Nev-er
Never
te-dious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to return.
Never to re - turn, Never to re - turn, Never to re-
going
I am
Never
Never

Never to Never, Nev - er Fare Fare you well,
to re - turn Nev-er, Never to Fare you well, Fare Fare
turn; Never, never, nev - er, nev - er to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends,
Nev-er Nev - er, nev - er to Fare Fare
Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world above, Where trou-ble shall cease and harmony shall a - bound.

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Concluded.*

Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath call-ed me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and si-lent grave,
Where the mourners cease from mourning,
and the pris'ner is set free;
Where the rich and the poor are both alike.
Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

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